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GLIMPSES

OF THE

NATION'S STRUGGLE.

FOURTH SERIES.

PAPERS READ BEFORE THE MINNESOTA COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION OF THE UNITED STATES, 1892-1897.

PUBLISHED FOR THE COMMANDERY, BY

BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWIN C. MASON, U. S. A.,
LIEUTENANT ELL TORRANCE,
LIEUTENANT DAVID L. KINGSBURY,
Committee.

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PREFACE.

THIS volume contains the Fourth Series of papers read before the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States of America.

The first volume was issued in 1887 and contained eighteen papers.

The second volume was issued in 1889 and contained twenty-eight papers.

The third volume was issued in 1892 and contained twenty-nine papers.

This volume is larger than any that have preceded it and contains thirty-five papers read (with one exception) at the regular meetings of the Commandery from December, 1892, to December, 1897.

Although the Minnesota Commandery is one of the youngest of the Order, it has already contributed to the permanent literature of the Civil War more papers than any other Commandery. The value of these contributions will perhaps only be rightly appreciated by the future historian of the Nation's Struggle, but it is hoped that the "old story," so often rehearsed by those who fought for the preservation of the Union, may not lack in interest to their decendants.

ST. PAUL, MINN., December 22, 1898.

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WAR'S FIRST RUDE ALARM IN 1861.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES P. MOORE,

ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FIFTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 13, 1892.)

The political differences between the North and the South, which were the cause of the great Rebellion of 1861-65, are so familiar to all my hearers that I need not refer to them, except such brief reference to the main issue as may be necessary to establish a connection with my subject. The prevailing desire in the South to maintain the balance of power in the United States Senate by the extension of slave territory, led to that discontent with the Missouri Compromise, passed in 1820, and which fixed the limit of such extension at 36 deg. 30 min. North Latitude, which caused Mr. Douglas, in January, 1854, to secure the passage of his famous bill annulling the same, and substituting therefor, "Squatter Sovereignty," originally intended to enable the South to invade the Northern territories with slavery through the settlement of the same by slave owners, but which left with Congress the right to interfere in the question of slavery in the territories.

But the larger and more enterprising population, and the superior resources of the North, caused the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, on which the slave owners of the South had fixed greedy eyes, to be settled by a majority of hardy Northern pioneers, who decreed liberty for those territories. This unexpected turn of events, so different from

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what the South had planned, caused it to invoke the power of Congress to interfere in behalf of slavery in those territories, and trample under foot the verdict of "Squatter Sovereignty," that they should remain free. The stories of "Border Ruffianism" and "Bleeding Kansas" that filled the land as the result of this struggle, are yet too familiar to need repetition here. And in this resort the South was strengthened by the notorious "Dred Scott" decision of the United States Supreme Court, in December, 1856, which proclaimed in its preamble two most vital principles bearing on this question: first, that there is no difference between a slave and other kinds of property; secondly, that all American citizens may settle anywhere with their property. With the rights of property thus interpreted, there was no legal power to prevent a Southerner from settling in any free state with all his slaves. But this was not all. Since 1832, when visions of a Southern Empire, dominated by a slave-holding oligarchy, haunted the brain of John C. Calhoun and other ambitious Southern politicians, the spirit of dis-union, first manifested in the Nullification Act of the South Carolina Legislature, had been disseminated throughout the South; and its first fruits were borne early in 1860, when these dis-unionists betrayed their own party, because true and loyal Democrats would not submit to their treasonable demands. The Seceders from the National Democratic Convention of 1860 held at New Orleans, called another Convention, and nominated John C. Breckenridge of Kentucky for the Presidency, and also declared that the election of Mr. Lincoln would be followed by the dissolution of the Union. In the Presidential election of November 6, 1860, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln, Messrs. Bell and Douglas, both equally objectionable to the Secessionists, received a joint popular vote in nearly all the Southern states, larger than that cast for Mr. Breckenridge.

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Yet, in the face of the refusal of the majority of the South to endorse Mr. Breckenridge, himself the embodiment of Secession principles, when the result of the election was fully known, the Legislature of South Carolina, with a white population then less by 50,000 than the joint population of the Twin Cities now, passed December 20, 1860, an Ordinance of Secession, and declared herself a free and sovereign State. She, in fact, aimed unsuccessfully at the same thing in the Nullification Act of 1832 mentioned before. But that stern old patriot hero, Andrew Jackson, met it with stubborn resistance, and with firm resolution cowed that incipient rebellion into submission, as he declared, "THE UNION MUST AND SHALL BE PRESERVED."

But other lawless acts followed in rapid succession, that showed too plainly the premeditation and firm determination of the Southern leaders to disrupt the Union and secure their own independence. December 27, 1860, Castle Pinckney and Fort Moultrie, in Charleston Harbor, were seized by the authorities of South Carolina, and the same day, United States Revenue Cutter, William Aiken, surrendered to the same authorities. These were the first acts of armed rebellion, both on land and sea. Then followed in rapid succession the seizure of all the forts and arsenals along the Atlantic and Gulf Coast, and on the Mississippi River; with mints, custom-houses, and other Federal buildings and property in the South. Early in January, 1861, Mississippi and Alabama passed Ordinances of Secession; and February 4, 1861, a convention of the seceded states met at Montgomery, Ala., and organized a Southern Congress, which, on February 9, 1861, elected Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, President, and Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, Vice-President of "The Confederate States of America", and the Constitution of the United States, with some changes

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and amendments intended to perpetuate African slavery, and declaring the "Sovereign and Independent Character of each State" was duly adopted; and on the 16th, Jefferson Davis, now the representative and personification of this well organized rebellion, virtually declared war against the Union, when, in a public speech at Montgomery, he said, "The South will hold her own and force all who oppose her to smell Southern powder and feel Southern steel."

Thus, during the last few months of Mr. Buchanan's administration, the most bitter hatred and animosity were engendered in the South against the North; and our country plunged into an abyss of the most tormenting anxiety and excitement, from these many and oft-repeated acts of open rebellion and lawless defiance of our beloved government, led and instigated by men who had been nurtured and protected in its cradle, educated and fed by its bounty, and who, if true men, would have been its most faithful protectors and bravest defenders. Most prominent among this class of men, were many of President Buchanan's own chosen advisers, including that notorious cabinet that hatched within the privacy of its own sacred circle, some of the foulest schemes of treason that first helped to make possible, and afterwards prolonged, the war against the Union; while the President seemed powerless, or hesitated through weakness or fear of hastening the conflict, to use the power of the government to protect its own property, to maintain the supremacy of its laws, and suppress insurrection; and seemingly acquiesced, while Jacob Thompson of Mississippi, his Secretary of the Interior, resigned because aid was granted Major Anderson by Secretary of War Holt; while Howell Cobb, his Secretary of the Treasury, resigned to become the President of the Alabama Convention, or first Southern Congress, that elected Jefferson Davis President of the Confederacy; while Isaac Toucy of

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Connecticut, his Secretary of the Navy, ordered every available vessel in the navy to distant foreign ports, and while that archest traitor of the Rebellion, John B. Floyd of Virginia, his Secretary of War, after scattering our little regular army of 1100 officers and 15,000 men to remote posts in the distant frontier, committed the grandest larceny in history, by stripping Northern arsenals of arms, ordnance, and ammunition, conspired with others in robbing over $6,000,000 of trust bonds, and finally resigned to take active and prominent part in the Rebellion. When this shameful story has been told, and these facts, with many others of similar character, have been impartially reviewed, will James Buchanan, that man of great attainments and superior statesmanship, too familiar with the politics of the country and the trend of events, through constant intercourse with leading men in both sections, to be entirely blinded by the schemes of these traitors among his chosen advisers, be relieved of all responsibility for the four years of most terrible and bloody war that followed the last months of his administration?

Let future ages, when the passion and hatred of sections shall have disappeared, and calm and impartial judgment shall make it possible to cover the acts of all men with the broad mantle of charity, make *its just decision.*

But too long have we dwelt, though merely touched, on these chief causes of the war, It was thus we found our beloved land given over to the hands of its enemies these first months of '61, tossed, torn, rent asunder and almost wrecked by these desperate acts of insurrection and rebellion. It was then the heart of the Nation almost ceased to beat. Many of our purest and strongest patriots despaired, while jealous foreign powers gleefully proclaimed the downfall of the Republic. "Hope for a season bade the world farewell, while the hallowed light of Liberty paled

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before the gathering storm," and the thought, and desire, and prayer of the Nation, and of the lovers of liberty in every land, found heart, and hope, and common voice, in those noble words of the inspired Longfellow, as if addressed in prayer to the Divine One:

> "Sail on, Sail on, O Ship of State,
> Sail on, O UNION, strong and great,
> Humanity, with all its fears,
> With all its hopes of future years,
> Is hanging breathless, on thy fate."

And then, as if in answer to this prayer, through the dark cloud that enveloped the Nation, a bright star emerged, and shone upon the horizon of our hope, and an angular and rugged form emerged from the mist and the gloom, and laid a strong hand on the helm of our Ship of State, and the Nation looked and thanked God for *Lincoln.*

No President was ever inaugurated under more discouraging conditions than was Mr. Lincoln. Seven states already seceded from the Union; armies organized in the South; less than one thousand men available to defend Washington at his inauguration; our little army scattered on distant frontiers, a portion of it already surrendered to the enemy in Texas by the traitor, Twiggs; our feeble navy in distant seas, and finally, when, on April 12, 1861, the first shot on Sumter reverberated throughout the land, proclaiming that *war* and *devastation* had begun, the Nation stood stupefied with horror, unable to realize that our own countrymen and brethren could commit the enormous crime of firing upon our common flag around which clustered such glorious memories of the past, in which they had so proud a share. But heeding not this climax of the bursting storm, fearing not while others paled with dread, our noble and steadfast chief gathered up the broken threads of the country's strength, matured his wise and well-laid plans, and

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when he spoke, the Nation awoke as to a new birth, for it then knew that, for such a crisis, in its great leader it had chosen well.

It was then, at this perilous moment, that other man of transcendent ability stood forth in all his greatest grandeur, in vivid contrast with Buchanan and others of his party's former leaders, and whose voice, next to that of Lincoln's, was to be the most potent in deciding the destinies of the Union. And the country breathed freer and again thanked God, when Douglas had spoken. Too much cannot be said in eulogy of the unselfish patriotism and loyalty of Stephen A. Douglas, when it is considered that so great was his ambition to be chosen as the Nation's Chief Executive, that his failure of election broke his heart. And yet, with that office now occupied by the greatest political rival and opponent of his life, he unhesitatingly pledged his hearty support to Mr. Lincoln's administration, and said, "The Union must be preserved and the insurrection must be crushed," and thousands of his faithful followers were later found among the country's bravest, most loyal defenders.

But when on April 15, 1861, President Lincoln issued his first proclamation calling for 75,000 men, the spontaneous uprising of freemen, as they sprang to arms from every hamlet in the North, never had a parallel in history. Shall we ever forget the wild and tremendous outburst of national feeling, the glorious and magnificent excitement and enthusiasm this first call produced throughout the North? It boomed from the cannon's mouth, it pealed in clamorous tones from every bell, it rattled in martial strains from ten thousand drums, it tinted the very skies with the glory of a million flaunting flags, until, with the gathered fury of a tornado's wrath, it swept with resistless power throughout the land, rolling from the broad Atlantic across the Western plains, and reverberating in unending echoes over

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the snow-capped mountains of the Pacific Slope, until it thrilled the hearts of the men of the North with such a magic *power*, that neither loving wife, nor prattling children, nor mother, nor sweetheart, could hold the patriot lover of his flag at home.

The story of what quickly followed this first grand outburst in your own immediate city, town, or native village, is the story of all. Men, old and young, at once fell into line, and marched the streets to the stirring notes of fife and drum. At the old Court House or Town Hall, the lists were opened for volunteers. How the heart of the boy, not out of his teens, throbbed with patriotism and anxiety, as he paused to say to himself, shall I ask my mother and be refused, or shall I enlist first and ask her afterwards. He adopts the latter course, and when the brave old mother hears the dread news, she tells him, if his name is already down he would better stick to it and go like a man. The first company is quickly organized, tendered to the State and accepted. Then for a few days the citizens vie with each other in honors to the volunteer heroes. There are a few awkward attempts at drill, a sermon to the company on Sunday, a flag presentation, and then, ah, then, the most trying time of all; the orders to camp, the march to the depot, throngs of excited people, the dreadful strain on heart-strings, as you say farewell, perhaps forever, to the dear ones; the tears and tears, for everybody weeps. But the dear old mother, her lips are white and her heart is breaking, as she says, "God bless you, my boy, farewell!" and presses that Bible into your hand. And then, while others wring your hand and the train moves slowly away, the crowds cheer, the bands at home are playing, while shrilly, above all the noise, the notes of the martial fife and drum that go with you into camp are playing, "O, the girl, the girl, the pretty little girl, the girl I left behind

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me!" and your life as a soldier in the great Civil War of 1861-65 has begun. And such, in a thousand other scenes like this throughout the North, was the grand answer of American freemen, to America's grandest leader. Such the stupendous effect upon the Nation, whose resources of patriotism and self-sacrifice had never before been known.

As the writer enlisted under this first call for 75,000 men in the first company sent to the war from Bloomington, Ill., a few personal reminiscences, merely to illustrate something of the experience of these first three-months' men, will, I trust, be pardoned, and not prove entirely uninteresting. Our company left Bloomington April 19, 1861, arriving at Camp Yates at Springfield, Ill., the same day, and soon was assigned as Company "K" to the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, commanded by gallant Colonel Dick Oglesby, afterwards Major-General, and, when the war was over, the Governor of the State, and later United States Senator from Illinois. Our ideas of a soldier's life and military discipline were not only greatly exaggerated but exceedingly ludicrous. For example, the writer was chosen at the company election before going into camp, as first corporal, and was frequently congratulated by prominent citizens on having been made an officer, which he fondly believed he was, and all the men believed the same. It was with difficulty he restrained himself before the men went into camp, from an exercise of his military prerogatives, and it was both wonderful and delightful to note the consideration, nay, distinction with which he was treated by all, in consideration of his rank. On the train and in the first camp, however, the reign of military authority began. No being except an equal or superior officer was entitled to consideration. But to a superior, (the fourth sergeant for instance) there was the most servile respect and abject obedience. Arrived in

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camp, the writer with other non-commissioned officers, each had one private detailed as a body servant and another as a cook, who faithfully cooked and served his meals for him at his pleasure, and the privates themselves submitted as profoundly to such dictation as did we to captain and lieutenants, whom we considered nothing less than little gods. Men who were bullies at home, or dudish clerks that would not speak to a boy of the writer's age in '61, vied with each other now in their loyal attentions to "us officers." All alike firmly believed they would be promptly shot for the smallest act of disrespect, not to speak of disobedience. The lights went out promptly at the hour, and if the men were too noisy afterward, silence reigned supreme if one of us commanded it in a military tone. Oh, who wouldn't be a soldier! Such consideration, such distinction! It was glorious. We hoped that war (such as this) would never end. But alas for our dream of military power! The American soldier is an entirely different individual from the one of foreign-bred, foreign-drilled extraction. This American soldier is too smart, and does not properly respect and appreciate the distinctions of rank, such as corporal. It required only one short week after reaching camp, for this American private soldier under the first call to dispel the delusions that enthralled him, as to military rank and power, and a tenth part of that time for him to tell "us officers" to go to ———, if we called for the slightest service. In another week we were cooking for, and waiting on this private American soldier, and doing all the company work besides, and if he deigned to notice you at all, he would simply become disgustingly familiar and condescending, and sit with his feet on your shoulder, borrow all your tobacco, and perhaps before the interview ended, make you black his brogans, and then walk off with your only picture of your best girl.

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Thus was the corporal's dream of military authority and power rudely dispelled right at the beginning of the war. Many incidents, perhaps more of personal than of general interest, occurred during this first term of service when our regiment was stationed at Cairo, Ill., but which at least marked the gradual process by which the citizen was converted into the soldier.

The old mill at the point, formed by the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, was torn down and fortifications erected, mounted with heavy guns. Our camp was on this point in a low, flat space between the two levees, which had been built to protect the town from the two rivers named, and which converged almost at right angles at this fortification on the extreme point; and when a steamer from St. Louis, loaded with supplies for the enemy, attempted to run this blockade, a shot across her bow from one of these guns was the signal for a rush of our entire force of several regiments, and a hasty scramble to the top of the levee opposite the Mississippi, to see the boat, as it frantically whistled for quarter, quickly round to and come to land. And then we cheered lustily and thought this was war. Later, when a report was brought that down the Mississippi River a score or more of miles, at Columbus, Ky., a Rebel flag had been raised and was floating over the Court House of that village, a battalion of two or three companies was detailed to go down by steamer, and invade the sacred soil, and put an end to the rebellion in that quarter. How every one envied the members of that battalion the proud distinction of going on that bold and warlike expedition. They found the flag unprotected, for at their approach its brave defenders had taken to the woods. The flag was brought back triumphantly and Brigadier-General Prentiss, then in command at Cairo, from the balcony of the St. Charles Hotel, addressed the excited throng of sold-

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iers from camp, (and all were there), concerning this bloodless victory. And, after exhibiting the large Rebel flag as the first trophy of the war captured by Union troops, he swung it above his head and sent it whirling down amidst the now yelling mass of soldiers, saying, as it fell, in that most tragic manner peculiar to the man, "*Take it and trail it in the dust.*" A thousand uplifted hands seized it, and in a twinkling it was in shreds. And this, also, we thought was war. The writer carried for months a small piece of this first Rebel flag, and always since the war, has regretted that he parted with it indifferently, when later its capture sank into insignificance beside the stupendous events that followed.

But the sequel to this service at Cairo occurred for the writer twenty-seven years later, and I beg permission to introduce it into my subject at this point; because the great physical change of which I am about to speak, wrought in a quarter of a century by the silent but tremendous forces of nature, at this former military post, or fortification, at Cairo, is not only a matter of most unusual interest, but is deserving of some mention in connection with the history of that post of considerable importance during the war time; and such mention I have never yet seen or heard, or met anyone else who has.

In the early spring of 1888, when returning from a winter passed in Georgia, I came by the Illinois Central route, and crossed the Ohio River at Cairo on a long bridge, a new and strange sight to me at that place. I looked for familiar landmarks, but saw none except the old St. Charles Hotel of which I have just spoken, and where our train stopped for dinner. A strange excitement mastered me, at being again, after so long a lapse of time, in this spot so thronging with early memories of the war. After my hasty meal I begged the landlord to allow me to go to the cupola of

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the old hotel where I knew I could in a few minutes that remained before the train should start, get a view of the whole surrounding country where our camp had been, and that also of our force across the Mississippi on the Missouri shore at Bird's Point, just where the Mississippi River, in its eastward flow, joined the Ohio, and the united streams turned and flowed southward. I looked eagerly for our camp, and for the high old Mississippi levee, up whose steep sides we used to rush to see the blockade-running steamers captured. I looked for the Mississippi River, on which these steamers sped so swiftly by. I looked for Bird's Point on the opposite shore. But all, *all* had gone. The levee, at last located, seemed almost an imperceptible rise of ground. The mighty Mississippi, that in '61 had flowed close to the levee's edge, *was not in sight*, but in its place *what did I see*? A mighty forest of tall and majestic sycamore trees, some with a diameter of two feet or more, waving the plumage of its fresh spring foliage in the air. I then remembered that in 1861, where the two rivers joined and turning swept southward around Bird's Point, the high banks were being steadily eaten away by the current, and crumbling into the great and rushing stream below. The explanation of this great change dawned upon me, and I hurried to the office below for its confirmation. I found in the proprietor, a man who had been clerk in the same hotel in '61, who told me that, in the time which had elapsed, the Mississippi River at that point had cut into the Missouri shore, until the stream had changed its bed southward from the place it occupied in '61, *more than a mile*, while the seeds and live roots of falling trees from the Missouri side above had been cast up on the accumulating sands and soil on the Illinois, or Cairo side; and the forest I saw, had in this interval of twenty-seven years, grown in the place where the great river had been, and

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where the steamers we had watched had sped by upon its bosom there. Who has not walked in a great forest and looking about, wondered how many centuries time has taken to build these mighty monarchs of earth and sky? Imagine then how hard for me to realize that I, while only in the prime of life, should yet have lived to see, in but little more than a quarter of a century, a mighty forest built, where within that period I had *seen* a mightier river flow.

But returning briefly to my subject, the service of this first 75,000 men, a force which the government thought, or hoped, would be adequate to suppress the Rebellion within its term of three months, while it proved to be only the feeble prelude to the great struggle awaiting the Nation, the mere trickling of a tiny brooklet beside the surging of an angry ocean, yet, this first three months' service had its useful lessons, both for the government and the men who performed it. The vastly superior preparations of the Confederates, and the disaster at Bull Run, taught the government its fatal mistake, as to the time and force required to conquer the determined and heroic enemy before it, while it gave to the men a most useful and needed experience for the long and severe service, in which later most all took part.

But as the events which took place during this first three months' service paled into insignificance before the grand tragedies that followed, during the four years of conflict that remained, it will not therefore interest you for me to follow its history through the term. And for a similar reason, I suppose, it has been given but a poor and unimportant place in the histories of the war thus far written. And it remains for some able pen to do full justice to the influence, directly and indirectly, of this first 75,000 men and their service, on the final result of the great struggle. For of the hundreds of thousands who responded all over

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the land to the first call to arms, were they not like Gideon's army of old, chosen from all the great host, to be the first to step forward to "the wild, grand music of war", and fling open wide the doors that ushered in a desperate struggle for the Nation's life, the magnitude of which, in enduring devotion, in patriotic heroism, and in terrible sacrifice of life, and blood, and treasure, on both sides, *no man* had even begun to comprehend. And then, did not they almost to a man, give their country the benefit of this experience, brief though it was, by re-enlistment for the war, and thousands of them seal their devotion to the Union, with their life's blood on field of battle, or languish mid starvation's horrors in Rebel prisons?

The three months' soldier was, by re-enlistment, quickly merged into the veteran, so that the difference between him and the noble volunteers who followed later on, was never known, though there will always come into the heart of the former, the proud satisfaction that he was one of the very first to respond to his country's call. But in the hearts of all veterans alike, the splendid memories of the past will never fail to awaken a universal thrill. The march, the bivouac, the camp-fire, the skirmish line, the evening before the battle, the sickening search and dread results after the carnage had ceased its rage, all come back to us to-night, like floating echoes from a distant sea. And while the grand achievements and glorious results of that awful struggle are everywhere proclaimed to-day in the progress and prosperity of a reunited people, and a national credit that is the envy of every nation on earth, and all have been immortalized on history's page and by monuments of brass and stone, yet, for the old soldier, in no way will these deeds be given a more enduring fame than in the simple songs the soldiers loved, and *only* soldiers can ever sing. How we live over again those scenes, when someone sweeps

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the chords of memory, and listening, we hear floating down through the broad interval of three decades, refrain after refrain that tell to *us* the stories of that heroic past. One simple but familiar melody, strikes upon our ears, and instantly we are again around the camp-fire the evening before the battle; while from some distant tent we faintly catch the words,

"Farewell, Mother, you may never
Press me to your heart again,
But oh, you'll not forget me, Mother,
If I'm numbered with the slain."

And listening still, we hear another no less familiar, as it carries homeward the sad message of the havoc that battle has wrought around so many firesides, and the dear ones at home are chanting back again,

"We shall meet, but we shall miss him,
There will be one vacant chair,
We shall linger to caress him
While we breathe our evening prayer."

But once more, though with unskilled hand, we touch sad memory's chords, and again they respond, louder and stronger this time, sounding above the sadness of the last, the martial strains of this familiar refrain strike our ears with notes of victory and bid the Nation ever hope.

"Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
For beneath the starry flag we shall breathe the air again
Of the free land in our own beloved home."

And with hearts bound together in indissoluble ties of brotherhood and sympathy, through memories of these hardships and conflicts of the past, we contemplate with deepest satisfaction and profoundest gratitude the splendid results of the great struggle, cemented into enduring

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strength by the years that have gone, and we look forward with hope and desire to the glad day when wars shall cease and nations and peoples shall know only perpetual peace, and when all nations shall look across the sea at this proud Republic they expected and hoped would fall, still standing amidst the crumbling empires of older worlds, secure *forever* on the foundation of universal freedom, buttressed by the mighty bulwarks of equal rights to all. And then, clasping hands with us in universal brotherhood, join heart and voice with ours in the closing lines of Longfellow's grand song to our Ship of State,

"We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workman wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, each sail, each rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat,
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope;
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock,
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale;
In spite of rock and tempest roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea,
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee, are all with thee."

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MY EXPERIENCE IN REBEL PRISONS.

BY C. C. ANDREWS, BRIGADIER and BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

COLONEL OF THE THIRD MINNESOTA INFANTRY.

(Read January 10, 1893, Major-General Merritt, U.S. Army, presiding.)

Polonius said he would treat the players "according to their desert." "Much better," exclaimed Hamlet, "Use them after your own honor and dignity!" That should be the rule of any government in the treatment of its prisoners of war. From accident or circumstance there may be lack of subsistence and shelter, but there never should be a lack of humanity. For commander of a camp of prisoners, a general or a government can always find an officer of humane spirit. If, instead of such an one, a bully be selected, it is an unpardonable violation of honorable warfare.

It was my fortune to have been a prisoner of war during three months in the last half of 1862. At the time I fell into the hands of the Confederates at Murfreesborough, Tenn., Sunday, July 13, 1862, I was, and for eight months had been, captain of Company I, Third Regiment Minnesota Infantry. Our regiment, which was finely drilled and disciplined, had spent the previous winter guarding railroads in Kentucky. It had moved thence to Nashville, where it performed guard duty for a few weeks; thence to Murfreesborough, whence we had gone once to Columbia, Tenn., for a few days and had also marched over the Cumberland Mountains to Pikeville and back. Shortly after its return from this expedi-

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tion, it changed its camp from ground liable to overflow in the east suburb of Murfreesborough, to a moderately high and rocky oak grove on the bank of Stone's River near the Nashville pike and a mile and a half northwest of the village of Murfreesborough. It was ground afterwards occupied by Breckenridge's Corps in the great battle of Stone's River. Murfree's frame plantation house, in whose large yard, fenced and well stocked with trees and shrubbery, our regiment was posted with four pieces of Kentucky artillery when it was surrendered, is plainly marked on the map of the battle-field of Stone's River in General Sheridan's Memoirs. This house was on another spur or rise of land about 400 yards toward the town from our camp, being separated from the latter by a ravine. I cannot imagine that any regiment ever retired to rest happier or prouder, or with brighter hopes of glory than did the Third Minnesota the night of July 12, 1862. Before the next night it had drunk the cup of humiliation to the dregs. The record of that next day has been treated of before and I now purposely pass over it.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when, as victor, General Forrest, on foot, with a few of his staff appeared in our midst in that inclosure in front of Murfree's house. We had all sprung up at daybreak at sound of musketry at the east part of the town and hastily put on our every-day clothes. General Forrest not only permitted the commissioned officers to go back to our camp to get additional clothing, but accompanied us. On arriving there we found that the officers' tents had been burned by his men and all our personal effects that could not be appropriated, destroyed. I possessed a very good supply of clothing, but much of it was scattered about on the ground and just enough burned to be worthless. I could not find a single article of clothing remaining and I was compelled to start

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off as a guest of the Confederacy with the simple every-day suit I had hastily put on at daybreak. The only article of my effects which the Confederates apparently thought neither worth taking or destroying was my diary; and as that was too large to carry in a pocket I reluctantly destroyed it myself.

During these few minutes I of course noticed General Forrest with a great deal of interest, for he was even then a distinguished Confederate leader. He was fully six feet in height, of broad muscular frame, of unusually dark complexion, black hair and very striking, yet rather severe blue eyes. His gray Confederate uniform looked new. He was silent, serious, almost abstracted.

Our commissioned officers retained their side arms until they reached Knoxville. We marched with our men forty miles, through a well cultivated country, to McMinnville, where the enlisted men were paroled; (and those of the Third Minnesota in two months were fighting Sioux Indians.) General Forrest and his staff had a dozen or twenty strong, smart and well mounted black servants. On this march the servant of General Forrest, who had a large, fine mule, came to me as I was marching along a-foot with my company, and said General Forrest offered me the privilege of riding. This I gladly availed of long enough for a rest. Similar courtesy was extended to other officers. The field officer having charge of us, in giving his commands addressed us with the title of "gentlemen." General Forrest's headquarters at McMinnville were at a private mansion, with large and well shaded front yard, a little out of the town. It was in that yard, the third day after leaving Murfreesborough, that the enlisted men signed their parole and said good-bye to their officers. In that house that morning, I, with other of our officers, was invited to a good breakfast at General

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Forrest's table. The same afternoon we resumed our journey into the Confederacy to some prison, but we knew not where. The group of Union officers in our party numbered about forty; comprising, besides those of the Third Minnesota, most of the Ninth Michigan and a few of the Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth Kentucky Cavalry; also General Thomas T. Crittenden, who had taken command of Murfreesborough a few days before its capture. We were all mounted. As we were about to start from McMinnville we were asked to give our parole of honor that we would not, on the march, attempt to escape, and were told that by doing so more freedom would be allowed us. We accordingly gave that parole. We were under charge of Colonel Wharton and a detachment of his regiment, the Texas Rangers, by whom we were invariably treated with politeness. It was said that every man in that regiment furnished his outfit at his own cost, and that on an average each man was worth $50,000. That probably was an exaggeration, yet there was nothing in the appearance of any of the officers or men calculated to disprove it.

From McMinnville to Knoxville our way led across the Cumberland Mountains. We passed through but few villages, yet one of them I remember was Sparta. The scenery was beautiful. The roads, hard and gravelly, were narrow so that but two could ride abreast; and as our column of intermingled blue and gray wound along over hillsides or down into finely shaded glens, the picture was novel and interesting.

I now recollect but one place where we lodged on the way to Knoxville. It was in the mountains, where towards evening we had been allowed to go a short distance and pick blackberries. The view to the north was very extensive, and I remember well of casting my eyes in that direction with peculiar feelings. I lodged that night on hay in

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a barn. We were fed with the best that the country could supply. One very good meal was furnished while we were crossing the mountains. The table was not very large and our captors, like true gentlemen, waited till we had first eaten. It was their politeness that best enables me to remember the incident. Another place where we were handsomely entertained with a fine dinner was at the home of the owner of a cotton factory, after we had crossed the mountains. Near where we were ferried over the Tennessee River, we met a small Confederate force, an officer of which came and voluntarily gave me ten dollars in Confederate currency. We were at Knoxville an afternoon and night, and at the best hotel. The next day we were on our way by railroad and in first-class passenger cars into Georgia. I have no recollection that we even then knew our destination.

The period of excitement had now passed and one could begin to think soberly of his situation and prospects. What were my thoughts and emotions? The 13th of July had left no pang in my breast; on the contrary everything I had since seen and learned justified the position I had earnestly held on that day, in opposing the surrender. Certainly I had a variety of conjectures as to the duration and consequences of my captivity. I was most apprehensive lest the place of my detention might be some point on the coast subject to fatal epidemics. Also, if my imprisonment were going to be protracted I would expect to fall behind in military service. In such a situation one's *mind* should be the chief support. A commissioned officer who does his duty is necessarily a student; but I now resolved to practice increased rigid mental discipline and to see how much I could improve myself intellectually during my imprisonment. It was under this impulse that I there in the cars, riding through Georgia, committed to memory some lines of

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poetry which I found in a magazine. I do not remember whether the author's name was given and to this day I do not know it; but the lines I have never forgotten, and have often, with pleasure, recalled them. They were:

"All things whose life is sure, their life is calm,
Silent the light that moulds and colors all,
And without debate the stars that are forever to endure
Assume their thrones and their unquestioned state."

The second day after leaving Knoxville and when about a hundred miles southeast of Atlanta, the train pulled up; and from various indications it seemed we had reached our destination. I think it was a little after noon. The weather was clear but intensely hot and depressing. On the left side of the railroad and quite near, was a large three story brick building, surrounded with an unpainted board fence about twelve feet high. Every window was full of Union prisoners, who greeted us with various loud, good-humored expressions. The scene, however, was anything but pleasant, yet in obedience to orders we alighted and were soon inside the prison yard, which was about an acre in extent. We had arrived at Madison, Ga., a village of a thousand inhabitants, a cultured community and the seat of a popular young ladies' seminary. It was also the home of one of Georgia's distinguished Union leaders, the Hon. Joshua Hill.

Our prison, which was situated away from the village, had been a cotton factory and its boilers still remained in the basement. The first floor was vacant. The west half of the second floor was occupied by Union commissioned officers; the east half by Union citizen prisoners from East Tennessee. The third floor was occupied principally by General Prentiss and the officers captured with him at Shiloh. To make room for our party the citizen prisoners were moved down to the first floor. Space of about six

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feet in width by eight feet in length was allotted for two prisoners. The civilian prisoners had allowed their floor to become filthy. It abounded with dirt and vermin; therefore the first thing we had to do was, by using shovels, brooms, soap and water, to purify our respective portions of the floor. The first few nights we slept on the floor but afterwards were provided with new pine double bed frames filled with clean straw. Having finished our little job of "policing" and wishing to black my shoes, I, after repeated inquiries, ascertained that among the Shiloh prisoners there was an officer who possessed a box of blacking and a brush. I sought him out and he very readily and kindly loaned them to me. That officer, then a captain in the Twelfth Iowa Infantry is, I am happy to say, a companion present with us,—my near and esteemed neighbor and fellow-citizen, Major Edward W. Van Duzee.

The very first day I was in this Rebel prison, I obtained permission to send to the village bookstore for a copy of Shakspeare and was successful in procuring one, complete, in octavo size. I was permitted, the same day, to go out accompanied by a guard, to a neighboring house to borrow a chair. The occupants were in ordinary circumstances and the mistress of the family, like many others in the neighborhood, prepared and sold warm meals to such of our prisoners as had money to pay for them. I was treated by her in a polite manner, and a plain wooden chair was loaned to me, which I was permitted to retain during my stay in the prison. I was the only one on my floor who had a chair. Frequently after I had retired at night, General Crittenden came and borrowed it to take into the hospital where he and a few others enjoyed a game of cards. Shakspeare and a chair! In a Rebel prison they were luxuries indeed. But these were not all. My chum, First Lieutenant, afterwards Captain, Edward L. Baker, of

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Red Wing, Minn., an able and high-toned gentleman now deceased, improvised a chess board. I do not remember how we procured the pieces but anyhow we had a set of chessmen; and chess provided for both of us a great source of diversion.

In the prison inclosure was a well of water, which, though more or less turbid from almost constant use, was nevertheless soft and wholesome. Thither we repaired early in the morning for our customary daily ablutions. Our wash basin was a common tin milk pan; each mess having one for such use. We each were allowed a piece of soap; also a piece of plain unbleached cotton cloth for a towel. The soil was red clay mixed with loam and sand. The situation was enough elevated for good drainage and it was soon apparent that the location was a healthy one. I have since learned that near Madison were some popular mineral springs. The agriculture of the surrounding country was principally cotton raising. Just behind my bed was a window which was also shared by my immediate neighbors, two friendly and quiet officers of the Seventh Pennsylvania Cavalry, Major Seibert and Lieutenant Einstine. The window overlooked the camp of the prison guards outside the fence and a horizon of mixed hardwood and pine forest, not very far off, and of somewhat lower situation. I often looked out of that window. and it seems to me now that it would have been pleasant to have made some excursions in those woods. I think it probable that we never asked permission; and if we had, our keepers might have thought we would have got lost and never return.

The commandant was Captain Calhoun, about thirty-five years of age, short, rather thick-set, of sandy complexion, quiet and courteous; and so far as I could judge, of humane and gentlemanly instincts. I do not remember any act of

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incivility, much less of cruelty on his part. The soldiers who acted as guards were also respectful. There were, indeed, among them a few Union men. It was through the sentinels of Union proclivities that we were able daily to smuggle in a small Atlanta newspaper, at the price of fifty cents Confederate money per copy. This paper was secretly passed around and eagerly read. The following shows the moderation of the guards; Once as I was passing through the lower front entry, Colonel Lester and one of the guards stood there, and the guard had in his hand and was innocently admiring an elegant gold watch which the colonel carried. The colonel gave a sly wink to me, as much as to say, "The fellow would like to have the watch." The soldier, however, soon handed back the watch, apparently satisfied with seeing it. Certainly we did not consider our guards cruel, or the incident I will now relate would never have occurred. We had been in our new quarters a considerable period when one dark night the guards at the camp were having so much loud talk as to keep us prisoners awake, and this habit had become common. For quite a while I had been kept awake by this noise when finally I jumped up, put my head out of the window and shouted "Stop your noise." I did not remain with my head out of the window very long. I got back to my bunk in very short meter. But what an explosion! The effect was like dynamite! Instantly there was a volley—of defiant and threatening exclamations: "We will teach you who we are." "We are cock of the loft here!" and similar expressions. The scolding was furious for a while but finally subsided without serious consequences. Perhaps for a night or two following there was the usual loud talk, but shortly the practice ceased.

One day as Captain Calhoun and I were sitting on a bench in the front part of the prison, he asked me how I

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thought the war would terminate. I of course expressed the opinion that the Union side would prevail. He naturally argued that the Confederate states would gain their independence. It must be remembered that the Southern people were always made to believe that in every battle the Confederates came off victorious. At that time the Union armies had gained the victories of Mill Springs, Fort Donelson and Shiloh. The Army of the Potomac had retreated from the Peninsula, Pope had been crushed at Manassas, and the awful struggle had occurred at Antietam.

Our subsistence was furnished to us cooked. We had two meals a day; the first at about nine o'clock and the second at about three in the afternoon. We had fresh boiled beef a few times a week, but not every day. On other days we had boiled bacon; corn "dodgers" formed the principal bread, though wheat flour bread was furnished occasionally. There were no vegetables, no tea nor coffee. A few rations of boiled rice were served towards the last of our stay. The cooking was done by negro women in a small camp just outside of the prison fence and was exceedingly poor. As a matter of fact the subsistence was generally spoiled by being merely half cooked, and it was then, and is now, my opinion that the fault was from lack of administrative ability rather than from wilful intention. The wheat flour of which the so-called bread was made was apparently of good quality; but it was baked in spiders in thin round cakes about three-quarters of an inch thick, and so hastily as to be little better than so much dough. The beef was boiled but a very short time, and being served without salt or other seasoning was not particularly appetizing. A litle flour was stirred into the water in which it was boiled, and that, without being salted, was served as soup. The fresh meat was usually cooked soon after the animal had been slaughtered and the natural ani-

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mal or slaughter-house taste or odor was strong both in meat and soup. In respect to the bacon, while some of it was good, there was much that was of a *lively* character. However, the most palatable food which I found was a sandwich made with a bit of cold cornbread and a thin slice of fat bacon. I used to save a portion of cornbread and bacon to make such a sandwich to eat early in the morning, with my Shakspeare open before me, and seated with scores of fellow prisoners on a narrow bank of earth in the shade of the high prison fence.

The mess to which I belonged numbered about eight. There was a small table around which we stood to eat. Our plates and water cups were of tin and we took turns in "washing the dishes" and putting things to rights. During the last weeks we were there we had, at our own expense, the luxury of sweet potato coffee. It was found that sweet potatoes sliced and roasted the same as coffee, would, when boiled, make a beverage having the color and something of the taste of coffee. Not a few of the prisoners, and especially those on the third floor, were well supplied with money, and purchased their meals from private houses in the vicinity at the expense sometimes of two dollars a day per person. Baskets of fried chickens, hot rolls and other luxuries fresh and savory, thus prepared to order, were carried through our room daily. Many watermelons and peaches were purchased and consumed in the prison.

I myself had only about five or ten dollars in money, and before I could spend it I was obliged to exchange it for Confederate currency and pay a premium. We had very little sickness. Once when feeling unwell I applied for some medicine which was brought to me from the hospital in a tumbler. It was not an immoderate nor a homeopathic dose. Whether it was a product of Kentucky I

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cannot say, but it was old, pure and smooth, and its uncommon excellence inspired a favorable opinion of the hospital department.

There was a roll-call at a fixed hour every forenoon. Those in each room stood in line and answered as their names were read by the commandant from a book. We were not allowed to remain in the yard after dark. At dusk a non-commissioned officer of the guard would call out, "All aboard," or some such expression, and up stairs we promptly went. No lights were allowed, and at dark every one generally retired. There was a captain of the Pennsylvania cavalry in our room who was a genius in story telling, and who often after all were abed would relate most laughable anecdotes. Quite a number of the prisoners who occupied the opposite side of our room were skilled in mechanical work and especially in making various artistic objects, principally finger rings, out of bones; also watch chain ornaments out of peach stones, which they sold to persons in and out of the prison, and in this business they were said to earn sixty dollars or more each month. These men began their work very early in the morning,—certainly as early as five o'clock; after which there could be no sleep. The sawing, rasping and filing of beef bones by so many persons was sometimes almost insupportable. The late Captain,—then Second Lieutenant,—DeKay (for some time postmaster at Red Wing) as a burlesque upon this racket, once brought in some strips of old sheet iron, with which he threshed the floor with all his might. But our mechanical comrades kept right on sawing bones just the same. Many prisoners enjoyed themselves in card playing, but the principal as well as the more healthy diversion was pitching quoits. It was a game which afforded genuine amusement. Perhaps our wittiest man was a field officer from Shiloh,—a stout Missourian

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with sandy hair and black eyes, who often gave utterance to laughable expressions. A sample of the humor of another was a criticism of the prison fence (twelve feet high). He did not like the *taste* displayed, and declared that when he built his house he would not have so high a fence. Some weeks after our arrival there, an East Tennesseee Union civilian was brought in as a prisoner. He was a wealthy and prominent citizen and was given a place on our floor. His bunk was at the extreme north end of the room, about sixty feet from mine. He was bright and jolly, short in stature but weighed over two hundred pounds. One day there was a tremendous thump and crash. This man had fallen through his bunk.

I had picked up some military ideas during a stay of six months at Fort Leavenworth in 1854 and had, at the beginning of the war, spent some days at Fort Ripley, observing company drill and discipline by that model officer, Captain Nelson H. Davis,—afterwards Inspector General of the Army; and having been commander of a company and every day present with it for eight months of the war, I ventured while in prison, and mainly as intellectual exercise, to write a small book entitled "Hints to Company Officers". After being paroled I took the manuscript to the Military Academy at West Point and submitted it to one of the instructors; and it was published by Mr. Van Nostrand at his own risk. The writing of this little work helped exceedingly to pass away the time. I read my Shakspeare each day till I had read it through; also committed to memory a few lines each day, and found that the more I practiced this the easier it became. During the time I was in prison I committed to memory three hundred lines, comprising passages I liked best from the different plays. Very many evenings just after sundown I would spend an hour walking a short beat in the yard and think-

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ing over the lines I had learned. I will quote one passage which I committed, because as I have since learned, it was considered by the great writer Buckle as the finest that Shakspeare wrote:

"Look how the floor of Heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

After reading Shakspeare through I borrowed and read a copy of Plutarch's Lives. On an average Lieutenant Baker and I spent two hours a day playing chess, so that with a rubber of chess, learning some lines of Shakspeare, reading and writing, and some out-door exercise, the days were passed by me in a manner not so very unpleasant.

Whether, and in what way, an escape could be effected were questions a good deal pondered, especially in the latter part of our captivity. Lieutenant Baker and I repeatedly examined a map of Georgia to determine what would be the safest route to the Union lines in case we could get out. The scheme of seizing a railway train was talked of, but the difficulty of passing Atlanta made that plan seem hopeless. Indeed all such projects are worthy of notice only as showing what was thought and talked of to relieve the monotony. There was, however, on the part of a few, solomnly pledged to secrecy, a systematic and persevering effort made to escape by tunneling under the wall of the building. The work had to be done singly and by hand. I was informed of what was going on, but took no part in it, as I had no faith in its success. The first notice I had that the project was deemed ripe for action was being

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awakened one night by an unusual commotion. There came up the stairs and passed through our room and thence up to the third story, a file of prisoners conducted by a detail of guards. I remember vividly that General Prentiss marched at the head of the file; and I particularly remember how he looked, because he wore his general's uniform which impressed me as being ludicrous, and as a piece of bravado on his part. Of course nobody escaped. How the Confederates got knowledge of the scheme I do not remember to have heard. The party was put in close quarters for a while in a jail.

Immediately on arriving at the prison we found the inmates expecting soon to be paroled. They told us steps were being taken for that object and that we would have but a short time to stay. This was most cheering news. But as day after day passed by, we discovered that such hopes were illusive. Nevertheless new rumors of the same sort would from time to time prevail, and as often prove disappointing. Finally, in October, I think, a mass meeting was held and it was decided that commissioners representing our three principal groups of prisoners should be selected to visit Washington, if the Confederate authorities would permit, to draw our pay. I had the honor to be selected as one of the three commissioners, and as a representative of the Murfreesborough group. The commission did not go, but the correspondence with the Confederate Government in regard to the matter probably hastened our parole. Only a very short time after that we were sent in cattle cars via Augusta, Ga., Columbia, S. C., Salisbury, N. C., and Petersburg, Va., to Libby Prison, Richmond. Nothing particularly eventful occurred on the trip. At Columbia we spent about half a day, being quartered in the jail. I there requested permission to visit a bookstore, as I wished to consult Scott's Life of Napoleon

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to clear up certain points in my manuscript in respect to some of Napoleon's battles. I was allowed to go with a Confederate soldier as guard. The book-seller had a copy of the book I wanted to consult, and, in a courteous manner, gave me the freedom of his store. I remained there an hour making notes. I do not remember where we changed to passenger cars, but we went in such cars from Petersburg to Richmond. While the train stood a few minutes on Sunday morning at Petersburg, some negro boys peered into the car windows to look at us Yankees, and were heard to say: "Why they ha'nt got no *horns*."

At Libby the prisoners were all confined inside the building. The closets were in the building and were insufficient and offensive. Our party were given a very small amount of space on the lower floor, on which we slept in our own blankets. The food, however, was better than we received at Madison. We each had per day a small loaf of good flour bread, some soup made of small worm-eaten peas and possibly a small piece of bacon or other meat. We remained at Libby only a few days during which we signed rolls for our parole. It was a happy day when we left that prison and marched on foot about fourteen miles down the bank of James River to a landing where we saw a steamboat bearing the American flag, and which was to convey us to Annapolis. Free refreshments were furnished us aboard this steamer, but consisted solely of excellent coffee and raw ham. This singular diet produced a stomach trouble from which I did not recover for several weeks.

Through the most praiseworthy activity and energy of General Prentiss, permission was granted us all to proceed from Annapolis to Washington. After reaching Washington, through his continued efforts we received some pay and were granted a leave of absence for a few weeks,—possibly till we should be exchanged.

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I have thus given as circumstantial a narrative of my experience in Rebel prisons as I can now do after the lapse of thirty years. I have had nothing to record that is remarkable; nothing that is thrilling; and I am sure that as Americans you will all be glad with me that I have not had to report any act of cruelty.

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RELATION OF THE REGULAR ARMY TO THE COUNTRY IN TIME OF PEACE.

BY BREVET-MAJOR MELVILLE C. WILKINSON, U. S. ARMY.

(Read March 14, 1893.)

Our late companion, the Rev. Doctor Tiffany, one of the most gloriously enthusiastic of Americans, a few months before his death, gave to a large audience in Minneapolis the following astonishing figures with regard to the sum of all kinds of cotton fabric manufactured in the United States during the preceding year. He said substantially, "If it could all be rolled into one roll, holding the end, you might stand on the earth, throw your roll over the moon, bring it back to earth, again do in like manner, and yet again; you would then and not until then, unwind your roll!" Following in a single instance Dr. Tiffany's example *for the curious*, I find that we raised, in this good year, 51,602,780 hogs, or 29,319 miles of continuous pig, reaching once around the earth, with added distance from New York to San Francisco.

The principal products of our farms, 681,300,000 in acreage, are wheat, corn, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat; potatoes 2,850,777,000 bushels; cotton 7,800,000 bales; wool 270,000,000 pounds.

The capital of the South is $170,366,230, an increase of 207 per cent., while its increase in the value of products is $315,924,794, a fraction over 135 per cent.

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Imports for the same time, $789,310,409; exports $857,828,684.

The figures are too vast, however interesting for further reference regarding material success.

Speaking of our physical basis of power: We are a republic of eighteen states, each as large as Spain, one of thirty-one states each as large as Italy, or of sixty states each as large as England and Wales. What a confederation of nations! Take five of the first class powers of Europe, Great Britain and Ireland, France, Germany, Austria and Italy, add to them Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Denmark and Greece, weld them into a mighty empire, and yet you could lay it all down in the United States, west of the Hudson River once, and again and again, three times!

Mr. Gladstone said, and said it well in his "Kin beyond the Sea", that "We have a national base for the greatest continuous empire ever established by man", and well he added, "And the distinction between continuous empire, and empire severed and dispersed over the sea, is vital."

A steamboat may pass up the Mississippi and Missouri 3,900 miles from the Gulf,—as far as from New York to Constantinople!

Lay Texas, (not yet rented), what a giant, with head resting on the mountains of Norway, directly east of the Orkney islands, with one palm covering London, the other Warsaw, would stretch himself down across the empires of Germany and Austria, across northern Italy, and he could wash his feet in the Mediterranean.

You can carve the two Dakotas into a half dozen kingdoms of Greece. Place the 50,000,000 of inhabitants in the United States in '80, all in Texas, and the population wouldn't be as dense as that of Germany; or put them into the Dakotas and they wouldn't be as thick as they are in England and Wales.

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Twilight not long leaves our own Northland before the golden rays of the rising sun gild the tops of the forest pines on the coast of Maine.

Someone has said, no matter who, since 'tis so well said, "Peace is the dream of philosophers, war the history of men." The history of war is indeed the history of the human race; it is the natural function of the savage, as well as the most honored profession of civil society.

Our own republic gives its successful warriors first place in council and first in heart.

War is an instinct of humanity, of "origin divine," says a great writer. War is not to be replaced, as well-meaning philanthropists, idealists, theorists, speculators, may hope, by the human device of arbitration, or submissive trust in the generosity of competitors.

Since earliest history, fabled or authentic, not alone the physical fate of empires, but civilization, the intellectual progress of humanity, the development of mind has depended upon efficient force, defined an army. They may talk about civilization being wafted to the end of the world upon the wings of commerce, but it is not, in the truest sense so wafted, at least not to stay, for trade, in itself, is transitory. What is fixed has always been made so by force of arms.

Although the sailors of Phoenicia, Carthage, Holland, and England, did make discoveries, slight would have been the result, had not an army held them, and the history of our own regular army, as the factor making possible the settlement of our own great West, is in point, and of absorbing interest. There is not a crowned head on earth to-day but views with growing uneasiness, if not positive alarm, the ever increasing strength, stability, and grandeur of our republican form of government; and we are safe, simply and only by reason of the fact that we are able, by force of arms, to hold our own against *all comers*.

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Armies, large or small, will doubtless exist until the millennium, (not just ready to dawn upon us), if ring of anvil, smoke of forge, blast of furnace, and roar of machinery such as the world has never heard before, in the hundreds of manufactures of the appliances of war, in our own as well as other lands, are indications.

Just an item in point:

"Paris, Dec. 8th.—In the debate on the naval estimates in the chambers of deputies today, M. Barbey, minister of marine, said that the building of ships for the navy continued with unabated activity, and that within ten years eighty-one ships would be built, including six ironclads and fifty swift cruisers. Next year the navy would have over two hundred torpedo boats. In concluding he said that in view of the extent of her preparations and her readiness for war, France ought to feel secure. This sentence was received with enthusiastic applause."

Thus a hurried, brief and necessarily superficial glance, home and abroad, is given to quicken thought with reference to the magnitude of the interests involved, it is believed, in an intelligent discussion of our subject.

It is assumed without question, that the relation of the army to the country in time of peace, demands readiness at the call of duty, an exemplification of all that thorough discipline can make us, an illustration, as perfect as possible, of the trained intelligent soldier, the very embodiment of self-abnegation and sacrifice; and in the presence of greatest danger, schooled to the required degree of calm deliberation; all this and much more is self-evident, a part of the very being of a true soldier and should go even without the saying.

It has been said that our regular army, in time of peace, should be like the pistol, clean, oiled to smoothness, loaded, full-cocked, ready to go off at any minute, a perfect machine; but all machines like illustrations are wide of the mark for the American soldier; such illustrations may,

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quitė measurably, fit the soldier under monarchies; machines do not think, the true American soldier, whatever his rank, will, should, must and does think.

One occasion, one oration, serves in giving the discussion of this subject its distinctive character. The occasion, the memorable meeting of the Army of the Tennesseee at Toledo, O., October 16, 1873; the orator, a major-general in the Regular Army, graduated from the Military Academy in '42; his theme, "Our Soldiers." Said he, (I only quote him sufficiently to serve the purpose in view):

"MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE:—

"As time goes by, the intervals between these anniversaries seem to grow shorter and shorter. A few years more and they will vanish altogether, and these army meetings will return no more. When we consider what they are and what they commemorate, what feelings of affection, of gladness and of grief they represent, the knowledge that their end is so near at hand is full of sadness and regret. In the lifetime of us surviving comrades of the late war, the feeling that binds together the soldier and citizen is not likely to decrease in strength, but how shall it be with our descendants? Shall the rare and touching attachments of the fathers be lost among their children? Shall we take no measures to perpetuate among our descendants the ties which bind us to each other? Can we reconcile ourselves to the knowledge that with our lives will also pass away a feeling which means so much, and has had and still has such widespread influence for good over all of us? Shall we, especially of the regular army, be willing to contemplate without sorrow the certainty that with us the strong affection which unites us to so many comrades who have returned to civil life will also perish, and that the unhappy and well-nigh fatal divorce which for years had separated the regular army from the people and which required a civil war to reconcile, shall again be pronounced upon our descendants? As our days on earth draw nigh to their close, this consideration ought to and must press more and more upon our attention. If we would not see this misfortune fall upon us a second time, we must take steps to avert it. The well-being of the people, equally with the well-being of the army,

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requires a common sympathy, and a common interest between them. Not less do personal feeling, and the general sentiment demand it.

"It is not appropriate on such an occasion as this, to enter into any detailed consideration of the measure we ought to adopt to perpetuate the relations which now exist, and which ought always to exist, between the citizen and the soldier; and if, in the few remarks which it seems proper for me to make in response to the sentiment assigned me, I touch upon some points which seem to bear on this subject, I trust it will be attributed to the difficulty of avoiding it rather than the intention of doing it."

After speaking in patriotic terms of the soldiers during the war, the general goes on to say:

"If bad military organization, the feeble imitation of foreign systems and worse customs of service drawn from the same sources, have made the soldier in peace less or more than this, to you, comrades who have returned to civil life, must be committed the task of giving us an army organization in harmony with our free institutions, and with the feelings and habits of our people. Ours will be the duty to conform our customs of service to such an organization.

"But in approaching this task it will be pertinent to inquire why it is that the soldier of our late war, whether he died in battle or still lives, is so near to the affections and so honored in the memory of his countrymen. Why do we build homes for those still living? Why do we consecrate the graves of the dead? Why do we meet, year after year, in national cemeteries, hallowed not more by the public gratitude of a Nation than by the stronger though less openly expressed feelings of every citizen?

"The answer is not far to seek. We meet on such occasions not as soldiers, but as citizens of a common and loved country; not to vaunt ourselves because of the valiant deeds done in war by our soldiers, living or dead, but to pay our tribute of sorrowful gratitude to the citizens who lie buried because their lives were needed by their countrymen. It is because they were citizens; because they shared our interests and our feelings; because they sympathized in our hopes and aspirations; because they were of us and with us, and because they laid down their lives in a cause dear to us all; for these reasons and not because they were

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soldiers only, do we meet around their graves to mourn over them with sorrowful remembrance. Not merely nor mainly for their valiant deeds in war do we honor them. We honor them because they exhibited the highest qualities of citizens; because they stood ready to maintain in arms the principles of civil government which they held sacred in peace, and because they hastened to pay the last great sacrifice to the safety and welfare of their countrymen.

"Such considerations as these teach us all, and especially us of the military service, a lesson we ought to lay near to our hearts; the lesson that the highest and greatest quality of a good soldier in this country is, that he shall be a good citizen.

"Let us not be alarmed nor deterred by the ill-judged talk concerning politics and politicians, more common in times past than now in the army. Politics is the daily history of our country; the embodiment and the expression of the wishes and purposes of our countrymen. Politicians, whatever we may think of them in their personal relations, are, in their corporate capacity, the men who make our laws and upon whom largely depend the welfare and prosperity of the country. Are not the duties of the army plainly such as demand from every officer and soldier the deepest interest in such matters and the fullest acquaintance with them? Do politics and politicians influence our lives less than they influence the lives of other citizens? Is it wisdom or good policy in us to keep ourselves ignorant of the daily history of the country, and of the hopes, wishes and interests of the people? Can or ought any citizen of this country to be neutral on any great question affecting the welfare of his fellow-citizens or the security of our common government? Is it right for us, the citizens of a free country, to allow ourselves to be made mere instruments, without knowledge, without thought, without opinion, and without interest, in the hands of others whose schemes and purposes we not only do not know but studiously avoid knowing?

"If the army is to be reduced to such a condition as this, it is as true now, and here, as it has been true heretofore, 'that standing armies are dangerous to republican institutions.' Let us not consent to such degradation. Above all, let us not degrade ourselves. Knowledge of every popular movement and deep interest in all that interests our countrymen or affects our institutions from day to day; not the interest of a looker-on merely, but the profounder interest of a sharer alike for good or ill, be ours the duty to seek

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and to feel. And should another such occasion as our late Civil War unhappily arise, let it not be said of us that we were without knowledge of the cause or interest in the object. So long as the soldier remains one of the people; so long as he shares their interests, takes part in their progress and feels a common sympathy with them in their hopes and aspirations, so long will the army be held in honorable esteem and regard, and so long will the close ties which now bind together the soldier and the citizen be perpetuated among us. When he ceases to be this; when soldiers cease to be citizens in the highest and truest sense, the army will deserve to lose, as it will surely do, its place in the affections of the people, and properly and naturally become an object of suspicion and dislike.

"In considering, then, what we should do to avert such a misfortune, as great almost to you, comrades, who have returned to civil life, as to us still in the military service, it seems wise that we should first earnestly seek to organize a military system under which the true relation between the army and the people may be surely established; but whatever else we do, let us, comrades and friends, representing to-night both the people and the army, here strongly resolve that the descendants of those whom civil war, a common sorrow and a common triumph have joined together, neither time nor circumstances shall ever put asunder."

It was a notable speech, a notable event, leaving lasting beneficial impressions upon all present, especially those of the Regular Army.

The character of the sentiments expressed, the high rank and great ability of the speaker, the scene immediately following the conclusion of his words, were of such singular historic importance in connection with the subject before us, that it is made, as already indicated, the keynote very measurably of this paper.

Could we have invoked the presence of Caesar, Cromwell, Napoleon, Marlborough, Wellington, Washington, Moltke, and had they given commendation, it would no doubt have added imperishable worth and weight to the speaker's words; but one was there whose name and fame, as one of

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the world's greatest captains, will ever be mentioned foremost with theirs, and he, leaving higher place than ever held by monarch,—Grant, then President,—crossed to the table where stood the speaker, and grasping him warmly by the hand said, with unusual emphasis, "General Pope, that is the best speech I ever heard in my life"; and Sherman and Sheridan were there to join in heartily expressed appreciation and applause.

Standing a little farther down in the shadow of that remarkable concourse, of such vital interest to us as officers of the army, and as we are, even at the longest, but a little way removed from that period when the "Great Majority" shall claim, alike, all those who had part and fellowship in that war that must needs have been that we might have one country, one flag, is it not altogether fitting and proper that we now re-emphasize these words so wisely spoken, upon which rests, in singular degree, such significant approval.

Quite naturally we believe logically, without further questioning as to our peculiar relations to them, we discuss in briefest possible form three dangers to our country, demanding closest attention, and on the part of our legislators their wisest, most intelligent action:

I. PENSIONS.

From '61 to '91, total disbursements account of pensions was $1,158,712,303.36; total for '90, $106,493,890.19. This, it should be stated, however, includes 794 survivors and 678 widows of the "War with Mexico."

In a recent reported interview with the representatives of a Western paper that has established a bureau of claims in Washington (pensions and others) quite in the same line, of the circulars from which an extract, in this connection is read, the Commissioner of Pensions is made to say that

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he welcomes all help in the settlement of claims, stating what is a fact, that either a new claim is allowed, or an old one advanced, every thirty seconds during the business hours of his office.

The circular referred to, is from a New England state, bearing date January, '91, and reads in part as follows:

"Dear Comrade: Claims under the act of June 27th, '90, on any disability, without regard to the pecuniary condition of the applicant, if you are disabled in any manner, I should be glad to act as your attorney, and I think I can help you. I would desire you to write me, and state disabilities, * * * diseases, which you have at the present time, no matter how slight, or when or how they originated, they will be considered in your claim, whether they first appeared before, or during, or since your service."

Then follows a long list of disabilities, diseases, including headaches, dizziness, loss of teeth, nervousness, affection of the mind, dyspepsia, any swelling, sprain of the ankle, or any other joints, corns or bunions! ! ! !

Not by one jot or tittle, no, not even by the fraction of the width of finest hair, or by sharpest point of finest cambric needle, can we be made to abate our reverence for, and constant abiding faith in the devotion and patriotism of the men who saved their country, and not by the same measurement would we subtract from the allowance an able, grateful and willing country makes for the support of its really dependent defenders and their actual dependents; and while we can see no peril to our country, even in the most pessimistic view that can be held on this question, we can see great and grave danger to the truest patriotism of the generation born since the close of the war, and those to follow. Surely the highest wisdom, the most exalted patriotism would at the least demand no more enactments under which such claim bureaus are formed, and such circulars made possible.

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II. IMMIGRATION.

From official figures the immigration in 1890 from Europe was 455,302. Of this number 364,086 landed in New York City. From '55 to '91 it was 11,168,385. In a valuable work on immigration and emigration Prof. Smith says: "The Inman Steamship Company alone has 3500 agents in Europe and an equal number in this country, selling pre-paid tickets to be sent to friends and relations of persons already here, in order to furnish them with a passage; other companies are engaged in the same thing." Not long since a member of the German Reichstag said: "The German people have now but one want; money enough to get to America." Immigration from Austria shows a marked increase. There is but one class of people in Europe worse fed than the Italians, the Portuguese, and our Italian immigration in '84 was 147,000; in '88, 290,000. A kind Providence has now in large degree mercifully deflected this stream to South America.

I have not been able to secure figures from the eleventh census, but the tenth gives a total foreign born population of 6,679,943. Their children of the first generation, in '80, were 8,276,053, making a total of 15,000,000.

These facts and figures justify this statement, that our population, foreign by birth or parentage, at present is at least 22,000,000, fully 34 per cent. of the whole. Now, it is submitted, as Dr. Strong says: "Can a foreign element of such magnitude have other than a most profound influence upon national life and character?"

Here let it be said quickly and with emphasis, that many of our best representatives in council of church and state, are of foreign birth or parentage; some are well known to us, some are in mind that are fully capable of furnishing any one of the European nations with enough first-class American republicanism to upset any monarchy; they have

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been taught in bitter schools the lesson of the value of our American institutions, and are to-day among our safest, if indeed they are not by very reason of this experience, our safest legislators. Neither for a moment must it be understood that the fact is overlooked that this nation was founded by immigration; that it is the factor to-day, by its well attested industry, loyalty and fidelity, making possible our country's foremost position among the nations of the world, and may the sod rest heavy on the well made grave of that party organization so wisely and appropriately named "Know Nothing." But unfortunately what is the horizon of the communistic horde of foreigners? By a recent report from highest and most reliable authority, it is shown that seventy-four per cent. of Irish discharged convicts find their way to the United States, and every detective in New York City knows, says Mr. Pound in *The Forum*, that there is scarcely a ship landing immigrants there, which does not bring English, German, French or Italian crooks; and Dr. Strong in his valuable book entitled "Our Country, Its Possible Future and Its Present Crisis," from which I have gained many valuable certified facts and figures for this discussion, shows how sadly conspicuous this foreign element is in our criminal records; even as far back as '70 when it constituted twenty per cent. of the population of New England, it then furnished seventy-five per cent. of its crime; it was twelve times as much disposed to crime as the same amount of native stock.

There is no more serious menace to our form of government than that which comes from our rabble-ruled cities; think of New York City with its near 400,000 annual arrivals.

Within a few days in a public address in Boston, a high executive officer of the Government, we believe voiced the common sentiment of all thoughtful Americans on this

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subject when he said: "An expenditure is justifiable and necessary to erect an effective dyke against this deluge of misery, vice and crime. This nation will continue to receive honest, well disposed and self-supporting immigrants who come here prepared to bear the burdens of American citizenship. We are agreed that the artificial stimulus of immigration shall decrease, and the pauper, leper, or anarchist shall be shut out with bars of steel. Then it will be soon enough to raise the question whether further measures will be necessary. The highest service the American Republic can render to mankind is to maintain the American Republic, and whatever shall be necessary to that end must be done, regardless of the opposing interests of individuals on either side of the ocean. The best men must share actively in politics, tempering the party spirit, suppressing the professional demagogue and helping to guide political events along safe channels.

Henry Ward Beecher once gave this suggestive illustration: "When a lion eats an ox the ox becomes lion, not the lion ox." Now if this nation, like the lion, could be directed, in the matter of immigration by the instinct of self-preservation, all would be well, but here, unfortunately, the illustration fails; our peril from *unrestricted* immigration is, that we must have thrust down our national throat this deluge of foreign "misery, vice and crime," with the solemn fact ever present at our American feast, "*Digest or Die!*"

III. SOCIALISM.

He who would essay in the compass of a few minutes an intelligent discussion of socialism, its present effects on our country, would undertake without hesitation, to dam Niagara Falls with a tooth pick, or think to settle the theological questions of the Nineteenth Century just ending, by a wave of his hand.

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Speaking generally of socialism in this country, we can only say that within its folds are elements of peril that we can only discuss in the most hurried manner; first stopping long enough to observe that socialism in the abstract, as an "ism," is attractive to many philanthropists, men large-hearted and self-sacrificing.

Louis Blanc really covers the gist of socialism when he says, "From each according to his abilities, to each according to his wants," but American republicanism must stand on a basis of competition not alone in co-operative society. Louis Blanc's idea might work in millennium days, not in these, and he would do well to remember, as should all such theorists, and socialists, that society is regenerated by regenerating the individual, laying well to heart the truth, as stated with such singular power by Herbert Spencer,—"There is no political alchemy, by which you can get golden conduct out of leaden instincts." But we hasten to deal directly with the socialists who are called internationalists.

Listen again, to some of their ideas; "*Common Property*," "Socialists production and distribution," the grossest materialism, free love; in all social arrangements, perfect individualism, in short, *Anarchy*, or stated in plainer terms; Away with private property, away with all authority, away with the state, away with the family, away with religion of any kind, in any degree.

Herr Most thus concludes one of his articles, "Religion, authority and state are all carved out of the same piece of wood; to the devil with them all," and his paper advocates "a new genealogy traced from the mothers whose names, and not those of the fathers, descend to the children, since it is never certain who the father is."

Explosions in the Houses of Parliament and Tower of London made the socialists say in a meeting at Chicago,

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"These explosions have demonstrated that socialists can safely go into large congregations, in broad daylight, and explode their bombs. A little hog's grease and a little nitric acid make a terrible explosive; ten cents' worth would blow a building to atoms. Dynamite can be made out of the dead bodies of capitalists as well as out of hogs. All Chicago can be set ablaze in a minute by electricity. Private property must be abolished if we have to use all the dynamite there is, and blow nine-hundredths of the people off the face of the earth." Was this nothing but the vapid mouthings of a harmless set of foreign anarchists? Its legitimate fruitage was the Chicago Hay Market massacre as it will continue to be, logically, of others. Remembering the railroad riots of '77 when we had comparatively few outspoken anarchists, some of the stock phrases found in their publications are at least highly suggestive: "Get ready for another '77"; "Organize companies and drill to be ready for a recurrence of the riots of '77." At a meeting of the "REDS" in Berlin, the 19th of last month, in the discussion one said, "Napoleon was a great man." "So were the anarchists," said another, "they sacrificed themselves deliberately for a great cause, not for their own benefit." The speaker was interrupted by some one saying, "And you really want to convince me that the men hung in—?" "I think they were as great as Christ, and even greater," quickly added the speaker.

The following dispatch was sent from Chicago January 10, 1893, to the *Pioneer Press*:

"Anarchy is to have a monument in Chicago. The graves of Parsons, Spies, Lingg, Engle and Fischer at Waldheim, Ill., will soon be marked by a graceful memorial, erected through funds contributed by anarchists of this city and their sympathizers in every part of the world. For some time the work has been progressing quietly, and the committee from the Pioneer Aid and Sup-

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port Association, which has charge of the matter, has already raised more than half of the $6,000 which will be the estimated cost of the monument, and is about to select a design from the many which have been submitted."

Is it not an occasion for the profoundest regret that it has been possible to erect and dedicate IN AMERICA, this very monument to commemorate anarchism? Since the foundation of this Government our noblest, bravest and best have struggled, hoped, prayed, fought, in Lincoln's own immortal words *"Given the last full measure of devotion,"* THEIR LIVES, that the American soil might, *in the highest sense*, be a stainless one. Heaven grant that this act shall not be an ill omen for the safety and perpetuity of the American Republic!

Rejoicings, that at last we are getting a Navy strong enough to command respect abroad for our flag; yet last fall a large procession of anarchists in New York City flaunting their red flags, that of the United States was carried reversed; isn't it pertinent to inquire why idle funds at home are not used, if need be, on such occasions, so that when we do go abroad *hunting* for respect for the flag, it can be done, to say the least, with better grace?

Congratulations, for the fact of Senator Sherman's bill for the encouragement of the display and the better protection of the National flag; now for another one to suppress the red flag, or any other of the anarchists; how this action could in the least endanger freedom is hard to understand. There should be room in the American sky for just one flag, and that, OLD GLORY!!!

This also for a moment's reflection: Ever eternal vigilance to keep separate church and state, not forgetting Grant's solemn injunction to the American people, shortly before his death; said he, "Encourage free schools and resolve that not one dollar appropriated to them shall ever be applied to the support of any sectarian school."

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We labor continuously against this seemingly popular American idea, that Providence takes care of children, fools and the United States. The late war dissipated it for a season, then the Chicago Hay Market massacre gave it a short shock, but it is apparently back to stay.

Let us not be misled by any such fallacy; it is our bounden duty and prerogative to be embodiments of the fact that the American soldier of the regular army is, ever and always, a high type of the American citizen, made three-fold so by very reason of his position; *because* he must understand the constitutional requirements imposed; *because* he is prepared in singular degree to appreciate its inestimable privileges; *because* by highest training, at a moment's call he is ready in mind and body, day or night, to defend.

Can there be any more exalted station given man, than thus to be at once guardian and defender of the best, the grandest, the mightiest Empire of Freedom ever devised by inspired men of God?

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THE SUTLER.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY A. CASTLE.

COMPANY A, ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 12, 1893.)

The time has arrived when this matter of the Sutler should be brought into its true alignment. His status should be differentiated. An excess of mistiness and incertitude obtains as to his rank and his historic area. This latter, at least, should be staked out and cross-sectioned for these annals of ours that are to go shimmering down the festive centuries, so to speak.

The Sutler was born, not made. That is to say, his tendencies were ingrained, perhaps hereditary, although his selection was possibly nepotic or accidental. Once he was pure as the beautiful snow, it may be, but even then he was a Sutler embryonic.

Army service gave technical nomenclature to many familiar avocations and characteristics. The ecclesiastical supernumerary was called the chaplain. The pharmaceutical neophyte was called a surgeon. The district messenger-boy was called an adjutant. The hearse was called an ambulance, and its driver, sure of dry lodgings, was high up in the four hundred. The sergeant-major was called—every-where. The colonel was often called a—fool, the quartermaster was usually called a—rascal, and the real rascal was sometimes known as the Sutler. The blanks represent profanity, which I abhor!

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Positive, Subtle; comparative and superlative Sutler, was an acceptable etymological formula in many dialects of North American broken English, in those days noted for the mad massacre of innocent idioms.

The Sutler kept, or tried to keep, alleged articles of virtue, to sell to the "boys," so called,—meaning the soldiers, who, with warm hearts, cold feet, flexible stomachs and bashful consciences, environed him from zenith to nadir. Keeping was harder than selling, and getting his pay was hardest of all. Thus beset with hardships, his lot was as cheerless as that of the mugwump in politics, with a wasp-waisted brain, a protuberant rectitude and just enough soul to serve, in lieu of salt, to keep his carcass from decay. What with shortage and leakage and stealage among pretended friends, and imminent risk of capture by an alert enemy, the Sutler's stock in trade was as uncertain as the salivary aim of a sociable Kentuckian.

No Sutler was ever drafted into the army, or hired a substitute, and afterwards suffered national reproach for failure to note his future career and weave Masonic immortelles around his sarcophagus. He could not wait for the draft. He volunteered early and often, with visible alacrity and enthusiasm, often tumbling over himself in his eagerness, and as often blaspheming his own folly with plunging shot fierceness, a little later. Rosy were his dreams of rolling, gloating wealth; cruel his awakening to the devastated verity.

Acquit him in advance of hypocrisy and thus clarify the record. He professed no patriotism; he pretended to no bravery; he cherished no martial ambitions. Money was his confessed objective, the richly upholstered terminus of his solicitude. For him, one crowded shower of glorious gold was worth a whole aurora borealis of golden glory. Others might fight the battles or write the ballads of his

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country; he was content to peddle its "Thomas and Jeremiah,"—fluid, in flat tin cans, surreptitious, villainous and expensive. Others might yearn, or pretend to yearn, for bleeding wounds and storied busts; sufficient unto him was two hundred per cent. profit on the cove oysters of antiquity. Pardonable then was his wrath when the edibles and potables disappeared, unpaid for, into parts unknown save to the Latin tongue, whence they could be recovered only by the gentle persuasion of the stomach-pump,—whereby the yellow coinage of his rapt preliminary visions, faded incomprehensibly into nothingness.

It is a chestnut, hoary and bald with age, that the Sutler was best at a "charge." Wherefore not? To charge was human, but to collect was sublime—always difficult, often impossible. His solé competitor in this line is the modern plumber, he of the slow steps, but quick respiration redolent with raw onions—but that is a chestnut mouldy as the other. Boycott them both!

Although war without a Sutler would have been an ideality as barren as politics without the negro, or the Indian, or the prohibitionist not taxed, or worse, yet even with him there was a not infrequent flaw in its felicities. When he was wanted he was seldom there; when he was there, he seldom had what was wanted. He trafficked within complex circumscriptions. Sutlers' checks were full legal tender, but the list of his permissibles embraced a vast and varied miscellany of non-desiderata, while the catalogue of contrabands exhibited innumerable objects of unanimous and unquestionable allurement. Such was the irony of his fate,—bitter as the gaiety of a lost-cause jubilee, with the corpse lying in state next door. While, of course, the popular articles were quickly sold or stolen, the residuary stuff, which no man would buy or steal, lingered with him fly-blown and fermenting, gibed at and satirized by the dullest dolts in the regiment.

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The inventory of a typical Sutler's stock at any stage of a vigorous campaign would have listed somewhat thus:

Wooden combs and gutta-percha bivalves.

Effete cigars—bunch-grass filling, wrapped in genuine Havana onion leaves at Weathersfield, Conn.

Rancid sardines, and plug tobacco in advanced state of ossification.

Lip-salve, razor-soap and spine-plasters.

Misfit imitations of standard monarchial beverages, from the Sublime Porte, to the aged and exiled Bourbon.

Sliced segments of ancient and honorable cheese, with a top-dressing of green fungus, and densely populated.

Wrinkled pocket-mirrors; loose-knitted tooth-brushes; spoiled ink; spongy paper and spluttering pens.

Mezzotint hair wash to be shaken before taken.

Star-spangled envelopes; playing cards.

Eyeless needles, pointless pins, and "cable" thread visibly enfeebled by adversity.

Cork screws.

Poker chips.

Pistol cartridges, watch keys, jack-knives, pills, cough-candy, and lead pencils conspicuous chiefly for brittleness.

Bologna sausages of the conglomerate era, petrified.

Engine-turned pickles, boiled in carbolic acid and frosted with vitriolic crystals,—warranted anti-scorbutic.

Anonymous liquid perdition in sneaking disguises, which, judged by its taste was a cheap grade of spiritus strychnii, but judged by its price was molten pearl, diluted with dissolved diamond.

Sundries, et cetera, et cetera.

Prime necessaries of luxurious military existence, some of these, more or less urgent. Few of the impracticable inutilities of the dollar-store or the charity bazar lift, here, their suspected forms. Yet to the insatiate archers of the

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bivouac they would rarely quite suffice. Deafening was the clamor for some absent staple to which distance lent enchantment, rosy as a dining car menu, and as deceptive—deep the chagrin that it was not held perennially on tap. But all was, in the ultimate, cooked down to dire alternative of buy (or steal) and have, or do without, and gnaw a file and swear.

As a rule the Sutler embarked on his voyage militant with more or less capital and credit, either his own, or that of the silent partner who procured his appointment, but whose identity was a secret between himself and high heaven. A balance sheet at the year's end, if he managed to survive so long, would usually disclose liabilities to the extent of capital plus credit, as aforesaid, with assets embracing chiefly a tattered tent, a shattered wagon and a battered team, five hundred pounds of scorned sundries, sour and fusty, together with a fat ledger full of "charges" against the killed, wounded and missing, who, by a mysterious fatality had been his largest, if not his only patrons. Hence these tears, scalding even his steel-armored cheeks. Therefore these sobs, soulful as if wrung from the viscera of a thirteen-dollar melodeon.

The Sutler was subject to military discipline, ranking a trifle lower than a mule, but a fraction higher than a corporal. In this, principally, that if lost in action, he need not be officially accounted for on the returns, like a mule, and would have slightly better prospect than a corporal of posthumous mutilation of cognomen in the telegrams. The law recognized him and the orders shielded him. That was theory. Everybody kicked and cursed and plundered him. That was practice. The difference was palpable as the evolution of the human female divine, from the cow-skin frock and burlap leggings of semi-savagery, to the high-shouldered, polka-dot robings of advanced civilization.

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If the post of danger is the post of real honor, the Sutler has been most scandalously overlooked in the awards. His assigned position at the rear during an advance and at the front during a retreat, fatally exposed him to the depredations of the mixed society indigenous thereto. Encompassed with perils, like a floating Atlantis mislaid in a cannibal archipelago, his only resource was a rat-eyed vigilance and a brass-breasted audacity. A recital of his exploits in defending the citadel wherein his precious perishables lay, would shine like a torch-light procession down the dark avenues of history. Painting him in gaudy hues would be as unaesthetic as offering green goggles to a Delsarte club. But a mild touch of eulogy, a harmless, ginger-pop effervescence of panegyric may supposedly be ventured. Would Sir Patrick's famed toast to the bloody Sixty-ninth—"The last in the field and the first to leave it; equal to none!"—pass muster? If so, who will begrudge? None, we dare aver, unless it be some surviving marauder who once wore a half-shaved head for sutler burglary, then trod the brambly path of humiliation out of camp, to the tune of Rogue's March, while the sad breeze sighed through the rents in his respectability.

The romances of Fenimore Cooper depict the army sutler of the Revolutionary contest as a woman, habitually Irish, rubicund, snuffy, blasphemous and addicted to gin; in brief an object of charity, socially and financially. When we read on and learn that she was the camp washerwoman, we abandoned the pursuit forthwith. Like the flowers that bloom in the Japanese Spring, she has nothing to do with the case. The Sutler of our more refined era was of the man masculine. A woman in that sphere would have been as deadly as a damp basement. The most fluent champion of uplifted feminity never dared rise to claim this dizzy pre-eminence—nay, not the bravest

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meat-stall heroine of them, with slaughter-house eyes and leaf-lard complexion, declaiming suffrage syllogisms with all the witchery of a South Missouri angel.

Of the man masculine was he. Not a woman. Neither a dude—no gallon of gall in a plaid suit, owed for, could have endured for one swift, short, blistering month, the Sutler's multiplex ordeals of catastrophe. Dudes have their function. So have rose sherbet and chewing gum. But not in war time. Men, three-star Hennessy and Virginia cut plug are then in request, even for sutlers and their wares.

As a rallying point in battle, the Sutler's wagon has been apostrophized in certain bursts of eloquence at reunion banquets where wit and wine flowed sparkling like the dew. When thrust out between contending armies, by design or accident, that modest vehicle became a glittering prize, worth fighting for and risking amputation for, beside which even the old flag paled, for a brief space, its ineffectual splurge. Friends rallied around its dubious treasures; foes, hungry as saw-tooth sharks, assailed and re-assailed it, the rich fruition of their whetted hopes. Where was the hilarious Sutler then? Neither in that beleagured fortress nor beneath it, you may confidingly affirm; but likeliest from the safe shelter of some commodious, commanding stump, observing the struggle with a rural, Sunday-morning smile of trust. As the rich man unlearned in logic, hires logic in the form of a lawyer to prove anything it is profitable to have proven,—so the Sutler, destitute of arms, knows that his armed compatriots will rescue his appetitizing goods from the lean and ragged enemy, howbeit but to be skinned and skimmed by themselves, next moment, before his horror-smitten face.

Where is the Sutler now? Vanished from our ken, and beyond all cavil existenceless!

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History yields few parallels to the absolute obliteration of the Sutler. The pension rolls bear many hundred thousand names, but his holds there no objurgated blazonry. Myriads of veterans luxuriate in soldiers' homes,—but in none of them does he, lingering and voluble, saturated with vis inertia, shoulder a crutch, and tell how money never is, but always to be, won. When we, hale campaigners meet and point to ourselves with pride (who dare gainsay our right?) his place is filled with yawning vacancy. River pilots of the war era, St. Vitus-stricken from dodging guerilla buckshot, have coveted the Grand Army badge, and sons of sanitary heroes have pleaded for the Loyal Legion's perquisites vicarious,—but no residual Sutler, nor the lineal progeny thereof, signs drafts like these on honor's ample funds. Hence there is no Sutler extant. Q. E. D.

Seek ye his obituary in the thin, cold records of the almshouse. Find his flat or sunken resting place in the crowded silence of the Potter's field, and be therewith content. He has passed in his "checks." He lives now only as a fond and fragrant memory.

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OLIVER PERRY MORTON, THE GREAT WAR GOVERNOR.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN THORNBURGH,

FOURTH INDIANA CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read May 9th, 1893.)

COMMANDER, COMPANIONS, GENTLEMEN:

Time in its rapid and resistless flight so quickly annihilates space as to make it seem as if it was but yesterday when the Nation was in the throes of a dreadful internecine war. Looking backward through the years that are past and gone it is difficult, seated as we are around the festive board, to realize that it is thirty-two years and more since the beginning of the Rebellion. Apparently a third of a century is but a span in the thread of life, but let your thoughts—your imagination—go back that length of time and you behold in your mind's eye the great, the immortal Lincoln, silently and stealthily stealing his way to the Capitol of the Nation. As current history, reliable as we know it to be, states, he went to his destination in more than semi-disguise. There were no crowds of elated people waiting at the various stations along the route to see, to greet, to hail the coming chief magistrate, and to cheer him on the way. Arriving at Washington he entered that most beautiful city of the American continent and quietly, unostentatiously sought rest and refuge until he should be inaugurated President of the United States. There was no pageantry; there were no thousands of enthusiastic

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people to welcome and to honor his coming. Distrust and mistrust were in the air. The outgoing administration was in a paralytic condition. The City of Washington was in and under the control of Rebels and Rebel sympathizers. The heads of almost all the departments of the government together with their chiefs and their subordinates were Rebels, and it seemed as if the nation was really in the very deepest depths of distress and despondency and destined to find dissolution and destruction.

It is not necessary to repeat history, but Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated. It was, under all the circumstances, a grand, a solemn occasion. It was not such a demonstration as was witnessed when, subsequently, Grant, Cleveland, Garfield, Harrison, and then again Cleveland, were inducted into the office of the Chief Magistracy of the Nation. There was a feeling of dread and of awe, I might say of fear and trembling, everywhere throughout the entire country. The South was in a very vindictive mood, and below Mason and Dixon's line there were loud murmurings of anger and discontent. Threats of rebellion and demands for a dissolution of the United States, peaceably if possible, otherwise by force of arms, were heard on every hand.

Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated and took his seat as President and by virtue of his office became Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the Nation. It was a memorable event in the history of our country. We all remember the tone of his inaugural address, so mild, so kind, so persuasive, every word being in consonance with his own good nature and the loyal heart of the people and yet the ink with which it was written had hardly dried before the threats of the mad men of the South became of a direct and positive character. They were determined that the time—the propitious hour—had come to dissolve this Union and upon its ruins establish for them-

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selves a new confederacy the corner stone of which should be emblazoned in broad, black-letter type, "human slavery," and also at the same time, in face of the resistance sure to come, try the strength of the truth of the oft boasted claim that one Southern soldier was the equal in valor of five Northern "mudsills." To this end, the dissolution of the United States, the South had managed in a marvellous manner to make their success a certainty. Being in power politically at Washington they had, in anticipation of what did actually occur,—the election of Abraham Lincoln,—so manipulated matters that when Mr. Lincoln took the reins he found the government bereft of means, weak in army and navy, weak in munitions of war, handicapped indeed in all directions and the country and its future apparently at the mercy of its enemies. Time passes along rapidly. Those were stirring moments in the life of the Nation. Threats and murmurings evolved into actual revolt and suddenly on the 12th of April, 1861, the guns from the shore at Charleston, S. C., belched forth and sent hurtling through the air the shot and shell which soon reduced to ruin Fort Sumter, and caused the surrender of the gallant Major Anderson and his little force of soldiers to the Confederate States of America. It was the first shot, and the first victory of the War of the Rebellion was gained by the mad, the crazy insurgents. But the first shot fired at Fort Sumter and its faithful, loyal supporters, emitted a sound which went reverberating along the coast, up through the valleys, over and down the mountains, along the highways, reaching to the very extreme confines of the country north, and arousing, as if in the twinkling of an eye, the great loyal heart of the Nation to such a pitch of enthusiasm as was never before witnessed in a time of imminent peril.

The scene changes. There was no more throwing of tufts of grass. A man stood at the helm of the Ship of

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State who in a memorable speech had said: "This country cannot exist half free and half slave; it must be all free or it must be all slave." The contest was now on—the rebellion was inaugurated and the authority of the United States of America disputed, not by a foreign power but by those who had sworn allegiance to the constitution and the flag. The occasion demanded heroic treatment, and the remedy came quickly in the proclamation of President Lincoln calling on the loyal people of the country for volunteers. Only seventy-five thousand were asked for and a certain number assigned to each state. This brings me to the mention of OLIVER PERRY MORTON, the War Governor of Indiana, about whom it is my special purpose to address you.

WHO WAS GOVERNOR MORTON?

Oliver Perry Morton was born August 4, 1823, at Saulsbury, Wayne Co., Ind. This little, insignificant village was then the capital town of the county. It is no more known and, except for the land on which it was situated, is as if it had never been. The grandfather of the hero of my sketch came from England at or very near the beginning of the Revolutionary War and found his first habitation in New Jersey. Soon afterwards his father, William T. Morton, emigrated to Wayne Co., Ind. At the age of fourteen years, Oliver P. Morton, the son, destined by an all-wise Providence to enact a conspicuous and notable part in the history of our common country, became a scholar of the Wayne County Seminary. He was not long permitted to pursue his studies, but was put as an apprentice to learn the trade of a hatter with his half brother, in Centreville, which had then become the county seat He spent four years at this trade and the presumption is that at the expiration of the time, being an adept in all things else, he

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was fully enabled to go in and from start to finish, put up a hat that would have graced and adorned the head of even Grandfather Harrison. He was for two years at Oxford University, Ohio, leaving this for want of means to pursue further education, he became a student in the law office of Hon. John S. Newman at Centreville. He was married to Miss Lucinda Burbank in 1845. In 1847 he became a member of the bar, and five years thereafter, 1852, was appointed Circuit Judge to fill an existing vacancy, but as his term expired very soon after under a new constitution which had been enacted, he left his judicial position and became a student of the Cincinnati Law School where he remained six months. From this time for a period of four or five years he gave close attention to the practice of the law in which pursuit he gained, for that day, marked distinction and success. In 1856 he was a candidate for Governor on the Republican ticket. He was defeated but in the contest he exhibited such strength and such undoubted ability as to render him from that time forth the acknowledged leader of the Republican party of Indiana. In 1860 Henry S. Lane was nominated for Governor and Oliver P. Morton for Lieutenant-Governor. In this contest, a memorable one in the history of the State, the Republican ticket throughout, including a majority of the legislature, was elected. In this connection there occurs a bit of history which I deem it worth while to mention. Lane and Morton were both candidates before the convention for Governor, and after his defeat by Lane, Morton was proposed for Lieutenant-Governor, but positively declined, and consented only after General Sol. Meredith, afterwards commander of the famous "Iron Brigade," had pointed out the probable future course of events, the election of Lane to the United States Senate, the promotion of Morton to the Governor's chair, and the opportunity to win

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a great name as Governor of a great State, during the war which Meredith was confident must follow. Lacking such a friend as Meredith, Morton might have missed his opportunity, and without the clever head, the undaunted courage, and the strong hand of the great War Governor, the war history of Indiana would have been different, and the map of the United States might have needed revision. The legislature met, Hon. Henry S. Lane was nominated and elected to the United States Senate and Mr. Morton became the Governor.

At about this time, November, 1860, the South Carolina Legislature had passed resolutions calling a convention for the specific and avowed purpose of secession, and to give the matter still greater force both of the United States Senators from that State had resigned and given up their seats in the National Legislature. President-elect Lincoln could not say a word—the hour for him to speak and act was four months away. The North was in a turmoil and while feeling that something should be done for the preservation of the Nation there seemed to be no person to take the lead. The hour and the man to fill it, however, was coming, and November 22, 1860, at a mass meeting held in Indianapolis to ratify the election of Lincoln and to give voice to their views touching the situation politically, Governor Morton took the rostrum and following other speakers said, among other things, after passing a splendid eulogium upon the Union and the great necessity for its preservation, that if the issue was disunion or war, *he was for war.* This sentiment was ratified by his hearers and the report of the speech sent out by the associated press in the papers of the following morning struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of all loyal men throughout the country. THE LEADER WAS ON THE GROUND. There could be no peaceable dissolution. The South being deter-

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mined in its suicidal policy nothing remained for the general government except to employ coercion, which Governor Morton said was "but the enforcement of the law," and touching the doctrine of secession or nullification he continued, "Those concerned in it cannot intrench themselves behind the forms of the State Government so as to give their conduct the semblance of legality and thus devolve the responsibility upon the State Government which of itself is irresponsible. The constitution and laws of the United States operate upon individuals, but not upon states and precisely as if there were no states. In this matter the President has no discretion. He has taken a solemn oath to enforce the laws and preserve order, and to this end he has been made commander-in-chief of the Army and Navy. How can he be absolved from responsibility thus devolved upon him by the Constitution and his official oath?"

According to the idea and the sentiment expressed by Governor Morton there was and could be no right of secession under the law and on this point he said: "If South Carolina gets out of the Union I trust it will be at the point of the bayonet, * * * better concede her independence to force, to revolution, than to right and principle * * * shall we now surrender the Nation without a struggle and let the Union go with merely a few hard words? If it was worth a bloody struggle to establish this Nation, it is worth one to preserve it and I trust that we shall not, by surrendering with indecent haste, publish to the world that the inheritance our fathers purchased with their blood, we have given up to save ours." He said further, after delineating the dreadful consequences sure to follow a dissolution of the Union: "We must then cling to the idea that we are a Nation, one and indivisible" * * * that "we are but one people, the citizens of a common country and

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having a common interest. We must, therefore, do no act —we must *tolerate* no act—we must concede no idea or theory that looks to or involves the dismemberment of the nation. * * * Seven years is but a day in the life of a nation, and I would rather come out of a struggle at the end of that time defeated in arms and conceding independence to successful revolution, than to purchase present peace by the concession of a principle that must inevitably explode this nation into small and dishonored fragments * * *. The whole question is summed up in this proposition: Are we one nation, one people, or thirty-three nations and thirty-three independent and petty states? The statement of the proposition furnishes the answer. If we are one nation then no state has a right to secede. Secession can only be the result of successful revolution. I answer the question for you and I know that my answer will find a true response in every true American heart, that we are one people, one nation, undivided and indivisible." These were the sentiments of a man who meant what he said. The whole speech was a splendid defense of the Government and its perfect and legitimate right to protect itself not only from external but from internal foes. The effect was electrical, arousing the large audience who heard it to the greatest enthusiasm. When President-elect Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, read the speech he said: "It covers the whole ground and declares the whole policy of the government. *It is the policy I shall pursue from the first.*"

Nevertheless, events of vast moment were rapidly approaching. A number of the Southern states had enacted ordinances of secession. All efforts of a peaceable character to stop and disperse the coming storm-cloud availed nought. The ultimatum of the South was separation—a dissolution of the Union—by peaceable measures

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if possible, by war if necessary. The war-cloud was yet nearer. Early in February, 1861, a congress of Southern states was held at Montgomery, Ala., and then and there a constitution for "The Confederate States of America" was adopted, and a president and vice-president elected. In the North great confusion of ideas regarding the situation prevailed. Uncertainty, uneasiness, indeed much trepidation existed and to add to the seriousness of the condition of affairs it was discovered that there was a large class in the North who opposed coercion and favored, in the strongest manner possible, some sort of a compromise. Some among the opponents of measures to prevent disunion even went so far as to say that if force was used by the Government they would take up arms and assist the South. But the storm-cloud was right overhead and about to burst in all its fury. Governor Morton discovered the situation and the danger, and fearing the results of any dilatory policy visited Washington soon after the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and advocated with all his mind and strength the absolute necessity and importance for early, prompt and vigorous action, assuring the President at the same time, that Indiana, notwithstanding the voice of its many Rebel sympathizers, would rally to his earnest and energetic support. The critical period was at hand; event upon event of the most portentous character to the life and safety of the Nation followed in rapid succession. The cloud burst and the war was on.

The proclamation of President Lincoln calling for 75,000 men and appealing "to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity and existence of our national union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured," was issued April 15, three days after the firing on Fort Sumter, and almost before the sound

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of the Rebel guns had ceased to reverberate throughout the country. At this important juncture, Governor Oliver Perry Morton comes grandly to the front, and on the very day of the issuance of the presidential proclamation, and before it had yet been received at Indianapolis, he telegraphed as follows:

"Executive Department of Indiana,
Indianapolis, April 15, 1861.

"To ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
President of the United States:

"On behalf of the State of Indiana, I tender to you, for the defense of the Nation and to uphold the authority of the government, ten thousand men.

(Signed) "OLIVER P. MORTON,
Governor of Indiana."

This was among the first responses to the proclamation of President Lincoln, and Indiana, through her gallant Governor, was the first State to send her troops, clothed, armed and officered into the field in support and defense of the Nation. From now to the close of the Rebellion all is activity. Governor Morton's proclamation calling for six regiments of "the loyal and patriotic men of Indiana to assemble and organize themselves into military companies and forthwith report to the Adjutant-General in order that they might be speedily mustered into the service of the United States," was responded to in a manner to create in the hearts of all the loyal citizens of the State the most intense enthusiasm. Twenty-four hours after the appearance of the proclamation more than five hundred men were in camp at Indianapolis. In something less than a week over twelve thousand volunteers, three times the number required under the quota allotted to Indiana, had tendered their services to the State and the Nation. In the emergency of this period the government, thanks to the foresight of the Rebel officials at Washington who had

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managed to get the bulk of all war material below Mason and Dixon's line, was unable to furnish arms at once; but Governor Morton met the difficulty by sending an authorized agent east to make the necessary purchases; and remarkable as it may seem, six regiments of Indiana soldiers were forwarded to West Virginia, the then seat of war, before Ohio had placed a single volunteer in the service. Relating to this event the *Cincinnati Commercial* made the following pertinent remarks: "The Governor of Indiana has outgeneraled the Governor of Ohio. The former has sent four admirably equipped regiments to the battle-field and has two more ready to march at an hour's notice. The Governor of Ohio has not a single regiment in camp or in field properly equipped for service." This was only the beginning of the marvelous course pursued throughout the war by Governor Morton. He was in deadly earnest touching the magnitude of the conflict bound to be waged, and with untiring, sleepless energy bent his whole mind to the subject, determined from the start that the State of Indiana should stand in the front rank in its support and defense of the stability of the Nation.

On May 16, 1861, the President issued his second proclamation calling for 42,000 three-years men, of which Indiana's quota was four regiments. This call had been anticipated by Governor Morton, and as soon as the announcement of the proclamation was made Indiana's quota was ready to take the field. The three-months men enlisted under the first call, re-enlisted almost to a man and were re-organized in time to take their place with others in response to the third call for troops, August 4, 1862, and which was for 300,000 nine-months men. You observe the advance of the War of the Rebellion. At the commencement it was thought three months would be ample time

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in which to whip our rebellious subjects into line and reestablish the authority of the government. It was a mistake. Then it was thought that nine months would certainly do the business. It was not thus to be. The South had gone into the contest to win or die in the "last ditch." Then came the fourth call, June 15, 1863, for 100,000 men for six months; the fifth call, October 17, 1863, for 300,000 men for three years; the sixth call, July 18, 1864, for 500,000 men for one, two or three years, and the seventh, and last call, for 300,000 men for one, two or three years, December 19, 1864. To all of these calls Indiana nobly and quickly responded and furnished about 210,000 men, all of whom were volunteers excepting about 17,000. To do all this required an immense amount of labor and when it is understood that in Indiana, during all the time of the war, there was a very large class of Rebel sympathizers who by every artifice and subterfuge endeavored to thwart the efforts of Governor Morton, it is, to those best acquainted with all the facts of the matter, a subject for continued wonder that he was enabled to accomplish so much in the face of such difficulties. In the matter of responding to the various calls for volunteers above alluded to, General Sherman in a public address said of him:

"General Grant and all of us thought him (Governor Morton) one of the noblest men at home. * * * *He never failed us.* He never said his State had stood the draft, or had furnished its quota, but answered every call, and when the State was well nigh impoverished he used his own credit. To-day the record of his fame as the soldier's friend is bright and untarnished as glittering gold."

Thus wrote Admiral Foote: "Governor Morton furnished me the powder with which my fleet took Fort Henry. He is our mainstay in the West." Secretary of War Stanton, who you all know, was exceedingly chary in giving

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commendation to any person, said: "No Governor rendered such services or displayed such courage or more ability in administration." He was, in fact, the guardian angel of Kentucky. Just after the battle of Richmond, in that State, which resulted in the defeat of the Union forces, but checked the advance of the Rebel army, General Boyle in an official dispatch to President Lincoln made the following statement:

"Our troops, especially the Indianians fought with the courage and gallantry of veterans. If Ohio and Illinois had supported Indiana, and had sent their troops on, the issue of the battle would have been different. Governor Morton has sent to this State, since I have been in command here, over twenty thousand men."

When General John Morgan invaded Kentucky, and when General Smith moved towards Cincinnati, appeals for troops and for aid came to Governor Morton, which were promptly responded to. In the latter case he went to Cincinnati in person with two regiments of infantry, twenty-four pieces of artillery, 31,000 rounds of artillery ammunition and 3,365,000 musket cartridges—the whole outfit from the arsenal at Indianapolis. Hear what George D. Prentice, the then well-known editor of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, has to say on this matter:

"He (Morton) has been emphatically Kentucky's guardian spirit from the very commencement of the dangers that threatened her existence. Kentucky, and the whole country owe him a large debt of gratitude. Oh! that all the public functionaries of the country were as vigilant, as clear sighted, as energetic, as fearless, as chivalric, as he."

All this does not begin to complete the record. The story of Morton's conduct during the trying period of the war embraces too much to be incorporated in one single

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brief address, and I therefore hurry along touching lightly on his further actions. It has been said the State was well nigh impoverished. This was the fact. The legislature of Indiana, which was elected in the fall of 1862, was a thoroughly disloyal body of men and when it met and the Governor, as was and is the custom, sent in his message which embraced a full account of the State authorities, running back for a period of two years, or to the beginning of the war; it, also, suggested measures for the better care of the families of soldiers; for improving the efficiency of the State militia; for exhibiting the civil and military condition of the State, etc., etc., that disloyal body of men refused to receive the message, but instead passed a joint resolution thanking Governor Seymour of New York, "for the able and patriotic defense of the constitution, the laws, and liberties of the American citizen contained in his last message." Can you imagine, under the circumstances, the full force and effect of such a studied effort at insult as was involved in this act of the Legislature towards the Governor of its State? But what was the result? The Indiana soldiers in camp and field, East and West, and North and South, held meetings, passed resolutions and adopted memorials condemning in the strongest language possible the conduct of the Legislature. I am sorry that neither time nor space will permit me to incorporate some of those resolutions in this article. One lengthy memorial from the officers and soldiers in the Department of the Cumberland wound up by declaring their unswerving loyalty as soldiers; their determination "to fight it out on that line," and concluded with the following:

RESOLVED: That we tender to his Excellency, Governor O. P. Morton, the thanks of his gratified friends in the army for his extraordinary efforts in their behalf, and assure him that neither time nor the corrupting influence of

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party shall ever estrange the soldier from the soldier's friend."

The legislature, however, did not stop at declining to receive the message of Governor Morton but, after making a notoriously corrupt and treasonable record, to the great shame of the State and its loyal citizens, it adjourned without passing a single appropriation bill necessary and required to conduct the affairs of the State. This presented a new aspect and enlarged the labors and responsibilities of the Governor. He met the emergency, however, in his usual comprehensive manner. *He was at the bridge and he proposed to cross it.* Briefly then, the State being without funds, he organized a Board of Finance with General W. H. H. Terrell as financial secretary "and devised a new system of State government." He went to the private bankers, to the counties and appealed, also, to the people, for funds to carry on the affairs of the State. He did not have to wait long for the response to his request. Private individuals, banks, railroads, counties and corporations contributed to the fund, so that, including $250,000 received from the general government, advanced to Governor Morton as a disbursing officer, out of a special appropriation for military expenses, he had in hand for a period reaching from April, 1863, to January, 1865, $1,026,321.31. Of this amount he disbursed for civil and military purposes $902,065.08. The balance, except $8,768.95 which was paid into the State treasury, was returned back to the government. Every dollar of this money expended was paid on his own personal check, good and sufficient vouchers being secured therefor. NOT A SINGLE DOLLAR WAS LOST. He was the Governor, the Legislature, the State Treasurer, the Trustee for the various State eleemosynary institutions and when he surrendered the great powers thrust upon him by a traitorous legislature, it was found,

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on full and complete examination made at his request by the subsequent legislature, then thoroughly in accord with the sentiments of the loyal people of the State and country, that the monetary affairs of the commonwealth in all its departments had never before been so faithfully and so honestly executed.

Governor Morton was the friend of the soldier. *I want to emphasize this fact*, because among all the loyal states there was no one, from the Chief Executive down through the line of officials who did so much to palliate and alleviate the privations and the sufferings of the soldier in camp, field and hospital. I venture to say that there is to-day, no Indiana soldier living, who does not now revere and honor the memory of Governor Morton. He did not, at any time, no matter what the occasion or the demand, fail in his anxious regard for the welfare of the men who were willing, if necessary, to sacrifice their lives for the preservation of the Union. In this connection I refer to the Indiana Sanitary Department, which was a great feature of the War of the Rebellion, and its thoroughness and completeness of organization was the result of the forethought, the foresight, and the humanity of the Governor of the State. No battle was fought that his agents were not on the ground almost at the very instant to look after and attend to the wants and necessities of the Indiana soldier. His sympathies were with them, always and under all circumstances. I cite a few historical facts relating to this matter to exhibit in what estimation he was held, not only by the soldiers from Indiana but by the soldiers from other states. For instance, a correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, on December 18, 1862, following the battle of Fredericksburg, wrote thus:

"The peculiar and constant attention to the troops his State has sent out so promptly is the prominent feature of Governor

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Morton's most admirable administration. In all our armies, from Kansas to the Potomac, wherever I have met Indiana troops, I have encountered some officer of Governor Morton going about among them inquiring especially as to their needs, both in camp and hospital, and performing these thousand offices the soldier so often requires. Would that the same tender care could be extended to every man, from whatever State, who is fighting the battles of the Republic."

When it was evident that a great battle was about to be fought at Corinth, the results of which history has fully recorded, Governor Morton telegraphed the following to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

"That a great battle is impending at Corinth is evident. Before additional surgical aid can reach the field from any quarter five or six days will elapse; meanwhile the wounded must suffer immensely. So it was at Donelson and Pittsburg. Indiana has at least twenty-four regiments before the enemy. I propose to send at once to each of these two additional surgeons, and respectfully request authority from you to do so. I regard this as an absolute necessity."

That telegram brought the authority of the government to send the two additional surgeons to each of the Indiana regiments and resulted also, in Congress enacting a law that two assistant surgeons should be appointed for every regiment in the field.

I also quote from an address delivered to the Grand Army of the Republic, at Indianapolis, November 1, 1891, by Hon. W. P. Fishback, in which he said:

"Morton never looked upon the volunteer soldiers as 'hirelings.' They were his fellow citizens, his neighbors, his friends. I remember an incident that occurred while I was at Tullahoma, Tenn., in the summer of 1864. I went to the hospital. A sick soldier belonging to a New York regiment was sitting in front of the hospital. He asked me where I was from, and when I named Indiana he said: 'You have a governor who takes good care of

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your soldiers when they are sick. I wish to God we had such a governor. Our governor don't care a ——— whether we live or die.' "

Another writer, Charles M. Walker, then editor of the *Indianapolis Daily Journal*, a long-time personal friend, has written:

"Thousands of the surviving soldiers of Indiana will bear testimony to his fatherly care in their behalf, and many a wife or mother who mourns the loss of her loved one in the war blesses the memory of Governor Morton for comforts carried to the death bed, or for dying messages brought by his agents away from the field of battle."

His labors for the relief of the soldiers of Indiana and their dependent and needy families were immense in scope and character; the aggregate result of which, seconded by the people of the state, exhibited a collection of more than $600,000 of money and supplies which were sent to camp, field, hospital and prison for the benefit of the soldiers from Indiana.

The foregoing is a mere bagatelle touching his love and regard for the soldier but it is enough to show the tenor and the character of the man.

He was re-elected governor. Shortly after, he awoke one morning to find himself paralyzed in the lower extremities, due altogether to stress and overwork of the past three or four years. He sought relief from the most eminent physicians of this country without success, and finally determined to try the experts of the Old World. Prior to his departure for Paris the legislature was convened in extra session and among other things embodied in his message to that body regarding the policy to be pursued by the State, he concluded as follows, the War of the Rebellion having been brought to a successful conclusion:

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"The war has established upon imperishable foundations the great fundamental truth of the unity and individuality of the Nation. We are many states but one people, having one undivided sovereignty, one flag, and one common destiny. It has also established, to be confessed by all the world, the exalted character of the American soldier, his matchless valor, his self-sacrificing patriotism, his capacity to endure fatigues and hardships, and his humanity which, in the midst of carnage, has wreathed his victorious achievements with a brighter glory. He has taught the world a lesson before which it stands in amazement, how, when the storm of battle had passed, he could lay aside his arms, put off the habiliments of war and return with cheerfulness to the gentle pursuits of peace, and has shown how the bravest of soldiers could become the best of citizens. To the army and navy, under the favor of providence, we owe the preservation of our country and the fact that we have today a place, and the proudest place, among the nations. Let it not be said of us as it was said in older times that 'Republics are ungrateful.' Let us honor the dead, cherish the living and preserve in immortal memory the deeds and virtues of all, as an inspiration for countless generations to come."

But I must draw to a conclusion having already nearly, if not altogether, exceeded the limits. However, with such a subject and one embracing so much of the record of the history of the country it is hard to stop, realizing the fact that the half has not been told. Nevertheless the story would not be complete without at least a brief reference to the enemies at home with which Governor Morton had to contend. No state in the Union outside of those in actual rebellion had such intractable, such inveterate, such venomous foes. I allude particularly to the organizations known as the "Sons of Liberty" and the "Knights of the Golden Circle." These were Rebel organizations in deed and in fact and they did everything possible to thwart the measures of the State authorities and frowned upon every act looking towards the support, defense and preservation of the Union. History records the culmination of their

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treasonable schemes to overthrow the power of the State, in an attempt of the leaders and their misguided followers to liberate the 5,000 and more Rebel prisoners in Camp Morton at Indianapolis, and further, to arrest, murder, or hold as hostage the governor of the State. The leaders were arrested, duly tried, convicted and several of the number sentenced to be hung. That sentence was never executed because of the humanity, the charity, and the forgiveness of heart possessed by Governor Morton, who, in connection with other loyal men, made the most earnest and persuasive representation to President Johnson, asking, in their prayer, that these deluded and misguided men might have their sentence commuted to imprisonment in the penitentiary at Columbus, O. The President was very averse to complying with the request and it was only at the last moment, that he was finally induced to act and save the condemned men from the extreme penalty of their treasonable crimes. For his leniency in thus interposing to save the lives of the men who had treasonably conspired against both the State and the Nation, Governor Morton was severely criticized, but in the passing of time the motives for his action have been more clearly discerned and his magnanimous conduct most highly praised and commended.

He was twice elected to the United States Senate from Indiana; first, March 4th, 1867, and second March 4th, 1873. It would be impossible to make detailed reference to his senatorial career. It is well known, however, that he at once took an advanced position in that greatest of deliberative bodies, and for a period extending over ten years was one of its most active, laborious, and influential members. He was one among those who had most to do with the shaping of the legislation looking to the reconstruction of the Southern states. His first speech was on that sub-

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ject, January 24, 1868, and excited universal comment and praise from those who believed in "equal rights to all; to all, protection of the laws."

Governor Morton made his last public appearance at Crown Hill Cemetery, Indianapolis, May 30, 1876, where he delivered the Decoration Day address. On that sacred day, surrounded by soldiers living, and beneath the sod before him the soldiers dead, it was fitting that this, his last public utterance, should have had such an audience and such surroundings. It was a masterly address full of memories of the dead for whom he had done so much, and of whom he said: "To these men we never can be sufficiently grateful; we never can repay them; money cannot do it; the only thing that can approach to it is the love and gratitude of a free and intelligent people. We owe to them a debt that is registered in heaven, and that can never be *repudiated*." Comrades, companions, listen to these words and at the same time remember that to-day there are those who stand in public places and say that the living soldier, who lost his strength and his manhood, who is now gray haired and bent with age, shall not be further rewarded for the sacrifices so freely made that you and I might enjoy the liberties and the blessings of a free and united country.

It was my pleasure both as boy and man to know, personally, Oliver P. Morton. I knew him as lawyer, as Judge, as Governor and as United States Senator. As a member of the bar of Eastern Indiana he had for his confreres such men as Hon. John S. Newman, with whom he read law and who was one among the best *nisi prius* lawyers in the State; Hon. Caleb B. Smith, Lincoln's first Secretary of the Interior, and known far and wide as the brilliant, silver-tongued orator of the West; Hon. Samuel W. Parker, eloquent and logical; Hon. George W. Julian, twelve years a

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Member of Congress; Hon. Charles H. Test; Hon. Jehu T. Elliott, for twenty-four years consecutively, on the bench, eighteen years as Circuit and six years as Supreme Judge and before whom Governor Morton made his first advent as attorney; Major M. L. Bundy; Judge James Perry; Hon. Oliver H. Smith; Hon. James Rariden; Judge Samuel F. Perkins, General David Kilgore, and General Solomon Meredith, a brilliant soldier of the War of the Rebellion and as before mentioned the commander of the famous Iron Brigade. I knew all these men, my native town being in the circuit which in the early days they frequented during the various terms of the various courts, Circuit and Common Pleas. Their equals in their respective positions were hard then to find and no community of the present day can show a stronger, cleaner set of men than those who composed the bone, muscle and brain of the bar of Eastern Indiana. The circuit was composed then of the counties of Wayne, Henry, Delaware, Randolph, Rush, Fayette and Union and has always been known and characterized, politically, as the "Burnt District of Indiana." It is the garden spot of the State, rich in lands, rich in agriculture, rich in stock, rich in education, rich in religion and morality, and rich in its devoted loyalty to State and Nation. Under such circumstances and from amid such environments can it be wondered at that such a man as Morton should have been evolved?

Above I refer to Major M. L. Bundy who served through the entire war as paymaster. He knew Morton well, and in response to a letter of enquiry regarding incidents in his life wrote as follows:

"You want to know something about Morton and appeal to me because, as you say, we were contemporaries. To this I add, we lived in the same village in childhood though I was a little his senior. I knew his father, who lived in a little yellow frame house,

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where Oliver played in the streets with hoops. I knew Oliver from his infancy to the day of his death. We had tastes somewhat similar and both sought the bar and bench for a living. I have practiced before him and he before me and we were frequently associated in cases. I might give incident after incident but in your case it is Morton's public acts and what he did, about which you must write, all of which is as an open book and on which you can comment as you desire."

To the foregoing I add. During Senator Morton's residence at Washington, it was proposed by his many friends in Indiana to purchase for him a home in the "City of Magnificent Distances." A letter written by Major Bundy to that effect elicted from the Senator a reply that, while he fully and entirely appreciated the generous offering, his position and his inclinations were such that he must respectfully but most firmly decline the gift.

Rev. L. G. Hay, now of this city, who was a missionary to India and who was an eye-witness to much of the Sepoy Rebellion, writes as follows of Governor Morton:

"I saw him often and talked with him frequently during the war and though we had no official relations, civil or political, I enjoyed a close personal friendship with him, and by almost daily observation was cognizant of the tremendous responsibilities assumed, the ceaseless toil, perplexity and anxiety that marked his official life, and the lofty patriotism and indomitable resolution that rendered him the most influential opponent of secession. We were born in the same year—in the same State, students in the same college, (Miami University), members of the same literary society and of the same Greek fraternity. These ties added strength to our personal friendship and the cordial relations that existed between us after he came to Indianapolis. In person as in mind he was stalwart, active, aggressive, yet very genial and gentle in manner and his winning smile and warm heart gave him a subtile and powerful influence over all with whom he came in contact. He was constantly in peril, his life threatened, awfully slandered and violently opposed in all his efforts to preserve the Union, and yet, in all his addresses he was wholly free from per-

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sonalities. His distinguished political opponents, Hons. Thos. A. Hendricks, McDonald and others held him in the very highest esteem. Immovable in purpose, just and humane, imperial in will, prompt to redress injury, convincing in argument, quick to decide and rapid in execution, he had the rare faculty of leading and dominating public opinion and yet winning the regard of his enemies."

The home life and the estimation in which a man is held by his friends and neighbors—those who knew him best—is worthy of note and in this connection I remark that it may be safely said of Governor Morton that he was noted among his acquaintances for his excellent social qualities. He was fond of society, not to the extent that he would permit or allow it to interfere with his business life, but in his presence and with his presence there was always a feeling of gratification and pleasure. He was easily approachable and no one ever brought into contact with him had occasion to go away saying that he had been misused or mistreated. At his home, surrounded by wife and children, he was the adorable husband and father, honored by the great love, the fidelity, the close communion, the helping hand of a faithful wife, and the cheerful, confiding love and obedience of his children.

It is difficult to state what might have been his career but for the events of the war. "There is a tide in the affairs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune." It is my impression that Governor Morton would have reached fame in almost any channel he might have followed but the War of the Rebellion gave him probably his greatest, grandest opportunity.

Governor Morton was a strong man and no man was ever more earnest. That which came to his hand to do he bent his will to fully execute. He was indefatigable. He was, I might say, ubiquitous. He was here, there and every-

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where. A quick trip to Washington; down at the front, inspecting the hospitals; seeing after the conduct of the sanitary department; inspecting the camps and rendezvous; keeping an eye on the actions and the tactics of the traitors at home; attending to monetary matters; hurrying forward supplies; never losing sight of his executive duties aside from those relating to the conduct of the war; watching, watching, always watching, day and night, that he might know personally the situation and the requirements. In executive ability he was without a peer, and his knowledge of men was such as to enable him to bring about and around him a force of assistants whose help was invaluable. By association they became imbued with his indomitable will. I instance his adjutant-generals, Lewis Wallace, author of "Fair God" and "Ben Hur;" Lazarus Noble, W. H. H. Terrell, who compiled the roster and records of the Indiana soldiers, and his private secretary, Colonel William R. Holloway, possessed of wonderful energy and who rendered at all times invaluable aid and assistance. It was so in his appointment of officers for the various regiments sent out by the State. In this matter he rarely made a mistake and history records that no officers, no soldiers were more brave, or more vigilant in defense of the Nation than those from Indiana.

This great man was finally and permanently prostrated, on the 7th of August, 1877, while at San Francisco, on his return from Portland, Ore., where he had been as a member of the Senatorial committee on privileges and elections to investigate into the manner and method of the election of Senator Grover, it being asserted that he had procured such election by corrupt means. In this connection I mention that Senator McMillan of this State was a member of the same committee and acted with Governor Morton on the sub-committee appointed to make the investigation. As

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soon as possible after this second stroke of paralysis, Mr. Morton was furnished with a special car and started, accompanied by his wife and son who were with him, for Indiana. At Cheyenne he was met by his brother-in-law, Colonel Holloway, who from that time to the end was in constant attendance at the bedside of the distinguished patient. He was taken to the residence of Mrs. Burbank, his mother-in-law, at Richmond, Ind., where he received every attention that faithful, loving and willing hands could bestow. But all to no good. October 15, his house at Indianapolis having been in the meantime prepared, he was removed to that place. Gradually, however, he kept losing strength and he looked the broken, weak and emaciated man that he was. It was evident that he was rapidly approaching the confines of the unknown world, but up to the very last he retained consciousness. On Thursday, November 1, at a little after four o'clock he said, feebly: "I am dying." After a brief interval his son, taking his hand, asked, "Father, do you know me?" He signified by a nod that he did. At five o'clock, while the family physician was holding his hand, Senator Morton said: "I am dying; I am worn out." These were his last words and in a very little while thereafter all that was mortal of Senator Morton had surrendered to the mighty hand of Death. In view of the laborious life led by this man and during which he had accomplished so much, can it be wondered at that he should have given expression to the words: "I am worn out"? His death naturally produced a feeling of deep and profound sorrow throughout the State and the Nation, and from all directions came letters and telegrams bearing the warmest expressions of respect and sympathy to the family, and of regret for the great loss the country had sustained. The funeral was very largely attended, there being representatives from many of the states, Cabinet officers, members of the Sen-

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ate and House, Federal judges, officers of the army and navy, and hosts of Indiana people who had for long years loved and honored him.

One of Indiana's most distinguished poets has thus written:

"And this is Morton! History writes his name
In burning letters on her sacred scroll;
Young men reflect with wonder on his fame,
And older men who knew him soul to soul
Almost forget he had his loves and hates,
His strong ambitions, little joys and griefs.
Battled, as other men, with adverse fates
And nursed his inner world of sweet beliefs.

"The world knew Morton when his nerves were steel
And tense and straitened in his country's need,
When all his cares were for the common weal
And he was bold in thought and quick in deed;
So history paints him, brave and strong and true
And towering sunward, born to high command,
With Cromwell's zeal, with Cæsar's strength to do
And Lincoln's love for home and native land."

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WITH GENERAL GREGG AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPTAIN D. M. GILMORE,

THIRD PENNSYLVANIA CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 3, 1893.)

Thirty years of time and a thousand miles of distance from the scenes and events to be described are not the best aids to refresh the memory. I, therefore, acknowledge my indebtedness to the excellent articles written by Captain Miller, Colonel Rowle and others for much of the material used in this paper.

Some one has said the proper time to begin the instruction of a child is one hundred years before it is born. If the ancestors be persons of good principles, patriotic minds and high morality, their descendants will, generally, inherit the same virtues, and through the instruction imparted to their youthful minds develop into noble men and women ready to perform, worthily, their duties to God, country and family.

The American child who finds delight in Fourth of July celebrations imbibes, unconsciously, the seeds of patriotic ardor; and boys who parade with paper cap and wooden spear have learned their first lesson in the art of war and are ready, when the years roll by and "war's alarms resound," to shoulder the musket or draw the sword in defense of country and home. Thus it was a third of a century ago when treason and rebellion flaunted their perni-

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cious doctrines in our country's face, threatening destruction to all we held dear, that the youth of the North went forth, a mighty host, as defenders of liberty, justice and equal rights.

The patriotism of these men was not developed in a day; it was the growth of a century. It had been growing and strengthening through the years. They had been on the skirmish line and when the time came they were ready to take their place in the line of battle.

The period of what we now call "the war" running from 1861 to 1865, was one filled with stirring events and fraught with momentous issues. Armies greater than the world had ever seen, were marshalled on a territory covering two thousand miles from north to south and fifteen hundred miles from east to west. J. G. Blaine says: "A single corps of Grant in the Wilderness, Hooker at Chancellorsville, Sherman at Atlanta, McClellan on the Peninsula, or Meade at Gettysburg, consisted of a larger number of troops than Washington or Scott ever commanded in the field, or Taylor or Jackson ever saw mustered. In the Union armies there were seventeen hundred regiments of infantry; two hundred and seventy regiments of cavalry and nine hundred batteries of artillery. The number of engagements, great and small, was 2,265. A raid, skirmish or battle occurred on an average of eleven a week. Counting only those engagements where the Union loss was one hundred or over, the number was three hundred thirty, an average of one in every four and one-half days."

Among these none fills a larger place in the minds of men than the battle of Gettysburg. I think it is now conceded by nearly all, to have been the most important battle of the war. It has been termed the "high water mark of the Rebellion." From it the North received fresh inspiration and the South lost hope. Nearly all Southern writers con-

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cede that from this time on they felt their cause was doomed. An officer of the late Confederate army recently told the writer that after Gettysburg a general sentiment pervaded the whole army that every life lost was a useless sacrifice.

It is not my purpose to write of the battle of Gettysburg. For nearly thirty years it has been the theme of thousands of articles and yet the story has not been told. My purpose is to tell of only a small, but by no means insignificant portion of that great battle; the cavalry engagement on the right flank of the army in which only one of the three divisions of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac was engaged.

The Gettysburg campaign began nearly a month before the engagement known by that name, and over a hundred miles south of that historic field. The Army of the Potomac lay north of the Rappahannock River, while the Army of Northern Virginia was encamped south of the Rapidan. From information received, General Hooker believed that General Lee contemplated a movement toward the Potomac and northward. In order to ascertain definitely General Pleasanton, commanding the cavalry corps of the Army of the Potomac, made a reconnoissance in force with the cavalry divisions of Generals Buford, D. McM. Gregg, and Colonel Duffiea together with two brigades of infantry, on the 9th of June, 1863. Buford crossed at Beverly Ford, Gregg and Duffiea crossed at Kelly's Ford; each was to operate toward Brandy Station, the one inclining to the right the other to the left.

This engagement was a bloody and sanguinary one, a surprise to both sides, for the Confederate cavalry and artillery were encamped south of Beverly Ford and were ready to start on their northward march. The Union forces, while expecting to find the enemy preparing to start,

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did not expect to find them already on the way. A heavy fog that morning materially aided our troops in crossing the river unobserved, and a quick dash into the unsuspecting and greatly surprised enemy, created consternation and confusion, resulting in the capture of General Stuart's headquarters, whence valuable papers, the whole information sought for, were obtained.

The enemy recovering from their surprise were brought into action and an all day's fight was the result. The enemy brought infantry to their support, thus proving that their whole army was on the contemplated move. Our loss here was a total of eight hundred and sixty-six; that of the enemy is not known.

This engagement at Brandy Station delayed Lee's advance for several days; then he moved out and through the mountains at the various gaps, with his cavalry on his flank. By June 17 Stuart had reached Aldie. Here Kilpatrick's Brigade struck him, and after a very obstinate engagement in which several brilliant mounted charges were made, Stuart was driven back to Middleburg. Here, on the 19th Colonel J. Irvin, Gregg's Brigade, encountered a part of Stuart's force posted on well selected ground and in a strong position behind stone fences; here he was fought largely by dismounted skirmishers and driven step by step until compelled to give way and retire along the turnpike toward Upperville. Before reaching this latter place he was strongly reinforced, and here again Gregg's Division went for him. The long lines of stone fences, which are common there, were so many lines of defense. These they could hold until our skirmishers were almost upon them, when it was either surrender, be shot down in attempting to escape across the open field, or be cut down in one of the charges always ready to be made. While this stubborn fight was in progress Buford's Division came in on the

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right and took the enemy in flank. Then the entire force moved forward and drove the enemy at a run through Upperville in the greatest confusion, nor were they permitted to reform until night put a stop to further pursuit at the mouth of the gap through which the enemy retreated. General Gregg says, "Our losses in the three days' fighting, in killed, wounded and missing, amounted to five hundred. The enemy's loss was much greater, especially in prisoners. Our captures included light guns, flags and small arms." These engagements permitted the Army of the Potomac to move uninterruptedly to Gettysburg while the cavalry kept to the front and right flank, requiring reconnoissance in force and scouting in all directions. The hard work was fast telling on men and horses, when on the 27th Buford's and Gregg's Divisions, covering the rear of the army, crossed the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry.

After our army crossed the Potomac, June 27, the cavalry operated on the front and flanks. Buford's First Division took the left; Kilpatrick's Third Division the center and Gregg's Second Division, which was the last to leave Virginia, the right flank. This disposition was generally maintained throughout the rest of our march and during the battle of Gettysburg. It was with Gregg's Division that the writer's regiment, the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, operated, and it is the movements of this division we will now chiefly consider. It consisted of three brigades: The First Brigade commanded by Colonel John B. McIntosh, of his own regiment; the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, under Lieutenant-Colonel E. S. Jones; First New Jersey under Major M. H. Beaumont; First Maryland under Lieutenant-Colonel James M. Deems; First Pennsylvania, under Colonel John P. Taylor; First Massachusetts, under Lieutenant-Colonel G. S. Curtis, together with Captain Randols' Battery "G," First United States Artillery, of four three-

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inch rifled guns. On the 29th a section of Battery "H," Third Pennsylvania Artillery, under Captain Rank, and the Purnell Troop of Maryland Cavalry under Captain Duval were added to the brigade. These commands had been cut off the evening before and came near being captured by Stuart.

The Second Brigade commanded by Colonel Huey of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Captain Corrie; the Second New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Harhause; Fourth New York, Lieutenant-Colonel Pruyn; the Sixth Ohio under Major Stedman, together with Battery "C," Third United States Artillery under Lieutenant Fuller, six guns.

The Third Brigade commanded by Colonel J. Irwin Gregg of the Sixteenth Pennsylvania Cavalry, consisted of his own regiment under Lieutenant-Colonel Robinson; the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Doster; the First Maine, Lieutenant-Colonel Smith and the Tenth New York under Major Avery.

The Third Pennsylvania was the last to cross the Potomac, except one brigade of infantry. While we were drawn up on the north bank of that river, waiting for the infantry to cross, we indulged in contemplation of the beauty of our surroundings on that quiet evening. The declining sun cast its reflecting rays over the surrounding landscape, through the tall trees and on the surface of the beautiful river. The band of the crossing infantry brigade playing the familiar air of "Maryland, My Maryland" presented a picture beautiful to behold, and an event long to be remembered, and was an oasis in the rough, rugged and dusty marches which preceded and were to follow. All the sentiment of these delightful reveries was suddenly dispelled when "to horse" was sounded. The divisions were put on the road and a wearisome night's march was before us,

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over a road crowded with wagons and troops, onward to Monocacy Junction, and thence to Frederick City, the scene of Barbara Frietchie's supposed brave loyalty.

Here we learned that General Stuart with the Confederate cavalry had passed behind our army and was on a raid around it, having crossed the Potomac below Edward's Ferry. This was Stuart's great mistake. He acted on his largely discretionary orders, and while he kept our cavalry constantly on the move, giving it plenty of hard work and some fighting, he was from this time until July 2, when he again joined Lee's army at Gettysburg, of no practical use. His absence prevented Lee from obtaining any information regarding the position of our army or the movements of General Hooker. Our cavalry was sent on all roads north and east to intercept and drive him as far as possible from Lee, and thus prevent him from communicating with his chief. The morning of the 29th we learned that Stuart was destroying the railroad in the neighborhood of Hood's Mill.

By four o'clock Gregg's Division was concentrated. A scant supply of rations and forage was issued and an hour later it was on another night's march for Westminister, Md., with the Third Pennsylvania in the advance. Having been for the past twenty days almost continually on duty, day and night, marching, picketing or fighting, the command was all worn out. The roads were dry and dusty; the men and horses greatly exhausted, and daily the ranks were reduced by horses giving out. A night march is much harder than one by day. In order to guard against surprise a line of flankers must march abreast of the advance guard to protect the column. The many obstacles to be overcome, fences, ditches, ravines, woods and underbrush, necessitate great watchfulness on the part of the officer in charge as well as retard progress. The delays thus caused

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make many stops and starts by the column, during which the weary men and horses will fall asleep. As the officers were expected to keep their men in column, and were as tired and sleepy as the men, they had to resort to every expedient to keep awake. When nearing Westminster it was discovered that part of our line on the left was not up. A halt was ordered; investigation found all the men and horses of a battery fast asleep; the troops in front had moved forward while that portion in the rear of the battery was asleep.

As soon as the column was reunited we moved forward and about daylight of June 30 we charged through the streets of Westminster capturing a lot of stragglers from Stuart's command.

Establishing pickets about the town, I rode back down the main street, and such a change of scene in so short a time, I never witnessed. The whole length of the street on both sides, lining the sidewalks, the citizens were out giving food and drink to our weary but appreciative men. Pointing to some of the houses with closed blinds and deserted appearance, and inquiring the cause, we were laughingly informed "yesterday they were open and ours were closed." While being delightfully entertained in one of the houses during the few hours allowed for rest and grooming horses, a Senator, very large and portly, who appeared to be a privileged character and was dressed in hot summer garments, linen pants and shirt sleeves, drifted off into sleep, leaving the rest of us to entertain the ladies while partaking of their refreshing hospitality. Meeting him on the street before we left and joking him about his "snooze," he said he might as well "buck against thunder as attempt to drink a cavalry man drunk." This was the first intimation that he had undertaken so foolish and hopeless a task.

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From Westminster, McIntosh's command marched across the country to Hampsted and Manchester. Here we again joined the rest of the division and pushed on for Hanover Junction where we arrived about noon July 1. Here the uncertainties of a campaign received full illustration. After a short rest we were headed toward Baltimore; scarcely had we started when we were ordered to turn about and march to York, Penn.; soon after complying with this order another came directing us to push with all haste to Gettysburg, leaving Huey's Brigade to go back to Manchester where it remained until after the fight.

All this consumed valuable time. We advanced over crooked roads to Hanover; here we found the streets barricaded with all kinds of wagons, boxes, etc., the remains of a fight Kilpatrick had with Stuart the day previous. Kilpatrick had marched direct from Frederick City and here had intercepted Stuart's line of march while Gregg had been following it.

Think of three weeks marching, over hot, dusty roads without regular rest or rations, under constant mental and physical strain, without a wash or change of clothing, and you can have some idea of the exhausted condition of men and horses. A muster of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry June 30 showed twenty-nine officers and three hundred and sixty-five enlisted men with only three hundred and twenty-two serviceable horses, showing seventy-two men whose horses had given out. These were marching on foot and carrying saddles in hope of picking up a horse so as to be in the coming fight. This was one of the strongest regiments, so that when we reached the right flank at Gettysburg the next day, after another rapid and dusty march, I doubt if our regiment had more than three hundred men to go into that engagement.

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At three A. M. July 2 we left Hanover for Gettysburg. Our surgeon was a citizen of the latter place and being familiar with the country piloted the column across country to the Bonaughaton or Hanover road. Here we met the Pennsylvania reserves and had our hearts cheered and hopes revived by the joyful news that General McClellan was again in command of the army; this news, it is needless to say was erroneous. Resuming our march, we arrived about two P. M. at the crossing of the Low Dutch and Hanover roads about three and one-half miles southeast of Gettysburg, a position which proved to be the extreme right of the army during the great battle. Here the command was halted in a field and men and horses received a brief rest. And short it proved to be. An hour later the Tenth New York Cavalry was sent to occupy Brinkerhoff's Ridge and relieve some infantry. About six o'clock in the evening a group of mounted men appeared in the road on top of Brinkerhoff's Ridge. General Gregg directed Rank to try the accuracy of his aim by sending a shell or two in that direction, which soon dispersed the horsemen.

These guns stood west of the Hanover road opposite the Revere house on the hill south of Little's Run. Just as Rank was preparing to execute his order a woman came out of the stone house down in the ravine and began ascending the steep hill toward us; as the gun was discharged and the shell went high over her head, she went over backwards as suddenly as if she had been shot. McIntosh's Brigade was now ordered forward. On the right of the Hanover road, the squadrons of Hess and Miller, Third Pennsylvania Cavalry, were dismounted and advanced across Cress's Run. On the left of the road was placed the First New Jersey with two squadrons dismounted. The whole line was then advanced up the ridge on the top of

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which was a stone fence. From the opposite side Confederate infantry were hurrying for this fence. A lively race took place which our men won by twenty paces, when they delivered a very destructive volley from their carbines which drove back the enemy. Having punched holes through this fence, our men held this position until nightfall, although repeated attempts were made to capture it. A portion of Ewell's Corps marching to get in rear of Culps' Hill, struck our line on the right after dark but was repulsed by a counter-charge and foiled in their purpose to reach Culps' Hill and assist in the assault made there.

This closed our work of July 2. About ten o'clock at night the whole division was moved over near the Baltimore Turnpike where we bivouacked for the night. On the 3rd about ten o'clock we again resumed our position on the right with a more extended line. General Gregg had received information that a large body of cavalry was moving out the York Turnpike toward Lee's left. This proved to be Stuart, with Fitz Hugh Lee's, Hampton's, Jenkins' and W. H. F. Lee's Brigades of cavalry and sixteen pieces of artillery, which, you will remember, had been cut off from Lee and had not been able to communicate with him since June 27, and which had only joined the army the night before. When we arrived on the ground the Second Brigade, Colonel Gregg, connected with the line of infantry near Wolf's Hill and extended its line to the Hanover road. While his presence was a great moral support during the following engagement, his command did not participate extensively in the fighting. McIntosh found that Custer with his Michigan Brigade was occupying ground to his right and front, and relieved him, as he had been ordered to rejoin his division near Round Top.

The First New Jersey Cavalry was sent to the out-posts to relieve Custer, while the Third Pennsylvania and First Maryland Cavalry were drawn up in columns of squadrons as supports.

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Stuart had a most admirable position from which, as he says, "he could observe all that was transpiring, not only in his immediate front but in the whole rear of our army," while in the open fields behind the wood-covered ridges on the Stallsmith farm, he could mass and maneuver his troops without being seen, while Gregg was in an open country covering a line from Wolf's Hill to east of the Lott house.

The batteries of each side were judiciously placed, those of the enemy screened by the woods, while ours were exposed. Stuart threw out a line of skirmishers and occupied the Rummel farm buildings near the east base of Cress's Ridge. The First New Jersey moved forward to meet this line; at the same time the artillery began to fire. Treichel's and Rodgers' squadrons of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry moved across Little's Run to the left of the New Jersey boys. Walsh and Hess with their squadrons were sent east beyond Lott's woods to hold that position and protect the right. Your humble servant was with Walsh, at the extreme right of the army. Miller's squadron of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry was in the edge of the woods north of the Lott house (near where the cavalry shaft has been erected), with the First Maryland Cavalry near by in reserve.

Our batteries sent a few shells into Rummel's barn and soon drove out the sharp-shooters who had taken position there; in the meantime our skirmishers had driven the enemy back and held their former line. McIntosh having discovered the strong force he had to contend with, sent to General Gregg for reinforcements. As Gregg was coming up he met Custer marching for Round Top and requested him to return. Custer, always ready for a fight, said "if you take the responsibility to order me back I will cheer-

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fully comply," which was done and Custer wheeled about and was soon on the field and placed the Sixth Michigan on the left of our line east of the Hanover road.

The ammunition of the squadrons of Treichel's and Rodgers' men together with that of the First New Jersey which had been actively engaged on the skirmish line giving out, the Fifth Michigan Cavalry was sent out dismounted to relieve them. While they were advancing to the line, a dismounted regiment from W. H. F. Lee's Brigade was advanced to the support of their line; so spirited was the contest now that the relieved troops were compelled to remain and take part. Again, when attempting to withdraw, they were attacked so fiercely that they were again obliged to face about and renew the fight.

By this time the ammunition of the Fifth Michigan had also been expended and Major Ferry who commanded the line, having been killed, the whole line was driven back, and followed up by a charge of the First Virginia Cavalry on our right center, which was handsomely met by the Seventh Michigan Cavalry which advanced to a stone and rail fence, where the two commands met and fought across the fence with desperation, for some time.

Miller from the right began pouring an effective fire from his carbines into the enemy's flank. The First North Carolina Cavalry and Jeff. Davis' Legion came to the support of the First Virginia which compelled the Seventh Michigan to give way, the enemy following closely in pursuit; but the fire they received from the carbines on the flanks, and from the artillery in front compelled even these veteran regiments to fall back to their main line. Now it was, that we observed coming into the opening from behind the woods near the Stallsmith farm a half mile from us, what proved to be the brigades of Fitz Hugh Lee, Wade Hamp-

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ton and W. H. F. Lee; marching in close column of squadrons, they directed their course through the fields toward the Spangler house.

No troops on parade ever presented a finer spectacle. Slow and steady, with perfect alignment they advanced, their bright sabers reflected in the burning sun. Their erect bodies and deliberate movements indicated their determination to march through our thin lines and complete their purpose of creating havoc and panic in the rear of our army. Every man on our side realized that the critical moment was at hand and rose to the full measure of the occasion. To turn back or even check the advance of this apparently irresistible body seemed almost hopeless. But the effort had to be made and all prepared for the mighty conflict. Chester on the right, Kinney in the center and Punnington on the left opened a well directed fire from their batteries. First shell and shrapnel tore gaps through this solid phalanx which were as quickly closed; then canister was substituted for shell and men and horses were mowed down. They still advanced as though nothing would stop them. Our dismounted skirmishers rushed for their horses. Orders and orderlies were flying in all directions. Every small detachment by experience and intuition knew what was expected and each was found ready. Treichel and Rodgers, the Fifth and Sixth Michigan on the left, and Miller and Duval on the right center, Hess and Walsh on the extreme right, in response to orders to "rally their men and charge the advancing column," were all active. The First Michigan was ordered by General Gregg, to charge the advancing column; Custer, who was near, placed himself at their head and off they dashed. Each column increased its speed and when they met the shock was like an earthquake. So terrible was the meeting that many horses were literally overturned, crushing their riders

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beneath. The clash of sabers, firing of pistols, curses and cries, moans and groans, demands for surrender, all mingled in the air. The commands of Treichel and Rodgers, Fifth and Sixth Michigan came thundering into the left flank of the column, while Miller and Duval swept like a thunder-bolt from the right. Miller struck the column about the middle and cut his way clear through, cutting off a large portion and driving it back as far as Rummel's barn, although himself wounded and half his horses killed. (For this gallant charge Captain Miller has, since this paper was prepared and read, received a medal of honor from the War Department.)

Hart of the First New Jersey followed from Miller's left and was soon in the melee. Colonel McIntosh with a small batch of his staff, orderlies, buglers and a few stragglers which he picked up, also charged into the enemy, saber in hand. Captain Newhall of the staff joined Treichel and Rodgers in their charge and struck the enemy on their right flank near the color guard. As Newhall was about to cut down the color bearer he lowered his colors and struck Newhall square on the chin with the spear, shattering the jaw and tearing the face open clear to the mouth. Of the seven officers who went into the charge five were wounded and two received two wounds each.

The squadrons of Walsh and Hess were so far to the right with every man on an extended skirmish line that by the time they were rallied and got to where they could have made a charge, the enemy was in full retreat back to his starting point, with the artillery helping the retrograde movement in such a lively manner that we could not follow without getting in range of our own guns. The many flank attacks, each cutting away a portion of the enemy's column, were far more effective than the same number meeting them in front would have been. Custer and McIntosh had

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checked the head of the column; many on both sides had fallen. General Wade Hampton was wounded, the enemy driven back and the great cavalry attack on our right at Gettysburg had failed, just as the famous Pickett charge made at the same time on our left center had proved futile.

The cavalry fighting, like the whole battle of Gettysburg, was a defensive fight on our part. General Stuart in his official report says, "I moved to the left of General Ewell's left and in advance of it—where a commanding ridge completely controlled a wide plain of cultivated fields stretching toward Hanover road. I moved the command *secretly* through the woods and hoped to effect a surprise upon the enemy's rear—My plan was to employ the enemy in front with sharp-shooters, and move a command of cavalry upon their right flank and rear—but the falling back of Jenkins' men and the sending forward of a squadron or two by the enemy were about to cut off and capture a portion of our sharpshooters—when I ordered the nearest cavalry regiment to quickly charge this force of cavalry. About this time a portion of Fitz Hugh Lee's command charged on the left, the First Virginia Cavalry being the most conspicuous. The First North Carolina Cavalry and Jeff Davis' Legion were sent to their support, and gradually this hand-to-hand fighting involved the greater portion of the command.

"That brave and distinguished officer, General Hampton, was twice wounded. Several officers and many valuable men were killed and wounded. During the day's operation I held such a position as not only to secure Ewell's left but to command a view of the routes leading to the enemy's rear. Had the enemy's main body been dislodged (by Pickett's charge), as was confidently hoped and expected, I was in precisely the right position to discover it and improve the opportunity. After dark I directed a withdrawal to the York road," etc., etc.

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Here Stuart acknowledges the superiority of his position, and that he hoped to effect a surprise. Did he do it? That his plan was, while engaging us with sharp-shooters to get his command of cavalry in our rear. Was his plan successful? That finding all his efforts futile he withdrew. Does that read like success?

General Gregg in his report says "The importance of *stubbornly resisting an attack* at this point determined me to retain the brigade of the Third Division (Custer's) until the enemy were *driven back.* Charges were made by columns of the enemy but in every instance they were *driven back.*" Having accomplished his purpose to "resist" the attack, and "drive back the enemy," the brigade of the Third Division was relieved. Having succeeded in resisting the "attack" made by Stuart, thus defeating his "plans" and purposes and compelling him to withdraw behind his artillery, leaving the field in our possession certainly entitles Gregg to claim the victory.

General Custer, in his official report after describing the charge and fight, says, "We held possession of the field until dark during which time we collected our dead and wounded. I challenge the annals of war to produce a more brilliant or successful charge of cavalry than this one just recorded."

The Confederate cavalry force in this engagement has been estimated by different writers at from six to seven thousand men, while the Count de Paris places it at one-third to one-half greater, while Gregg's entire force numbered only about five thousand, with one brigade not engaged, leaving only about three thousand who participated in the fight.

Gregg reports his losses in killed, wounded and missing, at one hundred ninety-five; Custer reports his losses at two hundred nineteen. I have been unable to ascertain the loss of the enemy, which was heavy.

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General Gregg says, "Following the enemy we found many of his wounded abandoned; from these we learned that the enemy had been severely punished and his loss heavy." I have not been able to examine the records of all the cavalry engagements from the Rappahannock to Gettysburg, but I find the Union loss at Brandy Station to be eight hundred sixty-six; at Aldie three hundred eighty-five; at Upperville two hundred nine; this added to Gettysburg's four hundred fourteen gives eighteen hundred seventy-four in these four engagements alone.

The first official government maps do not take in any of this portion of the field. The cavalry protested against the injustice done them in this matter and I have been informed an appropriation was made for a re-survey of the field. Whether it has ever been made I am unable to say.

It has always been my opinion that the defeat of Stuart's cavalry on the right at the battle of Gettysburg, was of equal, if not more, value to the Army of the Potomac than the repulse of Pickett's famous charge. This paper is already too long to enter upon an argument on this subject.

I have given only a general and very imperfect outline of this engagement. There were many instances of individual heroism and bravery that were thrilling and interesting in themselves.

Mr. Rummel who lives on the field relates two. He says he found a Confederate and a member of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry who had fought to the death with sabers, (evidently dismounted) lying with feet together and heads in opposite directions, their blood stained sabers tightly grasped in their hands.

At another point he found a member of the First Virginia Cavalry and a member of the Third Pennsylvania Cavalry who had fought on horseback, with their sabers; they had evidently clinched each other and their horses

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had run from under them. They were fearfully cut about the head and shoulders and when found, though stiff in death, their fingers were so firmly embedded in each other's flesh, that it required force to loosen their hold.

He says that he and his sons buried thirty dead horses found in the lane leading to his barn.

Just at the entrance to Rummel's wagon shed, Captain Miller had his saber cut clear in two by a Confederate. He threw the hilt away and covering the man with his revolver captured him and used his saber afterwards. Fourteen years later while on a visit to Mr. Rummel he found his saber-hilt and a portion of the blade among the curiosities Mr. Rummel had collected and which Mr. Rummel said he had picked up just outside his wagon shed.

Elias Eyster of "H" Co., Third Pennsylvania Cavalry (the company in which the writer entered the service), captured a Confederate and, while his attention was attracted to something about him, the Confederate, like a flash, drew his revolver, shot Eysters' horse and held him a prisoner. Just then Sergeant Gregg of "A" Co. came upon the scene and with his saber cut the Confederate to the ground. Almost instantly another Confederate dashed up and with a right cut scalped Gregg as clear as a Sioux Indian could have done it. Gregg afterwards rose to a captaincy in his regiment and by removing his hat could show as hairless a pate as many of us can now do with thirty years of cultivation. Later in the day both Gregg and Eyster were taken prisoners. Gregg was sent to a hospital and Eyster to Libby Prison. It happened that when one returned to the regiment the other would be absent and vice versa, and they did not meet for sixteen years, until when the regiment held a reunion at Gettysburg. Going over the field Eyster was relating the circumstance to Colonel Bachelor on the very spot where the above incident took place, when who should come up but Gregg, and they met for the first time since their separation.

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SOME EXPERIENCES OF A VETERAN IN THE REAR.

BY CAPTAIN J. W. HINKLEY,

THIRD WISCONSIN INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 14, 1893.)

General Abner Doubleday, in the preface to his story of the Battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, says, "I have always felt it to be the duty of everyone who had a prominent position in the great war to give to posterity the benefit of his personal recollections, for no dry official statement can ever convey an adequate idea to those who come after us of the sufferings and sacrifices through which the country has passed." I was not one of those who had a prominent position, but it is in the spirit of one who did that I ventured to attempt to entertain you to-night, with a story of the war, which does not treat of battles large or small, plans of campaigns or grand strategy, but only gives some experiences of a "Veteran in the Rear."

It was my fortune to have been one of the thousand men who went from Wisconsin at the commencement of the war in the Third Regiment of Infantry, and it was the good fortune of the regiment to have for its commander during the first year and a half of its service, Colonel Thos. H. Ruger, who was a graduate of West Point and had been a

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Lieutenant of Engineers in the regular army, and is now the commanding officer of the Department of California.

The regiment was composed of about the same class of men as made up the most of the Western regiments at that time. Farmers' boys were in the majority and the rest were young mechanics, clerks, school teachers and students.

Under the command of Colonel Ruger the regiment attained the proficiency in drill and discipline of a regiment in the regular army, without diminishing in the least that spirit and enthusiasm which characterized the volunteer soldiers, and through all its long service the benefits of his training and education were everywhere shown, whether in battle or in camp, and in consequence this regiment was often selected for specially hazardous work or for work that required discretion as well as courage.

The first special service we were called upon to perform was in September, 1861, when Colonel Ruger was sent with his regiment by General McClellan to arrest the legislature of the state of Maryland, then about assembling at Frederick City for the purpose of passing an ordinance of secession. When we received marching orders we were in camp near the Potomac River, some twenty-five miles away. We marched rapidly and reached the city about dark. As we came near the place, guards were sent under command of non-commissioned officers to take possession of every road leading out of town and allow no person who might be a member of the legislature to pass out.

These precautions taken, the regiment marched in with band playing and colors flying,—cheered lustily by the small boys and the darkies.

The next morning, under guidance of the secret service men of the government, we proceeded to gather in the members of the legislature, and those who did not take the oath of allegiance were sent to Fort La Fayette to meditate on their contemplated sins.

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The regiment remained in Frederick the most of the following winter doing provost guard duty while the army of General Banks was camped in the vicinity, which kept three companies on duty all the time. We led the advance of the army that entered Virginia by way of Harpers Ferry in February, 1862, and participated in all of its operations until August, 1863. The Army of the Potomac was then in camp near Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock River. We had been there two weeks picketing the bank of the river. The enemy was quiet and the life was getting monotonous when we received orders that were mysterious; that is, to turn in all our camp equipage and transportation. The next morning we marched to Rappahannock Station; there, with six other regiments all under command of General Ruger, we were loaded into freight cars and run up to Alexandria to report to the commander-in-chief for further orders. We bivouacked here for two days, subsisting as best we could without our camp equipage. Towards night of the second day we embarked on the steamer Merrimac and started down the Potomac River when he learned that our destination was New York, where there had been much trouble in enforcing the draft. The pretense was made that in the census of 1860 the returns had been stuffed with fictitious names in order to swell the representation of New York City, and now when soldiers were wanted it swelled their quota. The city regiments of militia were absent in the field and the mob had destroyed the offices in which the draft was made and millions of property besides, and inaugurated a reign of terror. The militia regiments were hurried home and these regiments of the Army of the Potomac sent for to enforce the draft.

The ride down the Potomac and Chesapeake Bay was delightful, but when fairly out at sea a lively breeze sprung

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up which soon made many of the veterans, as they paid tribute to old Neptune, wish they were back on the Rappahannock again.

On the night of August 22 we disembarked at Canal Street, and quietly marched up Broadway to City Hall Park where were some rude barracks for a part of the men, but all of the officers wrapped in their rubber blankets, as the Scotch landlady in Rob Roy says, "Like good swords in a scabbard," slept on the ground on the present site of the city post office.

We must have slept late the next morning. When we awoke there was a dense crowd surrounding the park,—the windows of the Astor House on one side and Lovejoy's Hotel on the other, were crowded with people and all looked on in open-eyed astonishment as we made our toilets in the usual camp fashion. There were dress parades every evening and great crowds would assemble to see the regiment go through the manual of arms in which they were exceptionally proficient, and the applause of the crowd was always hearty. The uniforms were a little seedy and soiled, but the guns and bayonets were as bright as new dollars, and the bronzed veterans who carried them knew well how to use them.

I was on duty most of the time in the provost-marshal's office of the down-town district, where the rioting had been most desperate. There were no troubles while we were there, except such as our men made for themselves at the instigation of the police who in a short time after our arrival had fraternized with the soldiers in a manner that must have been surprising to the citizens generally if they knew it.

We had plenty of bold fellows who wanted no better amusement than to raid a saloon that had been headquarters of the rioters. These were pointed out to them by the

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police and a small crowd would get out of camp at night and in one of these places, on some pretext, get up a row and pitch bartenders and bummers out of doors and smash everything breakable about the place. Everyone in the regiment could find a way to enjoy himself and a policeman to help him, and would have been contented to stay longer, but September 5 brought the unwelcome order to be ready to move at a moment's notice. The men, quick to divine what was coming, struck up the familiar refrain:

"Rappahannock again, Rappahannock again,
And if ever I live till the sun shines tomorrow,
Ise gwine back to Rappahannock again."

We embarked on the steamer Mississippi and in due time reached Alexandria, and from there marched down the dusty road past the old battle-fields at Manassas Junction and rejoined our brigade at Kelly's Ford.

We moved in a few days to the Rapidan River and picketed Raccoon Ford. The Confederates were camped just behind the hills on the opposite side and just at that time a great revival of religion was in progress among them. From our picket stations on the river bank we could hear the singing, praying and preaching of most enthusiastic meetings.

Picket duty was relieved of much of its disagreeableness by a mutual suspension of firing, and one day the Confederates turned out their guard and saluted our officer with chivalrous courtesy.

We had been here but two days when the powers that were ordained that the Twelfth Army Corps should be transferred to the Army of the Cumberland. We had then been with the Army of the Potomac over two years, had shared in its defeats as well as its victories, and had we been consulted would have decided to remain with them; but as it was, we were packed into freight cars, like sar-

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dines in a box, at Brandy Station on the Orange & Alexandria R. R. and about a week later were unloaded at Stevenson, Ala. After our arrival there we marched back and forth along the railroad chasing after Confederate cavalry a week or two until we settled down in a comfortable camp at Wartrace, Tenn., where we had what would be called in the slang of the present day, "a soft snap."

The inhabitants of the country around were friendly and hospitable because they believed the Confederacy was tottering to its fall, and that their best policy was to be on good terms with the conquerors.

The better class of planters frequently invited us to dinner with them, and the young ladies welcomed calls from the officers and entertained us with music and cards.

We had a few miles of the Nashville & Chattanooga R. R. to patrol, and two bridges to guard, but on the whole we were having a very nice time. While here I was at one time detailed to inquire into the killing of a negro by a planter who lived about four miles from our camp. It was a sort of coroner's inquest without a jury. It was a wilful murder, yet the man was as much astonished that any one should take notice of the killing of a "nigger" as anybody would be in this country if arrested for killing a dog.

In December a War Department order was issued asking those regiments that had served two years to re-enlist for another term. The inducements offered were a thirty days' furlough at home, four hundred dollars bounty and the title of "Veteran Volunteer." The furlough was a tempting bait and the honor of the old regiment was as dear to every man as the honor of his family. They knew what was what, had tasted its bitterness, seen its horrors and felt its misery. They longed for home and peace, but in full view of danger, wounds, and suffering that tried all the fortitude

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of man, they chose the path they knew to lead through further hardship and peril, because duty pointed that way. By Christmas two hundred and forty out of three hundred and fourteen men present had re-enlisted, and all but two of the officers had signified their willingness to stay to the end. Those who did not re-enlist had strong personal reasons for not doing so. On Christmas day we started for home, the first Wisconsin Regiment, and as far as I know, the first regiment of the army, to re-enlist. We had a jolly thirty days; every one seemed to be doing his best to give the returned soldiers the pleasantest time they ever had. Our veterans proved the best recruiting officers in the state. They brought in their brothers and cousins, schoolmates and friends, so that when we assembled in Madison again on the 1st of February we had added three hundred men to our rolls, of the very flower of the young men of the State.

On our return to the South we were sent to Fayettesville, the county-seat of Lincoln County, Tenn. Its people boasted that they had cast 2500 votes for secession and not one for the Union. A few months previous to our going there a small detachment of soldiers had been captured by guerrillas and taken to the bank of Elk River and three of them murdered. One managed to escape by jumping into the river and swimming away. It was well known that these guerrillas could not be sheltered and commit these depredations without the assistance of the citizens, so General Thomas ordered an assessment of thirty thousand dollars to be collected from the citizens of the county for the benefit of the families of the murdered men. This had been collected shortly before our arrival there.

Our especial business was to capture these guerillas, and there came in with it the support of a lot of refugees, and the reorganization of the county.

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For hunting guerillas a mounted force of about thirty men was made up of picked men from the different companies, under command of one of our captains.

The support of the refugees was looked after by one of the lieutenants, and the reorganization of the county and a miscellaneous lot of other duties fell to me as provost-marshal of the post. When the inhabitants found that we were there to stay they came around in good shape and in a short time we had established fairly friendly relations with them.

Our mounted men made a capture, soon after they started out, of a Confederate officer named Boone, a grandson of Daniel Boone of Kentucky, and on him was found a memorandum of the names of all the guerrillas in the county. He told me, when I examined him, that he had been sent there to muster these men into the Confederate army. His hopes were blasted. Instead, he went to Johnson's Island a prisoner, and his little memorandum book remained in my possession.

Among the names were those of two boys named Miller, whose mother and sister lived in town. Very many of the people were anxious to have officers board with them as we had facilities for getting sugar and coffee, and these luxuries they could only get from us; it so happened that the captain of our mounted men and several other officers were boarding at Mrs. Miller's, and it also happened that a few days later he brought in both of the Miller boys as prisoners. We forwarded all of our prisoners to corps headquarters at Tullahoma, and there the elder of the two boys, instead of being sent north as a prisoner of war, was tried by a court martial and sentenced to be hanged in the public square at Fayettesville. This did not suit us at all. Means were found to have Mrs. Miller go to Shelbyville and secure Judge Cooper, a well known Unionist and former member of Congress to go to Washington and lay the case

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before President Lincoln. It is well known that no death sentence was ever executed with his consent if there was any reasonable excuse to avoid it, and the boy was sent north a prisoner of war. In less than a month our mounted men had rid the country of the whole gang, and made it safe to move cotton.

Under President Lincoln's amnesty proclamation which permitted a man to take an oath of allegiance and his sins would be forgiven, I had 3000 of the galvanized Rebels on my books, who held my certificates and were allowed to vote; returns were made to me and by me tabulated and sent to the military governor at Nashville who issued the commissions to the county officers so that when we went away we left an organized county government. Most of the men in the vicinity had been in the Confederate army; some had been discharged but the most were deserters. My office was a great resort for them after they had taken the oath, and they would sit around and spin their yarns about the Confederate service by the hour. One of these men said to me one day, "They used to tell us that one Southern man could whip five Yankees, but it 'pears like he can hardly whip one; when you all go for a place you always take it, and when you take it you always keep it." All recent deserters had to be sent to headquarters at Tullahoma for examination and as we only sent about once a week, I would sometimes have a half dozen of these fellows on parol to report to me daily, and from one of these men I heard a finer description of the Battle of Missionary Ridge, or rather of the part taken by the divisions of Generals Sheridan and Wood, as viewed from his standpoint behind the intrenchments on top of the ridge, than I have ever heard or read elsewhere. Everybody in the country around who had a grievance of any kind would come to me for redress. Some claimed that their horses had been taken by our army

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or by guerrillas, some had been robbed of money or other valuables, some wanted permits to carry fire-arms, and very many wanted assistance to keep from starving, and these we helped by levying upon their more fortunate neighbors. One woman came to me one day and said that she had heard that we paid ten thousand dollars to the widows of men who were killed by guerrillas. I told her we only did that for soldiers' widows, but that if she could give me any information about where the guerrillas could be found we would capture and punish them. She said she did not know but that she had heard some shots in the woods and had not seen her man since, and she was sure they had killed him. After parleying awhile she started out of the door and then turned and called back to me, "That a'nt the worst of it, they stole my old mare, too."

In my dealings with these people I became well acquainted with a great many of them, and I do not now recall more than three or four who really desired the success of the Union army. The large majority thought the Confederacy a failure and that they ought to end the war and get back into the Union on the best terms they could and this feeling led them to treat us with a good deal of courtesy, and socially, we had a good time; they were profuse in their compliments of the regiment and I believe they were, as they professed to be, really sorry when we left, as they might well be for the next regiment that visited them was a regiment of Tennessee Union Cavalry, who proceeded immediately to kill several of the most prominent men who had not taken the amnesty oath, and one at least who had.

A few days before we left to take part in the Atlanta campaign, General Slocum had sent Captain Brixie with a company of Tennessee cavalry to assist us, in anticipation of an attack from some Confederate cavalry which was threatened. They left Fayettesville with us, and took

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with them a horse belonging to Judge Chilcote, a prominent citizen who had taken an active part in the restoration of civil government and been of great assistance to us. He followed us and asked to have his horse returned to him. Colonel Hawley compelled Brixie to give up the horse, which he did reluctantly, and then sent some of his men by a by-road to intercept the Judge and kill him. When his men returned Brixie pushed on ahead of us to Tullahoma and the next morning left for the mountains. When the report of the killing reached us Brixie was out of reach. This outrage compelled him to keep away from our army and a few weeks later he was killed by the Confederates in Northwestern Georgia. This man was no worse than many of the Rebel guerilla captains, but it was not an agreeable feeling to know that this killing of an unarmed and unresisting man was done by one holding a commission in the Union army. I formed many pleasant acquaintances among the people of the town, as did many other officers of the regiment, and when, twenty years later, I was visiting Atlanta with my family, many courtesies were extended by a citizen of Fayettesville who had heard of me as an officer of the Third Wisconsin. Among my acquaintances were a number of ladies whom I still remember as most charming acquaintances, or perhaps I may say friends. When taking leave of them to rejoin the army, and in response to my statement that we were starting for Atlanta, one lady requested me to call upon Mrs. Roberts in Marietta and from her get all the information I could about her husband who was with General Johnson's army, and write to her. And this I promised to do.

The road to Marietta was a difficult one to travel that summer. Near New Hope Church, in a somewhat heated dispute over the possession of some brass cannon then in the hands of the Washington Artillery of Louisiana I was

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slightly hurt and went to hospital. When well enough to rejoin, the army was beyond Marietta, and I had to stay in the place over night. Mindful of my promise to Mrs. Allison I called upon her friend Mrs. Roberts, told my errand and was cordially received and given information enough to fill a good sized sheet which was duly written and forwarded.

I leave it now to your judgment whether this was giving aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war.

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THE FRONTIER OF SOUTHWESTERN MINNESOTA IN 1857.

THE INK-PA-DOOTA OUTBREAK; THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863 AGAINST THE SIOUX.

BY CAPTAIN HORACE AUSTIN,

FIRST REGIMENT MINNESOTA MOUNTED RANGERS.

(Read December 12, 1893.)

Feeling obliged to follow the chronological order of events I shall, when I reach it through the devious paths of reminiscence, treat mainly of the Massacre of 1857, and of incidents more or less directly connected therewith—leaving for some future occasion, should such occasion ever come, the consideration of the Campaign of 1863 against the Indians. So much has already been said and written of the latter event, in proportion to its importance when contrasted with the campaigns of the "Civil War," that my omission must be rather welcome than otherwise to an audience a great majority of whom took an active part in the latter, while many of its members fought both the Rebels and the Sioux. But I will say in passing that as I view the matter, the history of the Sioux campaign has not yet been written. Not that any considerable part of the much that has already gone into history concerning it is false, but rather that the truth has been only partially told.

Perhaps the time has not yet come for writing the history of that campaign. It is always an unwelcome task,

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often an unprofitable one to the author, to tell the *whole* truth, concerning an important historical event in which he has had a part, however humble that part may have been. To strip from such an event any portion of the credit and renown, not to say *glory*, with which history, so far as yet written, may have invested it—however false may be its claims to glory and renown—implies to the minds of most people a degree of treachery to the cause—to the comrades of the historian of the unwelcome facts. Then the officer in command, and who must be the chief sufferer from any diminution of military renown, (for the rank and file of every organization of American troops need nothing but able leadership) may, to the knowledge of every man under him, be justly entitled to the credit of having done *his very best*, though possessing but little military genius; or like General McClellan, he may possess *so many other* qualities which inspire the love and respect of his command that they will not admit his faults, however glaring, or however palpable they may be to others not under the spell of his charms, till *compelled* to admit them by the most stubborn facts. All these things make it difficult to tell the whole truth—till some one has *told* it.

To my mind the nearest parallel to the campaign against the Sioux, to be found in the annals of our Civil War, was General Bank's Red River expedition. Not that our campaign across the plains was one of positive disaster and retreat; but that the two were substantially alike in the failure of each to achieve the results which were reasonably expected of it. Of course they were unlike in many essential particulars, but they were parallel in that each had a force which in numbers and morale was equal to the occasion, and that they encountered substantial failure from the same cause.

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It has many times occurred to me that it was an exceedingly fortunate thing for the credit of the white race, and in more respects than one, that the American Indian has never written history—though he has *made* a great deal of it.

For reasons already stated I do not undertake to detail, nor do I enter into a discussion of, the facts which must go to make up the ultimate history of the Sioux campaign; but I should not have the courage of my convictions were I to say less than I have. Having said that much, let us now approach, through what I trust may prove an entertaining trial of reminiscences, another "Tale of the Border."

REMINISCENCES OF FRONTIER LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

Early in March, 1857, a young man fresh from his studies (and fresh in many other respects) in pursuit of a favorable location in which to found a family, a fortune and a name, and having heard of the passage of a bill by the Territorial Legislature for the removal of the capital from St. Paul to St. Peter, arrived in the former city on his way to the latter. To be early at the new capital; to take part in laying its foundations and in giving a cosmopolitan bias to the future metropolis, was an important point to be gained in the game of life.

But the older and greater city, which for so long had been crowned with capitolian honors and confounded in the public mind with the Territory itself in those early days, must not be ignored. And then the Legislature which had done so unexpected a thing (after a fashion) must be visited, its leaders spied out and observed. In short, here were assembled many of the foremost men of the Territory, some of whom were already in the possession of local fame and others no doubt were to be leaders in the then rapidly approaching new State; and for one who had

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determined to cast his lot among them, with hopes of future professional, if not of political preferment, it would be folly not to see them in the full discharge of their high legislative functions, or to meet as many of them as possible. Then, for the first time to see and compare a Western Legislature, a Territorial Legislature at that, with the "General Courts," with the august "Legislative Assemblies" of the East, whence hailed the young adventurer, was an opportunity not to be lost. So to the old Capitol he hied himself, a stranger and alone stole his uncertain way through its mazy corridors and Montezuman halls, and from its dizzy galleries took his first look at a Minnesota Legislature, with some of the successors to which he was destined to afterwards hold much more intimate relations.

Just at the time of his arrival in the gallery of the House a tall, broad-shouldered statesman, with a solemn air, well dissembled for the purpose, arose and asking unanimous consent for the introduction of a bill out of its regular order, and encountering no opposition thereto, proceeded to submit one, with due formality of title and enacting clause, which provided in brief for sawing off the supporting columns of the cupola of the Capitol, inverting and copper-lining it, filling it with whiskey, to be conducted by pipe and faucet to the desk of each member—"to the end that the d—d nuisance of going out to drink, and thereby disturbing the public business, should forever be suppressed." To the utter amazement of the young man in the gallery, always theretofore associating all legislative proceedings with the strictest dignity and circumspection, the bill, after unsuccessful attempts at amendment and a few short, witty speeches in attack and defense, was unanimously adopted by the House. This surprising action on the part of a legislative chamber was immediately followed by the introduction of a resolution by another member of the House, in

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form and appearance not unlike statesman No. 1, that a basket of apples, just then brought in and placed upon the desk in front of the speaker, should be "taken from the table and put upon their final passage."

So went on the fun and frolic for an hour and a half, while the young man in the gallery half suspected that he had missed his way and fallen upon that peculiar institution of which he had once or twice heard as an attachment to a western legislature, sometimes called the "Third House," however, it was the second house proper of the Eighth Territorial Legislature; but before a western audience it is hardly necessary to add that it was the "last day of the session," and that the merry-making and pranks came promptly to an end at twelve o'clock meridian; or that the character introducing the bill was F. G. Whittock of Belle Plaine, and that the mover of the fruit resolution was L. M. Brown of Shakopee, both of whom the young man in the gallery came to know well in after years, and both of whom have since joined the "silent majority." Both were men of strong natural parts, without show, sham or pretense,—belonging to a class inseparable from a western frontier, and without which the foundations of a western state have never been laid.

Brown was strong with his own frontier people who knew and appreciated him so well; was strong at the bar or the bench, on the latter of which the young man of the gallery had both the honor and the pleasure of subsequently placing him.

Among the members of the Legislature were G. W. Furber, John M. Berry, L. K. Stannard, W. W. Wales, John B. Brisbine, William Branch, St. A. D. Balcombe, W. P. Murray, Joel Bassett, W. W. Sweeney, Delano T. Smith, W. D. Lowry, J. P. Plummer, Josh R. Brown and others whose names are familiar to the surviving pioneer settlers of those

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days, many of the whole list still surviving to enjoy with their fellow-citizens the fruits of their early and continuous labors for the growth and prosperity of the state of their adoption; while as to those who have gone before, we can well say, "The past is secure." But a more *personal* allusion is due the memory of one other of the famous Legislature—to that of the Member of the Council from Pembina.

One whose fortunes were for years identified with St. Peter should not be expected to either forget or ignore the unique part played by the Hon. Joseph Rolette in connection with Capitol Removal. He occupied the responsible position of Chairman of Committee on Enrolled Bills in the Council; and for some reason apparently not deeming it prudent to entrust so important a measure in the hands of either of the other members or with the clerk of the committee, the chairman, after the bill had duly passed both Houses, tucked the same securely away in the lining of his coon-skin cap—both he and the bill taking their departure, never to return. "It goes without saying" that the bill failed for want of enrollment and the Governor's signature. Not that the governor disapproved of the bill—he failed to sign it *for want of the opportunity*—it never reached him.

In the southwestern corner of a neglected graveyard, long since unfrequented by the living if not by the dead, which lies at the foot of a woody bluff across the river to the east of the City of St. Peter, stands a low, grass-covered mound, embellished by a post on which are rudely carved these words:

"Here lies poor Capitol Bill,
Who died for the want of a roll,
He played a game at Roulette,
And lost both body and soul."

In the corresponding corner to the northeast, the curious explorer may still find, lying under a tangled mass of briers

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and reeds, a basswood slab on which, after supplying a few obliterated letters, the following touching tribute to the dead may be deciphered:

"Here a fallen statesman doth lie,
Who to Canada himself did hie,
If you inquire 'Why the fall,'
Answer: 'Robbing Peter to pay Paul.'"

The young man of the gallery, after long waiting for the Capitol to come to him, at his chosen city, and its stubborn refusal to "go west and grow up with the country," took a hint from the story of "Mahomet and the mountain," packed his grip and moved to it.

The Eighth Territorial Legislature proved to be the last. The State Constitution, framed in the summer of '57, by the dual convention, was adopted by the people at an election held in the fall of that year, at which the First State Legislature and a full complement of state officers were chosen. Though the State was not formally admitted into the Union till May 11, 1858, the new Legislature made laws for the Territory as well as afterwards for the State.

The winter of 1857 was a memorable one in the Northwest. Considering its length, the unbroken severity of the cold and the depths of its snows, it breaks all records, before or since. In Minnesota snow fell November 15, and from that time till April 1 there was not a day when the snow was damp enough in the sun to permit of the making of a snowball. For twenty-one consecutive days in February the mercury did not rise higher than nineteen below zero at noon-day in the shade. The first steamer plowed its way through the decaying ice of Lake Pepin, on its course up the river, May 1, the latest in the record of navigation, before or since that season. In further illustration of the severity of the winter and of the changes in the methods and comforts of travel the writer may be pardoned for

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mentioning the fact that on his first trip up the Minnesota Valley, March 12 of that year, the "stage" so-called, left St. Paul at four o'clock A. M. driving seventeen miles to "Gibson's" on Bloomington Prairie, *for breakfast*—the mercury indicating thirty below at the start, and not rising much during the day. Such a journey, especially the first stage of it, taken in a canvas covered sleigh, breveted a "coach," and from which the passengers had to file out to prevent a tip-over every time a team was met or passed, is not difficult to recall—even after the lapse of nearly forty years. Several members of the Territorial Legislature were my fellow passengers on this journey, or for a part of the distance, returning home from the session; and among them was Jos. R. Brown, whom I will not locate at Henderson, though he then claimed that place as his home, for he belonged to the whole Territory and sometimes, in early days, he fancied, I reckon, that the *whole Territory belonged to him.* He was a familiar character forty years ago to all old settlers. Not over particular as to the means to be employed to accomplish a cherished purpose, he had the roughness and directness typical of the true frontiersman; full of energy and resources, alert, a keen observer, strong in attack and pushing an advantage once obtained to its full and logical results.

But the most characteristic trait of the man was his shrewdness and strong common sense, which, as Seward once said of Lincoln's shrewdness in politics, "amounted to genius." I was greatly entertained upon the journey by his comments upon the men and measures of the session, though his remarks were by no means confined to them. I have never met another who possessed the power of touching up a character or summing up an agreement in fewer words than he; yet his language was simple and unpretending.

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Willis H. Gorman, then governor of the Territory, also possessed to an enviable extent, a ready command of his mother tongue. While more profuse in garnishment than Brown, he had not the craft and shrewdness of the latter and failed to impress the listener with his candor and sincerity in so great a degree as did Brown—whether he possessed those qualities or not.

On the first day of June the writer, with others, drove from St. Peter to Mankato to attend the Republican Convention held there for the nomination of officers provided for by the proposed State Constitution, the question of the adoption of which was also to be passed upon at the same election at which such officers were to be elected. It will be remembered that the course of the Minnesota River between these points, is north and south. In the mouths of deep gulches putting into the river bed from the west, and hence exposed only to the eastern and morning sun, the deep deposits of the winter's snows lay plainly exposed to view from the road.

The extreme severity of the winter is not mentioned here with such detail as a matter of curiosity merely; but it will bear upon another feature of my subject, further on.

THE INK-PA-DOOTA OUTBREAK. THE SPIRIT LAKE AND SPRINGFIELD MASSACRE.

Let us glance for a moment at the condition of Southwest Minnesota in the winter and spring of 1857. The counties along both banks of the Minnesota River had been organized, and were quite well occupied by poor, but sturdy settlers of various nationalities, who, in those days were making their homes among us. The then-villages of St. Peter, Mankato and New Ulm each numbered a few hundred people, while several families had already settled at Garden City in Blue Earth County, about twelve miles to

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the south of Mankato on the Blue Earth River, and at Blue Earth City in Faribault County on the same stream; while there were scattered settlements of farmers along the Blue Earth, the Watonwan and the Des Moines Rivers in Minnesota, and about Spirit Lake in Northwestern Iowa. These people, like those of the Minnesota River counties, were from the older portions of the United States and the Northern European countries; those who were foreign born having then but limited knowledge of our language, ignorant of the Indians and of the means provided—what few there were—for protection against their encroachment. These facts, coupled with their isolated condition, the distance between them and the nearest force of government troops, rendered them exceedingly susceptible to panic and stampede. News of events on the frontier, owing to the deep snows, the absence of roads over the long reaches of open country, and the terrible cold—it was almost as much as life was worth to get from one frontier settlement to another—moved with exceeding slowness.

It must be remembered that at that time not an iron rail had been laid beyond the Mississippi, while the telegraph extended west only to the principal cities in the valley of that river. Such was the condition of things in the winter and spring of that memorable year. Soon after my arrival at St. Peter, March 14, unconfirmed but disturbing reports, from no one knew where, reached us of Indian outrages somewhere in Northwest Iowa and the helpless settlements in extreme Southwest Minnesota. But at that time the Sioux had never been at war with the whites and were everywhere considered friendly to them. So much time had elapsed since an Indian outbreak, the days of Tecumseh and Black Hawk were so far removed in the realms of the past, that it was very difficult to convince the American-born settlers, even those residing upon the extreme and de-

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fenceless frontiers, that the neighboring bands of Indians were not as harmless as their white neighbors; hence these reports which could be traced to no definite source, and for the truth of which nobody could vouch, were at first believed by few and acted upon by none. However, by the middle of March, they had been so often reiterated and received such partial confirmation that the commanding officer at Ft. Ridgeley, on the Minnesota, on the 19th day of that month dispatched a force of one hundred twenty men via South Bend, Blue Earth County, under the command of Captain Bee to the reported localities of the trouble. The winter had by this time hardly commenced to yield to the returning vernal suns; the snows were as deep as ever; and as may have been inferred from the facts above stated, the march of the troops was slow, difficult and full of hardship. A part of this force returned to the Fort before the 7th of April, not by the route of its departure, but by the open country miles to the west of the settlements, and nothing was heard, at our Minnesota River towns, of their return until after the stirring events hereinafter narrated had taken place.

On Saturday, April 11, the conventional weary horseman, hat in hand, hair erect and arm outstretched, came galloping into St. Peter from the Southwest, with word that the settlers on the Watonwan and Blue Earth Rivers had beeen massacred by the Indians who were then well on their way to Garden City, making for Mankato. This runner was shortly followed by another who claimed to have come from *beyond* Garden City, and to have seen smoke, probably from that burning hamlet, arising above the town as he reached the high bluffs of the Minnesota River near South Bend. By this time the little city was all astir, nearly every man in the town having found his way to its little square where all the couriers at once repaired to re-

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late to the excited crowds their tales of more or less exciting escapes. At once it was decided to organize an expedition to go to the relief of the settlers on the frontier. Nearly all the men were married and had families dependent upon them, yet the call for volunteers met with a hearty response from these men who were ready to peril their own lives to protect their homes and families. It was feared that these family ties might at the last moment hold back some who had in the excitement been ready to march against a savage foe. But there was no lagging; when the decisive moment came, out marched a company embracing three-fourths of the men of the two towns, with not a deserter from those who had, the previous night, enrolled themselves for the campaign.

The writer was denied the opportunities to win that glory and renown which must always be sought for, and can be found only at the front in the turmoil and strife of "battle's stern array"; but, like every good soldier, accepted the commission which came as a command to raise, equip and drill a home-guard—the most discouraging, disheartening and unwelcome, if not demoralizing and thankless, duty which ever fell to the lot of incipient and unappreciative military genius. But he had most recently come from the East, was supposed to have been present at a "general muster," and therefore to possess organizing ability and to be able to command respect.

As all the serviceable fire-arms were on the march, to arm and equip even a home-guard would have exhausted the ingenuity and resources of an old John Brown.

However, in the frontier towns Saturday is market day, and with that particular Saturday came to town men from nearly all parts of Nicollet and Le Sueur Counties, and hearing the exciting news, scampered home with it, not allowing it to diminish by the way and by Sunday morn-

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ing these messengers of alarm commenced to return, with their families and neighbors, and into town they rushed all day long, some with horse teams, others with oxen; some hitched to sleds, others to wagons into which had been pitched, with the women and children, all manner of household effects, and not infrequently with the household goods came the house cat, geese, turkeys, pigs and chickens.

Other settlers took the road from their cabins to Le Sueur and even continued their stampede down the Minnesota valley to the towns below; while still others took the Dodd road for Mendota or Faribault.

But it must not be understood that all the country people fled from the country. Far from it. Some remained stubbornly at home, laughing at the danger, or never hearing of it till it was past and gone.

A stand was made at Cleveland in Le Sueur County where some of the near-by settlers gathered and established temporary barracks.

The people so flocking into St. Peter brought with them such fire-arms as they had, and from the great number who came, with the citizens of the two towns left behind by the outmarching troops, a company of home-guards was soon formed, about equal in numbers and equipment to that which had marched out in the morning.

Sunday and Sunday night came and went without further excitement than the occasional arrival of some belated settler who was at once beset on all sides by anxious or curious inquirers. If the new-comer hailed from the direction of the supposed danger, though perhaps not farther away than half way to Mankato, or even from Kasota, it was surprising to witness the interest and respect which his reports or opinions commanded.

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It was observed that after Saturday all the hair-splitting reports were on *hearsay only*, and were received with a good deal of caution. Monday passed with all quiet on the Minnesota. No attack had been made on the town, no stragglers had come in from the army, the excitement was manifestly on the wane, and many believed the danger had passed.

Next the troops returned, not with the same military order, or ardor, or precision, or enthusiasm with which they had marched out to encounter the foe; "but still in the ring"—all present or accounted for. They had encountered no enemy, though it was no fault of theirs. They had marched far enough to get beyond the point where the alarm seemed to have originated, and there hearing of danger in the *rear only*, had countermarched to suppress or dispel it.

With the return of the troops the spell was off, the alarm subsided and in a few hours the refugees were well on their way home again, and by Tuesday night the place had assumed the aspect of a town of profound peace and security.

The superficial observer will ask, why all this fuss and detail over a baseless alarm and a fruitless expedition? Such a one little appreciates the courage and the self-sacrificing devotion with which the ill-equipped and oft-times destitute settler has, from the days of Miles Standish to the present, ever sprung to the defense of his helpless brother on the border.

I honor the men who so promptly marched out on this bloodless campaign, as well as those who, on receiving notice at midnight, responded before daylight to the call of the frightened settlers in Crow Wing County in the so-called Huckleberry War of 1872, as the worthy successors of their Revolutionary fathers and of the veterans, of

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the War of the Rebellion. They at least demonstrated that they were made of the stuff of which the true soldier is made. For our opportunities we are entitled to but little credit; they are made *for* us. When we have shown that we are equal to them, history will take care of the rest.

The excited frontier and those who sprung to its defense received but few thanks and scant courtesy from the territorial Metropolitan Press of that city. The immigration of 1855-6 had been immense; if it could only be maintained unchecked for a year or two more, the territory would be immensely increased in population and wealth, and this vision filled the eyes of our city neighbors to the exclusion of everything else. The fright was characterized as a baseless scare, a foolish stampede; and the volunteers were alluded to in a manner to remind one of that celebrated French army which so gallantly marched up the hill and then down again.

But it should be said in justice to our critics that the facts of the Ink-pa-doota massacre of Minnesota settlers were not then known in our cities. Also that all the facts as they did really exist did not warrant the excitement and alarm in the Minnesota River counties. But, on the other hand, the people there were bound to act upon their best information, and it was only the facts as to time and distance of the massacre about which they were materially misinformed.

It is not the purpose of this paper to enter into the details of the massacre; they are matters of history, and those not familiar with the terrible chapter may find the facts quite fully stated in either Neil's or Kirk's History of Minnesota. It is enough here to say that the leader of the murderous band was the vagabond Indian, known among the Sioux as "Ink-pa-doota," signifying "Scarlet End." Those conferring the name would seem to have

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had a prophetic vision of the track he was to leave behind him, the figure he was destined to cut in the annals of the border—"scarlet," indeed.

He and his band, numbering not more than a dozen and a half, are said to have been outlawed by their own people for their numerous and unpardonable offenses against their own race. Of the trifling provocation, if any was actually given, as alleged by some of Ink-pa-doota's followers, and coming down to us through other Indians; or of the manner in which the massacre was executed, I will not speak. It is sufficient to say that the latter was accomplished in a style to satisfy the lowest savage instincts. The people of the Spirit Lake settlement, were slain on the 8th of March and comprised eighteen adults and several children—the exact number is not reported; the Indians took one captive, Abby Gardner, and slew all the other members of the Gardner family. The next day they continued their hellish work—killing just how many is not known, but by night they had added to the list of prisoners a Mrs. Thatcher and a Mrs. Noble; and one other woman was also taken captive on one of those days, making four in all. Many if not all of these settlers were from Red Wing, in this State, having settled at Spirit Lake the year before (1856) with the purpose of locating a townsite there.

For about a week the savages held high carnival in the cabins of their slaughtered and yet unburied victims, consuming what was left of the scanty supplies laid in for winter by the poor settlers. On the 27th of March this band appeared at a small place, fifteen or twenty miles north of Spirit Lake and across the Minnesota line, then called Springfield, where the slaughter was continued. Just where this cluster of houses was located, it is now difficult to determine; but from the direction and distance

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given it was probably situated on the bank of the Des Moines River, in our county of Martin, and contained fifteen or twenty people. The *entire settlement was exterminated*, and with the people the very name of the place perished from the map of that section of the State, never to re-appear.

The total number of the slain in these two settlements is also uncertain. When the United States troops arrived from Fort Ridgely they found and buried the bodies of one woman and two children. The Iowa Volunteers had already buried twenty-nine bodies. All the settlers were never accounted for. Some probably were pursued and overtaken by the savages, or by the almost as merciless cold, falling in the deep snow, away from their homes and whose bodies were never found, but whose bones were left to bleach on the desolate prairie, with those of the buffalo. After the massacre that section was avoided by settlers and remained a wilderness for several years.

Two of the fair captives were murdered during the wanderings of the savages and two were ultimately ransomed; all encountered the most terrible hardships, and all received treatment a thousand times worse than death.

Next to be regretted after the death of the victims, is the fact that the perpetrators of the hellish crime were, with a single exception, never punished. This unprovoked slaughter, with its immeasurable sufferings, with its unspeakable agonies, still cries to heaven for vengeance. Not a movement was ever made by the government, be it said to its lasting disgrace and to the condemnation of everyone then in authority whose duty it was to protect its citizens—even the humblest—and to maintain the honor and good name of the nation, toward the pursuit and punishment of Ink-pa-doota and his band.

Captain Bee left a small squad of men at Spirit Lake to relieve the Iowa Volunteers, and to act as a temporary

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guard; but later they were recalled without an attempt at pursuit and capture of the outlaws.

For such a crime against its citizens the British Government would have sent an army to the wilds of Dahomey to hound down and bring to punishment its savage perpetrators. For a *less* crime than this it did send an army against King John of Abyssinia, revenged the wrong, effectually secured the safety of the British subjects and made the British name forever thereafter respected in that quarter of the globe. It was the protection which Rome gave to her subjects in the remotest parts of her vast empire that made it a matter of pride the world over to be a "Roman citizen." We then had no war, foreign or civil, on our hands; were threatened with no dangerous complications with foreign nations; our land was swept by no destroying pestilence; it was a time with us of national peace and plenty. The only plea is one of mitigation, and is that of supreme indifference or of dastardly imbecility! That the criminals were outlaws from the Indian tribes was no excuse. There was not a tribe or band which would not have either surrendered them on demand, or have driven them out. Their punishment would not even have involved the probability of an Indian war. But if *otherwise*, to shirk from the consequences were treachery to the frontier people, and treason to the good name of the nation. Like the "Slaughter of the Innocents"; like that of the "Eve of St. Bartholomew"; like that of Fort Pillow, and many another deep dyed crime of history, that of our Southwest Border is never to be washed out in blood. And for that, in my humble opinion, the world has gone wrong.

Neither is my arraignment of the government for its criminal omission merely a matter of *sentiment*. Had the members of that red-handed band been brought to justice,

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it might and probably would have averted the deluge of blood which swept over our frontier five years later. The more it should have cost in blood, time and treasure to accomplish their punishment—the more salutary the lesson, the longer it would have been remembered, the better it would have been heeded. Had they been made to dangle at the end of a rope from a scaffold at one of the Sioux Agencies in full view of the tribe, the picture would have remained with every lawless, murderously inclined buck as a chastening and restraining tradition for three generations; might and probably would have stayed the hands which slew the defenseless settlers at Acton in 1862, which precipitated the massacre of seven hundred defenseless and unoffending victims whose blood reddened the sod of the frontier from Abercrombie to Shetek.

All men respect, if not revere, even-handed justice, and the Indian is no exception to this rule. There is one thing however, which he respects even *more* than this; that thing is the absolute, certain and speedy punishment of his offenses. He worships power—superior and irresistible force—whether in nature or in man. He despises, taunts, jeers at weakness, imbecility, uncertainty. Justice, with speedy punishment, in our dealings with him would have avoided many of our Indian wars and saved the lives of one-half of the victims of two hundred fifty years of carnage, massacre and predatory warfare. I am not an Indian hater; I concede that the Indian has been the victim of many grievous wrongs at the hands of the white people. But, nevertheless, he has been and would have been under any system of treatment, a treacherous, dangerous neighbor. Nor am I one of those who believe that his vagabondage possession of the soil, at the time Columbus discovered America, gave him the right to its exclusive possession

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forever. He undoubtedly acquired the country from the Mound Builders, or some other race weaker than himself, and in the usual savage fashion—by *extermination*.

If ever the time comes, when, in the fortunes of nations, a race superior to ourselves shall land upon these shores—a race that can put the earth under tribute which shall make it support a thousand people, where it by us is made to maintain but one, then we may as well "fold our tents and quietly steal away," taking the trail of the departed braves toward the setting sun. All may as well submit, without rebelling, to the irrevocable law, ordained of God and Nature, of the "survival of the fittest." It is not worth while to take issue with the fates decreed by the stars in their courses.

Along the border where civilized man and the savage meet, there the irrepressible conflict is on, and moves with the varying line till all is civilization or all is savagery.

The same problem is in process of solution now in South Africa that we in America have been working out since the settlement of Jamestown and Plymouth.

With us it is so nearly finished that it requires no prophet to read the last chapter in the story of three centuries.

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THE BATTLE AND CAPTURE OF ATLANTA.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT N. ADAMS, D. D.

COLONEL EIGHTY-FIRST OHIO INFANTRY U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 18, 1893.)

The battle of Atlanta was one of a series, but by far the bloodiest and most decisive battle of the campaign. Although the enemy retained possession of the city for more than a month after, yet he never recovered from the fearful repulse and terrible slaughter of that memorable day. The last position held and abandoned by General Jos. E. Johnston, was at the crossing of the Chattahoochee River, where he had constructed a model piece of field works, about five miles in length, the flanks resting upon the river. This *"Tete de pont"* was greatly admired by our engineers, and was pronounced by General Sherman the strongest piece of field works he had ever seen.

General Sherman had now beaten back his antagonist, not by direct assaults but by a succession of skilful maneuvers, from one well chosen and strongly fortified position to another; from Dalton to the crossing of the Chattahoochee River, a distance of one hundred and forty miles; and now General Johnston is leisurely falling back again, and this time toward his fortifications in and around Atlanta. Here the patience of the authorities at Richmond became exhausted, and on the 19th of July when General Sherman's forces were converging

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towards the Gate City, intelligence reached us through a Rebel paper, that General Johnston had been relieved of the command of the Confederate army in Georgia, and that General J. B. Hood had been appointed to succeed him. After reading this dispatch General Sherman turned to the staff officers present, and said "This means fight: I know Hood: I knew him at West Point," and then without further comment dictated an order to his entire command, announcing the change and directing the utmost vigilance, saying, "Be ready for battle at any time or place, by night or by day."

The wisdom of this precaution was very soon apparent; for within less than twenty-four hours, Hood suddenly sallied forth and with tremendous fierceness struck Sherman's advancing right column, the Army of the Cumberland.

Early on the morning of the 20th General Thomas was confronted by a strong, but rather accommodating skirmish line which made a running fight, more or less stubborn, till about three o'clock in the afternoon, when as Thomas approached Peach Tree Creek he found his advance opposed by the enemy *en force*; and as we have since learned, by the larger portion of Hood's army.

This battle was fought, for the most part by three divisions of Hooker's Corps, under command of Generals Geary, Williams and Newton. Had this engagement occurred earlier in the day, no doubt Hood's expectations would have been more fully realized. The time, however, was too short to seriously cripple Thomas, even by the fury of one of Hood's assaults. Hood's plan to demolish Sherman's army by piece-meal, was a good one, had the time element been rightly reckoned. It was one of those fatal "ifs," referred to by General Grant, that did the mischief. We could all be generals were there no "ifs" to anticipate.

The music of Thomas' guns on the extreme right served to

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quicken the movements of the Armies of the Ohio and Tennessee which were pushing their way, without serious opposition, toward the city of Atlanta.

About dark, while the booming of Hookers' guns was still heard, the Seventeenth Corps, which was the advance of the Army of the Tennessee, was suddenly brought to a halt by a considerable force of the enemy behind works.

General McPherson made a personal inspection of the situation, then put two of his corps, the Fifteenth and the Seventeenth, in line of battle, held the Sixteenth Corps in reserve, and directed his army to stack arms and go into camp for the night, provided the enemy did not object to our neighborly proximity. He also directed that the fortified hill in front of the Third Division of the Seventeenth Corps be carried the next morning at daylight by assault: he said "That position must be taken and held at all hazards." This order was carried out to the letter. General McPherson did *take and hold* that position, which proved to be the "key to Atlanta," but at the sacrifice of himself and thousands of his brave men.

General Leggett, commanding the Third Division of the Seventeenth Corps ordered out his First Brigade under Genral M. F. Force on the morning of the 21st to make the assault indicated. The position was handsomely taken, and with less opposition than was anticipated. Indeed it was a surprise which was fully expressed by both officers and men that the position was so quickly and easily taken. The fact is, Hood had withdrawn his troops from his left to strike Thomas a deadly blow, and did not get back in time to prevent the capture of what was then known as "Bald Hill," but in history as "Leggett's Hill," in honor of the brave officer whose division captured it on the 21st and so heroically held it amid the storm of leaden hail and the crash of shot and shell on the 22nd. While, therefore, we sustained a loss of only three hundred men in the capture of "Bald Hill," yet to hold that

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hill cost the Army of the Tennessee, in killed and wounded, between ten and eleven thousand men and the loss of its noble and idolized commander, General McPherson.

After the capture of "Bald Hill" on the morning of the 21st an immediate effort was made by the enemy to dislodge Leggett's Division from this strategic point in the line, but was repulsed with severe loss. During this effort Leggett got his artillery in position on the hill, and a little more than surprised the people of Atlanta by landing shot and shell in its streets. Hood's first mistake must now have been painfully manifest both to the army and the people of Atlanta.

It was these antics of McAllister's big howitzers that led the mayor of Atlanta to attempt to do by protest what Hood's Army had failed to do—namely, protect the city. Sherman was informed by the mayor that in the city there were thousands of women and children, and in the name of the helpless and innocent he appealed to the instincts of a common humanity and denominated Sherman's action as both barbarous and cruel. Sherman replied, in substance, that he agreed with the mayor in his conclusions, but reminded his honor that "war is cruelty" and that he knew of no way to refine it; but added, that since the South was responsible for the war, and its armed treason had compelled him and his army to leave their homes in the North to defend the flag, he suggested that the best and only way to end the cruel war was to lay down their arms and return to their allegiance.

The 21st was a busy day along the entire front of Sherman's army. Skirmishing was brisk and almost continuous from morning until late at night, while every corps in the advanced line was busy remodelling and strengthening the old line of Rebel works or making new entrenchments where needed. The Army of the Tennessee was especially diligent in the use of pick and shovel.

I passed along the line of the Seventeenth Corps that day

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in order to get a peep into Atlanta and noted with interest the character and extent of their fortifications. In addition to a solid front protection they also constructed numerous traverses extending to the rear, a distance equal to the length of two companies. As the main attack was made on the flank and front of the Seventeenth Corps for the possession of "Bald Hill" on the following day I have no doubt that the traverses mentioned saved to us that strong and much coveted position. Late in the afternoon of the 21st it was reported that there was a movement of troops in Atlanta and beyond it, and columns of infantry were seen moving south. It was supposed by many, and I believe by Sherman, that Hood was evacuating the city; at all events, Sherman had ordered the Sixteenth Corps under General Dodge (the command to which I belonged, and at this time in reserve), to begin, early on the morning of the 22d, the destruction of the Augusta Railroad between the point we then occupied and Decatur. This was his order to General McPherson: "Put Dodge's whole corps at work destroying, absolutely, the railroad track back to and including Decatur." General Dodge for some reason, probably because he was professionally a railroad man, did much of this kind of work. Through the precaution of MePherson who had seen the movements of the enemy above mentioned, and doubtless feared an attack, Sherman was prevailed on to countermand the order, so that Dodge's Corps remained where it was, on the right of the railroad and in rear of the Fifteenth Corps.

As the morning of the 22nd drew near the skirmish firing, which had been unusually brisk in front of the Army of the Tennessee during the greater part of the night, almost entirely ceased; daylight revealed the fact that the enemy had withdrawn his skirmish line to the main line of the works, and even there seemed little inclined to keep up the contest. This fact, together with the reported movements of the troops

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in and south of Atlanta on the previous afternoon, served to strengthen the impression that Hood was evacuating the city. The skirmish lines of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps were accordingly advanced on the morning of the 22nd and by nine o'clock were occupying and remodeling the rifle pits and entrenchments abandoned by the Rebel skirmishers a few hours before. Soon after, Generals Leggett, Smith and Force were out with their engineers projecting a new line of works.

Now bear in mind, that the Army of the Tennessee was composed of three corps—the Fifteenth, the Sixteenth and the Seventeenth, commanded respectively by Generals Logan, Dodge and Blair. The Fifteenth Corps was formed across the Decatur Railroad, its left almost reaching "Bald Hill" and its right extending north of the railroad one mile and a quarter, where it closed on the left of the Army of the Ohio. On the right of and near the deep railroad cut stood the brick house so often mentioned, and near that house was the position of the famous De Gress Battery, consisting of four twenty-pound rifle guns, of which I shall have more to say hereafter.

The Seventeenth Corps occupied a position on the left of the Fifteenth; its right rested on "Bald Hill," extending south through open ground to a little more than the distance of one division front, and then through dense woods to the length of the Fourth Division under General Giles A. Smith. Smith's Division was on the extreme left of Sherman's army, and formed the re-fused line of the Seventeenth Corps. This was the situation at eleven o'clock on the morning of the 22nd. Later we heard firing in the rear which, as we rightly supposed, was at Decatur. At first some of our men called out "That's Wheeler after our hard tack." It was literally true, but more was true than was then conjectured. Dodge's Corps was ordered to move, double-quick time, to the left of the railroad and was formed in the rear of the centre of the Seventeenth Corps and at right angles with it. Dodge's

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Corps at this time consisted of only two small divisions of three brigades each; and one of these brigades under General Sprague was then engaged at Decatur. In moving to the position mentioned the corps marched left in front, so the left of Dodge's line was formed first, which proved to be the very order needed; for Hood, in his furious endeavor to strike the Seventeenth Corps in the rear first, found Dodge's left division squarely in the way, and seemed surprised not only at its presence, but by the warm reception it tendered him. Indeed, Dodge's left division under General Sweeney was hotly engaged before his right division under General Fuller was in line. General Blair, who was not always pious in speaking of the part taken by the Sixteenth Corps, ascribed the happy coincidence I have noted to Providence, saying, "The Lord put Dodge in the right place to-day."

When Dodge's line was fully formed, which was done in part under the fire of Hood's advancing columns, it was discovered that there was a space of nearly four hundred yards between the right of Dodge's line and the rear centre of the Seventeenth Corps. This gap occasioned General Dodge much anxiety, and afforded the enemy the advantage for which he was seeking. Hood's tactics were now apparent to all, for 37,000 of his troops were moving in upon the rear, left flank, and front of the Seventeenth Corps.

It was a trying moment to all who appreciated the situation. To fight to the bitter end was the only honorable alternative. Dodge's line was formed in open field, which terminated at the thick woods less than three hundred yards distant. From these woods the enemy emerged three lines deep and advanced in good order to within easy range of Dodge's rifles. The enemy's skirmish line, if he had one, disappeared in the ranks of the first line before leaving the timber. All this time Sweeney's Division of the Sixteenth Corps was lying upon the ground without protection, and by order holding its fire,

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awaiting the approach of the enemy; while, as I said, Dodge's right division was in the act of forming when the attack was made upon the left division. After advancing some distance into the field, the command "Halt" rang out along the Rebel line and was repeated by many voices when, by order, the enemy deliberately opened fire. This order was obeyed by our troops as well as by the enemy, and I am not sure but our guns were first discharged. During the few minutes that followed, the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon on both sides were indescribable; the air was full of flying missiles and the dense smoke furnished the only protection. It was a square face-to-face grapple in open field, neither line advancing or retreating. The issue trembled in the balance, and those viewing it from a distance stood breathless, when at last the Confederate line began to waver, and then by rapid retreat disappeared in the woods; while Dodge's line, though sadly thinned, remained firm in the position first occupied.

After a brief interval the enemy renewed the attack and with greater fierceness and determination than before; this time, however, along the entire front of the Sixteenth Corps, and at the same time overlapping Dodge's right to the distance of the unprotected space before described. General McPherson, with one of his staff, General Strong, and their orderlies, sat upon their horses at the right of Dodge's line and within that open, unprotected space to which I have already referred. Here General McPherson and General Strong witnessed the fierce onslaught of Hood's army, and the stubborn and successful resistance of the Sixteenth Corps.

Instead therefore, of my account of the second charge upon the Sixteenth Corps, permit me here to introduce General Strong's description of it, written very soon after. It is interesting not only because it is a fair recital of the heroic

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action of the Sixteenth Corps, but because it contains the closing record of the "Hero of Atlanta" who fell a few moments after. These are General Strong's words:

"The general and myself, accompanied only by our orderlies, rode on and took positions on the right of Dodge's line and witnessed the desperate assaults of Hood's army.

"The divisions of Generals Sweeney and Fuller were formed in single line of battle in the open fields without cover of any kind, (Fuller's Division on the right) and were warmly engaged."

Here follows General Strong's account of Hood's second assault:

"The scene at this time was grand and impressive. It seemed to us that every mounted officer of the attacking columns was riding at the front, or on the right or left of the first line of battle. The regimental colors waved and fluttered in advance of the lines and not a shot was fired by the Rebel infantry, although the movement was covered by a heavy and well directed fire from artillery, which was posted in the woods and on high ground and which enabled the guns to bear upon our troops with solid shot and shell, firing over the attacking column.

"It seemed impossible, however, for the enemy to face the sweeping deadly fire from Fuller's and Sweeney's Divisions, and the guns of the Fourteenth Ohio and Welker's Batteries fairly mowed great swaths in the advancing columns. They showed great steadiness, closed up the gaps and preserved their alignments, but the iron and leaden hail which was poured upon them was too much for flesh and blood to stand, and before reaching the centre of the open fields the columns were broken up and thrown into great confusion. Taking advantage of this a portion of Fuller's and Sweeney's Divisions with bayonets fixed, charged the enemy and drove them back to the woods, taking many prisoners. General McPherson's admiration for the steadiness and determined bravery of the Sixteenth Corps was unbounded.

"General Dodge held one of the keys to the position and General Leggett the other at 'Bald Hill.' Had the Sixteenth Corps given way, the Rebel army would have been in the rear of the Seventeenth and Fifteenth Corps and would have swept like an avalanche over our supply trains; the position of the Army of the Tennessee would have been very critical, although without doubt the result of the battle

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would have been in our favor, because the Armies of the Ohio and Cumberland, were close at hand and the enemy would have been checked and routed farther on."

Now Hood shortened his line by withdrawing his forces from the front of the Sixteenth Corps and massing them upon the left flank, front and rear of the Seventeenth Corps. Dodge's Corps, except a regiment or two on the right of his line, was not engaged again on that part of the field, but stood in line watching the terrible grapple of the Seventeenth Corps with the seemingly overpowering ranks of the enemy, and occasionally pouring an oblique fire into the flank of his charging columns.

Thus Hood's third assault, made almost wholly upon the Seventeeth Corps, was the most determined, desperate and destructive of any made that day; and I doubt whether a parallel can be found in the history of the Rebellion.

It was at this time that the noble and gallant commander of the Army of the Tennessee was shot from his horse while moving forward towards Hood's advancing columns. He ran into the enemy's skirmish line, it seems, without knowing it, and when suddenly checked by the cry of "Halt," he politely saluted his assailants, at the same time attempting to wheel his horse, when the enemy delivered a volley and for the first and only time during the war, the commander of an army fell dead upon the field and his body into the hands of the enemy.

"Bald Hill" was now Hood's immediate objective, and to obtain it he pushed in his storming forces from the front, flank and rear, and at the same time centered upon it his artillery fire from the forts in Atlanta and from the rear of his army, then moving in massed columns upon Sherman's left flank.

Up to this time the "fated space" between the rear centre of the Seventeenth Corps and the right of the Sixteenth (and in which General McPherson fell) had not been filled, and was not till some time after when the Fourth Division and

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the left brigade of the Third Division of the Seventeenth Corps were almost crushed and beaten back on an alignment with the Sixteenth Corps, and at right angles with the position from which they were driven.

Before this occurred, however, the enemy advanced through this four hundred yard space in rear of the Seventeenth Corps, and reached the center of its line and opened a rear attack upon "Bald Hill". Then it was that General Fuller, commanding Dodge's right division, caused one or two of his right regiments to change front, captured the enemy's skirmish line that killed General McPherson, recovered his watch and some valuable papers from one of the prisoners, and assisted in beating back the impudent column that almost got its grip on "Bald Hill."

However, the enemy immediately re-formed and renewed the attack and it was under the crushing force of this—Hood's fourth assault—that the left division of the Seventeenth Corps,—General Giles A. Smith,—was driven back stubbornly contending for every foot of ground till reaching the position that brought it into alignment with the Sixteenth Corps where, with a determination that could not be conquered, it said, "Thus far shalt thou come but no farther." You will note that Hood's forces all the while are being shifted from right to left and that in drawing back his army toward Atlanta, he is circling around "Bald Hill." The battle cry all that weary day in the Confederate army was "Bald Hill." "Bald Hill" brought the Gate City not only into view of Federal eyes but within reach of Federal guns. Hood's fifth and last assault was a more general one beginning, as usual, on the flank of the Seventeenth Corps and extending along its front and almost covering the entire front of the Fifteenth Corps.

And while the line of battle is now extended, I want to say that there was no diminution in its fierceness. Every man who could fire a gun, and every cannon that could send fear

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and death into the Union ranks was brought into requisition. It was now what was left of 37,000 men with whom Hood began the struggle, against what survived of the 27,000, the strength of the Army of the Tennessee that day, and which without aid from any quarter met, fought and repulsed a force numerically ten thousand stronger than itself. This would not be saying very much, had the Army of the Tennessee fought behind works; but with the exception of this last charge the battle of Atlanta was practically an open field fight. Four out of the five assaults made by Hood that day were made upon the rear and left flank of Sherman's army, and aside from the traverses I have mentioned Hood's army had the advantage as to protection, for he formed his lines and posted his artillery in the woods, while the Army of the Tennessee was, for the most part, in open field. The final and supreme effort to crush or route the Army of the Tennessee began about four o'clock in the afternoon. All day long our skirmish line, in front of the Fifteenth Corps far out toward Atlanta, had been undisturbed, but now as Hood extended his left so as to cover the front of the Fifteenth Corps our skirmish lines were all driven in. Hood's tactics in this last assault were to strike the Seventeenth Corps on the flank, front and rear, concentrate his artillery fire on "Bald Hill" and at the same time break the line of the Fifteenth Corps near its centre, and thus almost invest the Army of the Tennessee; and so far as indicated his tactics were fully carried out. With the desperation characteristic of such a man in the face of growing signs of defeat, Hood's final assault upon the Seventeenth Corps was equalled in fury only by his third effort, already described, to secure "Bald Hill". Indeed in the estimation of some of the participants, the most terrific fighting of the day was then witnessed; and so close was the contest that men used their bayonets, clubbed their muskets, fought first from one side of the works and then from the

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other. It was at this time that Colonel Belknap of the Union side seized Colonel Gavan of the Rebel army and pulled him over the works a prisoner. At the time of this grapple with the Seventeenth Corps a storming party was thrust against the centre of the Fifteenth Corps and one division of Cheatham's command, under General John C. Brown, broke through the line of the Fifteenth Corps at the Decatur Railroad. Under the shelter of the steep banks of the railroad cut he penetrated our line, and by an enfilading fire upon General Morgan L. Smith's Brigade on the right of the railroad, and at the same time by fierce attack from the front, succeeded in capturing the works of this brigade, which gave him possession also of DeGress's Battery, and according to Hood's plan, its guns were turned upon "Bald Hill" from the north. Then it was that General Schofield opened his batteries upon the Rebels while attempting to use our guns, and prevented their getting away with them by killing the horses not already killed. This part taken by Schofield's Battery was the only assistance rendered the Army of the Tennessee during the entire day.

A brief account of the recovery of the works lost and of the recapture of the battery named, will be better noted at this point.

General Logan himself came in great haste to General Dodge and asked for a brigade to regain the lost ground. My brigade, then commanded by Colonel August Mersey, was selected; and led by General Logan himself as far as the railroad, when he directed Colonel Mersey to move along the track to a point designated, and there deploy, covering the piece of works from which General M. L. Smith's Brigade had been driven, and also the DeGress Battery, which a moment later was turned upon us with destructive effect. My regiment being in advance I rode with Colonel Mersey and Major Jones one of General Dodge's staff, to a point where the deployment

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was to be made, and when in the act of filing the head of column, the enemy opened upon us from our captured works, the first fire killing Colonel Mersey's horse and wounding the colonel himself, who, when falling, said to me, "Take command"; and continued, "Oh! my poor Billy, my poor Billy," referring to his horse which he loved more than some men love their wives.

The charge of this brigade that followed, was quickly and handsomely made, and on reaching the works it poured a deadly fire into the ranks of the retreating enemy. It also turned the recovered guns upon the enemy and succeeded in cracking one of them in the operation. After the firing ceased, we found fifty Rebels crouching behind the works, who preferred Northern prisons to the risk of an attempted retreat. Among these prisoners was a darkey, and the only darkey I saw during the war firing the wrong way. Captain DeGress, who sat upon his horse near General Logan while the charge was being made, came hurriedly to the front when he witnessed the result and coming in sight of his battery, wept like a child as he saw not only the dead horses but several of his brave men who had fallen at their post when the guns were captured. The captain grasped my hand and said, so that the men as well as myself could hear, "I want to thank you and your brigade for what you have done."

My brigade remained in the line of works taken for about half an hour when Major Jones of General Dodge's staff, came, with a request to General Morgan L. Smith, then in command of the Fifteenth Corps, asking for the return of the brigade at the earliest practicable moment, giving as a reason that General Dodge feared another attack upon his line. General Smith at once complied with the request and said to Major Jones, "Tell General Dodge that his brigade has done magnificently and that it shall have full credit in my report."

I have been more specific in these statements because there

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has been so much written concerning the capture of this battery, and as I have never before written upon the subject I desire to give a full statement of the facts and I am sure, my comrades, that it will not appear to you as an offensive use of the perpendicular pronoun, or as an effort at self-praise, if I say one or two things more in reference to my own command; for any prominence given this brigade was due almost entirely to the fact that one of its regiments, the Sixty-sixth Illinois Infantry, was armed with Henry rifles. This brigade fought, therefore, on three different parts of the field. It received the first shock of battle and the sudden, unexpected and desperate assaults of Hood were withstood in the first instance, chiefly because of the withering fire of these Henry rifles at short range.

At ten o'clock that night, Mersey's Brigade was again in requisition. It was sent to relieve one of General Leggett's brigades in the shattered and almost demolished fort and fortifications on "Bald Hill": I want to assure you it was a fearful place to enter in the dark. We went in upon our hands and knees and there we remained under a terrific fire till near daylight when Hood called back his army into the works of Atlanta, leaving upon the field 3,100 of his dead who, under a flag of truce, were buried the next morning on the ground where they fell.

This ended the greatest battle of the campaign and so far as position was concerned, nothing was gained by either side. Each army settled down behind its works as before and waited for some new opportunity when an effective strike could be made.

Two incidents of the battle just described, I would say in passing, are worthy of note; one is this: Captain Lane of Company K, Eighty-first Regiment, Ohio, one of our bravest and best officers, was killed during the second charge made

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upon the Sixteenth Corps. While we were forming line the captain came to me seemingly in a state of great agitation and asked me whether I thought the enemy was there in force. I replied in the affirmative, when the captain drew from his pocket, while tears rolled down his cheeks, a picture of his little boy Charlie, and held it up before me. Looking at the picture with all the interest I could summon under the circumstances, I said, "Yes, Captain, Charlie is a splendid boy." But it was not compliments for the boy he was seeking, evidently, as his great agitation at the time indicated. I did not know then his object in showing me the picture, nor do I now know exactly what he wished, but of this I am sure: he acted under what was clearly to him a presentiment, for a moment later our conversation was interrupted by the approach of the enemy and the captain was shot through the head while bravely leading his men in the death-grapple that followed. No braver man ever drew a sword.

The other incident I have in mind, has been related by General G. M. Dodge; and while some of you may have heard it, the most of you have not. About ten o'clock on the night of the 22d, Generals Logan, Blair, Dodge and a few other officers of the Army of the Tennessee, were together under an oak tree in the rear of the Fifteenth Corps, and were engaged in talking over the incidents of the day, and the continued fire at "Bald Hill" at the time led them to consider the present situation. As the Army of the Tennessee after fighting unaided all day and having in prospect another attack, were then engaged in strengthening their fortifications, it was suggested that a detail of fresh troops from Schofield or Thomas be sent to relieve it. Accordingly General Dodge was dispatched to General Sherman to make the request referred to. After some conversation with General Sherman concerning the battle, in which Sherman referred to his great personal loss, and that of the nation, in the death of General McPher-

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son, General Dodge ventured to state the object of his visit, and was not a little surprised when Sherman turned upon him and said: "Dodge, you whipped them to-day, didn't you?" Dodge said, "Yes, sir". Then said Sherman, "Can't you do it again to-morrow?" "Yes, sir," answered Dodge, but did not wait for further conversation. He went back to his command with the determination never to go on such an errand again.

Sherman took great pride in the Army of the Tennessee, and as that little army had won a great victory without aid from any quarter he did not wish it to divide its honors at this juncture, all danger, as he rightly supposed, having passed. Such was Sherman's explanation of his action, subsequently given.

Now the capture of Atlanta did not occur for more than a month after the battle of July 22d. In many respects it was the most trying month of the campaign for the possession of the Gate City. A whole month of continuous skirmish firing—but little else. It is true that on the 28th of July, five days after his desperate effort to secure "Bald Hill," Hood made a most foolish and wanton sacrifice of his men. When my brigade was hurried on that day to relieve a brigade of the Fifteenth Corps whose guns had become heated by continuous firing, we found the enemy moving forward in line of battle to make the fifth assault upon that part of the Fifteenth Corps. Such a display of foolhardiness I never before witnessed and doubt if a parallel can be found in the military history of this or any other country. Pat. Cleyburn was usually daring and reckless, but the mad rashness that characterized his movements that day cannot be accounted for on any rational basis. He made eight distinct charges upon the Fifteenth Corps without inflicting any injury to speak of, while his own men were cut down like sheep in a slaughter pen.

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After the Rebel dead were gathered in heaps I rode over the field and was told that 600 of them fell in front of less than two divisions. My surgeon, Dr. W. C. Jacobs, who was with me at the time, observing the appearance of the dead Confederates, said, "This is some of General Alcohol's work." It was on this occasion that General O. O. Howard first appeared in action as the commander of the Army of the Tennessee. His coolness, courage and kindly bearing toward his men brought him at once into general favor.

General Sherman's seeming inactivity during the month of August created considerable impatience at Washington and called forth not a little unjust criticism through the northern press. It was the critical period in the history of the Rebellion. By those who would gladly have it so, the war was pronounced a failure, and self-appointed "peace commissioners" were springing up on every hand. Politics of the Vallandigham stripe was beginning to flourish and the influence of Copperheadism to extend itself even into the ranks of the army. Hence Sherman's success or failure in the capture of Atlanta was regarded by many as the turning point in the struggle. At all events, considering the political agitation of the North at the time it was a crisis in the history of the war, and I believe, was so regarded by General Sherman himself. He realized that the time had come when something *must* be done, and that nothing short of a prompt and decisive victory would serve to quiet the voice of discontent both in the army and out of it. Accordingly on the 25th of August General Sherman called together his leading subordinate commanders and announced to them that he was now ready to make another great swing. It was welcome news to both officers and men, for all had become weary of inactivity and sick of the ditches. The movement was by armies from left to right. The Twentieth Corps under command of General Slocum was sent back to the crossing of the Chattahoochee

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River with orders to reverse the enemy's old line of works and to be ready for whatever might come. At twelve o'clock on the night mentioned the movement began. The Army of the Tennessee under General Howard quietly moved back to the road designated in the rear, and then took up its march for the extreme right and beyond it, with orders to get possession of Hood's railroads leading into Atlanta from the south and west. The other two armies under Generals Schofield and Thomas were to execute a similar movement thus describing shorter curves; the Army of the Tennessee making, as I have said, the outer one. Although silence was enjoined it was exceedingly difficult for the soldiers to restrain themselves from expressing their joy that dark night on leaving the ditches. The skirmish lines, too, as if listening, were peaceful during the whole movement, the silence being only once disturbed, and that by a large gun from one of the enemy's forts.

Well, the railroads were reached and as General Howard has since expressed it, "How the rails flew and were doubled and twisted." "How the ties burned at the first railroad; then, that slow subsequent march between the roads, Wheeler worrying Kilpatrick ahead of us with log and rail barricades." But we pushed forward till on the 31st, at Jonesboro, we were confronted by General Hardee, hurriedly sent there by rail with 25,000 troops to, if possible, check our advance and give Hood time to get the other portion of his army safely out of Atlanta. Such we *now* see was all that was hoped for. At Jonesboro, Hardee attacked our entire front but was badly beaten, and falling back to Lovejoy Station barely escaped capture. Hood abandoned Atlanta on the night of September 1, and putting fire to arsenal and other buildings, he succeeded, by a long detour, in joining Hardee at Lovejoy Station.

The explosion of the fixed ammunition in the burning

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arsenal assured General Slocum that the prize of the summer's campaign had been won, so that early on the morning of September 2 he marched with the Twentieth Corps into the deserted city and took possession of all that remained, and having hoisted the stars and stripes sent to General Sherman the glad tidings by the swiftest courier.

Some time in the early forenoon Major Hosea reached General Sherman and delivered the joyful message. Then it was that General Sherman penned and sent to Washington that memorable dispatch, "Atlanta is ours and fairly won."

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THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE UNDER MAJOR-GENERAL O. O. HOWARD.

BY BREVET-MAJOR WILLIAM DUNCAN,

CAPTAIN TENTH ILLINIOS CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 10, 1894.)

Commander and Companions:

At our last meeting, I was much interested in the very able paper read by Companion B. N. Adams, on the battle fought by the Army of the Tennessee, on the 22nd day of July, 1864, at which time that army lost its gallant and beloved Commander, General James B. McPherson, and our country, a noble patriot and soldier.

General Logan being the senior ranking officer with that army, took command on the field when McPherson fell, and by his presence, courage and heroism baffled every effort of the enemy under General Hood, to destroy the left wing of Sherman's army before Atlanta, retrieving the fortunes of the day by causing the enemy to seek refuge behind their works, inside the city.

Major-General O. O. Howard was recommended by General Sherman, and appointed by the President, to take command of this army; this caused some dissatisfaction. Major-General Joseph E. Hooker, in my opinion, was expecting recognition at that time. He was then in command of the Twentieth Army Corps, formerly the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, who came to us at Chattanooga from the Army of the Potomac,

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and who had rendered valuable service to the country at Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge and the Campaign to Atlanta. He asked to be relieved, which being granted, my company escorted him back to Marietta. He addressed the company before leaving for the North, complimenting it very highly for its efficiency, discipline and services to the country while at his headquarters. This service had been continuous from the time he joined us in Lookout Valley, Tenn., up to this time. From Marietta we returned to the headquarters of the Twentieth Army Corps, now commanded by General Williams, later by H. W. Slocum, and after the fall of Atlanta, we were ordered to report to General O. O. Howard, Headquarters Army of the Tennessee, at East Point, Ga. I had served with this army some in the earlier part of the war in Mississippi, then with the Army of the Cumberland at Perryville, Stone River and Chickamauga, then with the Twentieth Army Corps up to the 1st of September, 1864, and from this time till mustered out, with the Army of the Tennessee.

To tell of the noble services rendered to our country by this grand army, will have to be left to abler pens than mine, but I will try to tell you to-night some features of its service from Atlanta to the sea. On the 25th day of July, 1864, Major-General O. O. Howard was in active command of the Army of the Tennessee, and unknown to this army; being an Eastern man, doubts were entertained in the minds of many, knowing the army's admiration for General John A. Logan, as to its probable efficiency under its new commander. Very soon, however, all fears were dispelled.

This army was moved from the left to the right of Sherman's Army before Atlanta, and on the 28th day of July fought a battle known as the Battle of Atlanta; in my opinion, this conflict was as severe as that of the 22nd. Six charges were made on the Fifteenth Army Corps, on the 28th; these were met and repulsed with great loss to the enemy. Gen-

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eral Howard on this occasion won the respect and esteem of the officers and men of the Army of the Tennessee; this feeling increased by time and service till the close of the war.

Since General Hood had taken command of the Confederate Army in and around Atlanta, some very hard fighting had been done; first, at Peach Tree Creek; second, on the 22nd day of July on our left, and third, on the 28th again on our right as before mentioned. It was said that after the latter engagement one of our men called over to the enemy, "Say, Johnny, how many have you left?" He replied, "Oh, about enough for another killing." The fight was practically out of Hood's army, and in fact, the Army of the Tennessee never had another good opportunity to get at this army. We moved onto his lines of communication south of Atlanta, causing him to evacuate the city, and after a hundred twenty-five days of as hard marching and fighting as apparently could be crowded into that space of time, Atlanta was ours.

On the morning of the 2nd of September, General H. W. Slocum moved up from the Chattahoochee and entered the city, my men carrying the dispatches to General Sherman, near Jonesboro, announcing the evacuation.

The army soon returned and went into camp in and around the city, for a short season of rest. Soon after going into camp, I was ordered to report to General Howard commanding the Army of the Tennessee, at East Point, Ga.

About the 1st of October, 1864, General Hood started north with his army, trying to reach our lines of communication. We followed him so closely, that he did not succeed in doing us very much damage. We could neither catch him nor force him into an engagement. General Sherman had conceived the idea of dividing his army, leaving General Thomas to look after the Confederate army under General Hood. About this time I was detailed for special service in charge of a

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corps of scouts to keep the general in command advised of the movements of the enemy. When we reported General Hood's army near Florence, Ala., our army turned back, destroyed the railroad, severed all our connections with the North, destroyed everything in Atlanta which might be of value to the Confederacy, and on the 15th of November, 1864, started on that memorable march to the sea. Major-General O. O. Howard commanded the right wing, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Army Corps; Major-General Slocum the left wing, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Army Corps; General Kilpatrick commanded the cavalry.

After so many hard experiences, from August 1861 to November 1864, this was the grandest feature of the war. With orders to forage liberally off the country, good roads, pleasant weather and practically no enemy, we had a picnic every day until we arrived before Savannah. Milledgeville, the first objective point, at that time the capital of Georgia, was entered by myself and five men of the corps of scouts. The city was surrendered to me two days before General Slocum arrived with the left wing of our army. The right wing went to Gorden.

Frantic appeals had been made to the people of Georgia to obstruct our advance in every possible way, but they were apparently unheeded; many of them, in my opinion, thinking that self-preservation was the first law of nature, did not stand on the order of going—but went. The obstructions were not found.

My party of scouts entered Milledgeville as Confederates, but on seeing the situation, one of my men called my attention to a gentleman on the walk and said, "Captain, that is the mayor;" I rode up to Mr. Mayor, passed the time of day, and introduced myself as Captain Duncan, of General Howard's Staff, Headquarters Army of the Tennessee. His sur-

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prise can better be imagined than described. He said that the city had been left without any defenses, and he was prepared to surrender it. I told him very well, I would guarantee him what protection I could until the head of our column arrived. I spent some time in the city. There were nine civil and military officers in the room that we entered, and I was informed by my scouts that there were two hundred and fifty militia or guards stationed at the penitentiary. I excused myself to go back to meet our army, and met General Howard next morning about ten o'clock, after an all night's ride, reported to him and went to Gorden with our army, where one of my scouts had been killed the day that I was in Milledgeville. The Rebel papers came out afterwards denouncing their "baby-faced" Mayor for surrendering the city to five "greasy Yanks" in the absence of the army.

General Howard communicated with General Sherman at Milledgeville on the 23rd of November, and thus the first hundred miles to the sea had been accomplished without any serious loss to our army.

Our next objective point was Millen; I started for this place with a detachment of scouts to ascertain the situation, and, if possible, to effect the release of our prisoners. We did some hard riding, but found, on arriving at this place about midnight, that our prisoners had been removed. We captured a Rebel major and two men, and returned with them to our army. On the 3rd day of December, General Sherman arrived in Millen with the Seventeenth Army Corps. General Howard was with the Fifteenth Army Corps south of the Ogeechee River opposite Scarboro. General Slocum was about four miles north of Millen with the Twentieth Army Corps and General Davis about ten miles north of Millen with the Fourteenth Army Corps. Thus the second hundred miles to the sea was accomplished with practically no oppo-

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sition to our army, and the country rich in supplies. I mention the positions of the different corps at this time, for later I want to mention it as a characteristic of General Howard's with the Army of the Tennessee.

General Howard had his headquarters with the Fifteenth Army Corps on the southwest side of the Ogeechee River. I, with my scouts, kept far in advance, reporting to the headquarters from time to time. During the last hundred miles we occasionally ran onto small detachments of the enemy that were on their way to join General Hardee at Savannah.

We crossed the Ogeechee River at Station 4 1-2, swimming our horses, and found the enemy in front of the Seventeenth Army Corps with some earth-works, but they fell back to Savannah without offering much resistance.

Our army soon gathered around Savannah; General Howard and staff were out in front of our army tearing up the Gulf Railroad which leads out of the city. This was the means, later, of my accidentally capturing a train on this road loaded with people trying to leave the city. The general and staff were tearing up the rails where the wagon-road crossed the railroad. A short distance up the track was a bridge, which I started to burn, but owing to the lack of material at hand it took me some time to get my fire started. In the meantime, General Howard and the rest of the staff had gone back; it was getting dark, and I concluded to return to headquarters also. Just then a train came in sight; I knew of the break in the road between them and myself, but the break was in the road that I had to go back on. The first impression was that they were running troops out to drive us off the railroad. The train stopped before coming to the break; I hesitated at the wagon-road to see what was going to be done, and finally rode up in front of the engine, turned out, and was riding alongside of the cars when Lieutenant McQueen of my company called out from the timber on the

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north side of the railroad, "Hello, Captain, is that you?" I answered, "Yes," and asked him if the company was there; he said it was, and I told him to bring it over and take charge of the train. I then returned to camp, and that night General Howard got permission from General Sherman to let me try to communicate with our navy, stationed in the Ogeechee Sound.

Our army, up to this time, had been very successful in obtaining supplies, but now we had halted behind Savannah, and with the exception of rice—and the boys had to thrash and hull that—there was very little left for us in the line of supplies. A "cracker-line" must be opened as soon as possible. Our friends in the North were getting quite anxious about us; the only news they had received since we left Atlanta was through the enemy, and that was neither reliable nor comforting to them.

When General Howard returned from General Sherman's headquarters with permission to let me go, saying that I might get through, General Howard prepared a dispatch to the Secretary of War announcing our arrival before Savannah. I called for two volunteers from the scouts to accompany me; Myron J. Amick and George W. Quimby went with me. We secured a small dug-out on the Savannah Canal and pushed out into the Ogeechee River, depending on the current, and expecting to pass Fort McAllister that night. Our dug-out was a very unsteady craft, and we had to sit very still to keep it from rolling over; in fact, I thought at the time that a wash-tub would have been about as safe, but I don't think that the two men had any more experience on the water than I had, and I did not have any; we knew that people rode in such things, and we ought to. We passed under King's Bridge, whose timbers were still burning—it had been fired by the enemy on our approaching Savannah.

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The night was pleasant. The darkies were having a religious meeting; we could hear them very plainly in the stillness of the night, exhorting and singing as we passed the plantations, and, with the exception of the continual dread when any one moved of having our dug-out roll over, we thought that we were getting along very well.

Along near morning the dug-out came near shore; the river was getting very wide, apparently, and not knowing where we were, we stopped at some negro-quarters near the river. I woke them up to make some inquiries. They told me the tide was coming in and I could not go any further with this dug-out. I also found that I was on McAllister's plantation, and near the Fort. We then, by the advice of this old colored man, decided to hide our dug-out and ourselves and remain over until the next night; we would then have the current in our favor, and time to pass Fort McAllister in the dark. A young colored man helped us to hide the dug-out. They got us something to eat, and I found that they knew far more about the river and obstructions than we did. I told this young man to be ready to go with us the next night; he declined, and I rather urged it, which was a mistake on my part, as I afterwards learned.

After getting something to eat, this young man piloted us out into the timber; it was very dark, and it seemed as though ge had gone a good way. It was quite cold and we started a small fire.

The two men were soon asleep, and just as day was breaking, the Rebel guard, sent to relieve the picket that had been on duty over night, passed near us on a road leading north from the Fort. After they passed I woke up the men; we put our fire out but did not think best to move from where we were. Soon the picket that had been on duty over night rode back past us toward the Fort, and we remained without being discovered. We had nothing to eat through the day and just

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before sun went down, Myron J. Amick stole up to the negro quarters to have them prepare something for us; he got there, but could not find any chance to get back to us. The young darky that I had insisted should go with us had left, and the enemy found out in some way that there were Yankees around.

After waiting for some time, Quimby and myself decided to go and see what had become of Amick; just as we got there, a squad of Confederates started toward the negro quarters; the quarters were nicely whitewashed, and were up from the ground, so that we crawled under them. Amick had a tin pail with something in it from the negroes for us to eat; I never knew what it was, but it was good.

While under there, the "Rebs" were in the quarters over us, abusing the darkies and talking about the "Yanks." They soon went away, and after awhile, we crawled from under the quarters. The sun was down, but it was not yet very dark. We could see the "Rebs" up at the house, which stood on a beautiful rise of ground. There was an open lawn between McAllister's house and the river, which we had to cross to get to where we had hidden the boat. I asked the old darky where the young man was who was going with us, and then I learned that he had left the quarters rather than take the risk of getting by Fort McAllister with us. They knew more than we did, and I think that they had a superstitious fear of the torpedoes in the river. We, however, crossed the lawn under the eyes of the "Rebs," found our dug-out without much trouble, pushed out into the river and started for the sea. We did not go far before we ran onto a boat on the river; we lay down flat in the bottom of the dug-out and let it drift by. We soon came to the Fort; they had fires on the banks of the river, and stretched across, was piling anchored in the river, with torpedoes fixed, to prevent our boats from passing up the river. We lay down flat in the bottom of our dug-out,

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and let it float, not stirring until we were at a safe distance past the Fort. We passed along very nicely until after midnight. The river was getting pretty wide, and we began to fear that we might get into the sea and get drowned. We heard a rooster crowing on the left bank, and concluded that we would pull ashore and see if we could not find some darkies who could tell us where we were. This move came very near proving serious; the tide was coming in again, over-flowing the low-lands; we were surrounded by water, and concluded that we could not get to that rooster. We started to return to the dug-out, but the returning tide had come in between us and the boat, and we wandered about some time before we found it. It was raining very hard by this time, and quite cold. We got into our dug-out, and concluded to wait for daylight. We were suffering from cold and wet, and were very sleepy. We then lay down in the dug-out, after emptying the water out of it, but the rain and cold were too much for us. The tide had risen so that when we woke up, our boat was afloat, and we nearly capsized, but Quimby's legs reached the ground. We soon got righted up, but there was nothing but water in sight. Our situation at this time did not look very encouraging; we had too much water and not enough boat.

We heard roosters crowing on the other side of the river, and concluded to go over and try to get where they were. The wind was blowing quite stiff, and it looked very doubtful as to whether we could cross the river at this point. We thought our chances good to perish where we were, so we started. We got across just as day dawned. The tide was going out, and I told the boys to pull back into the river and we would go down to the sea. There was a high point of land near the mouth of the river, and apparently a plantation. We did not dare to trust our dug-out any further. We landed, and I tried to make a fire, but the matches were wet and failed us.

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Amick, who had gone to explore the neighborhood, returned and told us that the plantation was deserted and had been for some time. We were quite despondent by this time, and would have been glad to be captured by any one. We concluded that it was better to go to sea and trust to Providence than to stay there. We however, did not realize how near we were to friends, and the glorious old STARS AND STRIPES. We did not go far before we sighted a vessel stationed in the Ogeechee Sound; they saw us, I think, as soon as we saw them. They lowered a boat and pulled toward us. I looked through my field glass at the vessel, and saw that she carried the STARS AND STRIPES. When I told the men this, Amick gave a start that nearly upset our dug-out.

An ensign and six men pulled up alongside of us, and we jumped in; Amick gave the dug-out a kick, saying, "Goodbye, old friend, we are through with you;" but it was taken up with us, and sent to the Navy Department, to be preserved as a relic of that service.

We found Captain Williamson, commanding the U. S. Gunboat "Flag," waiting to receive us, and, Companions, let me tell you that in our circumstances, it is a glorious privilege to fall into the hands of the marines. The changes from despondency, privations and despair were very sudden.

Our object was accomplished; surrounded by friends, and with the United States Flag floating over us, every comfort was provided for us. The steam-tug "Dandelion" was placed at my disposal; I went to Hilton Head, forwarded General Howard's dispatch to the Secretary of War, met General Foster and Admiral Dahlgren, but could not prevail on them to take us back to our army for two days.

I was below Fort McAllister just before the Fort was taken, and got to General Howard's headquarters after he and General Sherman had retired. The General was glad to see me back, and I can assure you I was glad to get back, and to get my feet on terra firma.

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This practically settled the Campaign to the Sea; we were now in direct communication with the rest of the world, and no question about supplies.

Before closing this paper, I want to call your attention to the Army of the Tennessee under Major-General O. O. Howard. From the time that he took command of the army up to the present time, the energy and foresight displayed by General Howard had placed and held it in the fore-rank of our armies on this grand march.

Himself further to the front, many times, than I thought his position as commander justified, a splendid disciplinarian, decisive in action, he governed by example more than by precept. The morale of the army was carefully guarded. Energetic and apparently untiring in his efforts, he kept himself at all times thoroughly informed of the strength and movements of the enemy.

Men of the Army of the Tennessee revere and honor his name, and their children will follow their example for generations to come.

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CAMPAIGN FOR ATLANTA.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL ROBERT N. ADAMS,

COLONEL EIGHTY-FIRST OHIO INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read May 8, 1894.)

It is difficult to describe a battle to the uninitiated, so as to give even the faintest idea of the reality. It is still more difficult to describe a campaign, especially such as we have under consideration at the present time; extending through a period of three months, embracing a march on direct lines of one hundred and forty miles, to say nothing of the here and there marches by the way; a campaign, which was really a continuous battle, of a hundred days' duration. In my judgment, the campaign for Atlanta has no parallel in the history of American military warfare. Its plan was both unique and magnificent. It bears the marks of a mind that was at once grand in the depth and reach of its conception; versatile, brilliant and seemingly exhaustless in the resources of its practical skill. This was General Sherman's first great opportunity. Hitherto he had been subordinate upon every field of conflict where he participated, but now, his command was practically independent, thus affording ample scope for the full display of his martial genius.

When General Grant issued his orders for the great co-operative movement that terminated the war, he gave to his principal subordinate commanders somewhat specific directions; but to General Sherman he sent this message: "I do not propose to lay down for you a plan of campaign, but

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simply lay down the work it is desirable to have done, and leave you to execute it in your own way." That this judgment was not mistaken, nor this confidence misplaced, the results of that campaign abundantly attest. Even more may be said; for I believe that when the story of that cruel war has been fully told and the last analysis of the events of its history has been reached, it will be found that General William Tecumseh Sherman will stand forth as the peerless strategist of his age. A man may blunder into one, two and even more successes; he may reach fame by a happy combination of circumstances for which he is little responsible; or he may rise to eminence on the merits of his subordinates and reap honors that justly belong to others; but when a commander directs the movements of a great army in open field, against a well organized, thoroughly disciplined and skillfully martialed enemy, and meets him or, what is more, avoids meeting him on ground of his own choosing and behind works the strongest that well trained engineers can construct, and thus drives his antagonist step by step, to the distance of one hundred forty miles; and that not by direct assault, but by a succession of skillful maneuvers, from one strongly fortified position to another; skirmishing daily, fighting in the time more than a score of battles in a country rough and broken, and more than usually favorable to ambuscades, and thus beats back his antagonist to the distance I have mentioned; is never surprised, never caught napping, never defeated,—I say the man who has done this has not only stood the test of superior generalship, but has given to the world the most magnificent display of the grand strategy and the tactics in the art of war, known to history. Now that these statements may be verified, at least to some extent, let us give attention to some of the more important features in the details of this memorable campaign. First, a word in

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reference to the preparation made for it: On the 18th day of March, 1864, General Sherman succeeded General Grant in the command of the military division of the Mississippi, the latter having been promoted to the highest rank then created and assigned to the command of the army of the nation. The first thing that General Sherman did after his promotion and assignment, was to seek an interview with General Grant. The place appointed for this conference was Nashville, Tenn. Nashville at this time was a busy city, crowded with soldiers and surrounded by encampments. Reinforcements were arriving upon every train and so thronged were these two great captains that they found it impossible, owing to repeated interruptions, to accomplish the great purpose for which they met. It was therefore determined that General Sherman should accompany General Grant on his way east as far as Cincinnati, O., the then "Queen City of the West," and that during the interval of travel, they would fix upon the plan of what proved to be the final campaign of the war. In this, however, they were disappointed, for they had not counted upon the repeated interruptions by the way, and hence did not find the quiet and retirement necessary for the accomplishment of their great purpose till they reached the Spencer House, Cincinnati, O. Here, entering the old reading room of the above named hotel, then made famous by that conference, they spread before them their specially prepared maps, showing the positions occupied by the armies North and South, and with their rosters of regiments, brigades, divisions, corps and armies they fixed upon the outlines of the plan of the great campaign that ended the war.

Now General Sherman returned to Nashville, to carry out his part of the great task before him. He entered into the very minutiæ of the details in his preparation for this forward movement. He first advanced his base of supplies

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from Nashville to Chattanooga, a distance of one hundred thirty-six miles farther into the enemy's country. This was accomplished by the use of one hundred engines, and one thousand cars, over a single line of railroad and with an expedition that seemed marvelous even then. Indeed it was a feat in rapid movement of a great army, that deserves a much larger place on the pages of history than has yet been accorded it.

The military division of the Mississippi embraced four department-armies, under the command of Generals Thomas, Schofield, McPherson and Steel, having in all one hundred eighty thousand troops, which previous to this concentration were scattered from Knoxville to Natchez and Little Rock. With this great force General Sherman was to guard his railroads and telegraph lines, hold his important outposts, and also form an army sufficiently strong to march successfully against General Joseph E. Johnston, then holding a strongly fortified position on the ridge at Dalton, thirty-six miles south of Chattanooga.

Finally, with General Sherman at its head, this grand army, stripped for battle and eager for the fight, moved out toward Dalton. No army of such proportions, as General Sherman declared, ever went forth to battle more completely unencumbered.

General Grant's motto in the wilderness, and indeed everywhere, was: "Fight"; while the motto of General Sherman was, "Maneuver when you can and fight when you must". Therefore he rightly reckoned that upon the mobility of this great force depended its success. It was put in battle trim from the word, "Go", and was kept in this conditon for rapid movements till the flag floated in triumph over Atlanta.

Its transportation was reduced to the minimum, only one wagon being allowed to each regiment, and one pack mule

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to each company. The baggage train of that army was a train of cars which often steamed up into the very presence of the enemy as new positions were gained and our lines advanced.

Now, as I have said, on the 5th day of May, the grand forward movement began, General Sherman commanding in person. Ringgold and Tunnel Hill, one eighteen, the other twenty-four miles southeast of Chattanooga, were, after some resistance on the part of the enemy, taken and passed; and on the 9th of May the two portions of Sherman's army under Generals Thomas and Schofield, 70,000 strong. were drawn up in line of battle confronting what was known as "Rock Face," a rugged and precipitous ridge, north and a little east of Dalton.

From this point, the enemy's position was in plain view, and it was evident that General Johnston had spared neither labor nor skill in making his positon secure against direct assault.

The center of this position was known as "Buzzard Roost Gap," a very strong hold, where the "Johnnies" appeared numerous and defiant, while the cliffs on either side were seen to be "bristling with bayonets and crowned with the enemy's batteries."

But while we, through the narrow gorge, could see so much of the enemy, he, from his lofty position, could see far more of us. It did not require the aid of a field glass for him to discover that Sherman was confronting him in force, and no doubt he imagined that a repetition of the program at Lookout Mountain would be attempted. All Sherman's movements were intended to aid his antagonist in reaching this conclusion. While therefore this feint in force was in progress, the Army of the Tennessee, led by the gallant McPherson, pushed out by a rapid march to the

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west side of the ridge to a point called Villanow, thence through Snake Creek Gap, and out to within one mile and a half of Resaca.

Resaca was a town and station on the railroad twelve or fifteen miles in rear of Johnston's army and was also his base of supplies.

No doubt McPherson could have successfully stormed the strongly fortified but thinly manned works around Resaca, but whether he could have held them until reinforcements came, is, to my mind, very doubtful. By a man of more dash and less caution the feat would have been tried, but General McPherson deemed it a hazardous experiment, and therefore chose rather to retire, fortify and await reinforcements.

Now Sherman hastened to complete, what proved to be the first of a series of celebrated flanking movements. Leaving one corps under General Howard, in front of Dalton, General Sherman moved his entire force rapidly around through Snake Creek Gap and by the 13th of May his lines were closing in around Resaca. But where was Johnston? Why, he was there, too, with his entire force ready to dispute Sherman's possession of it. That Johnston was startled and surprised by this bold and sudden dash upon his railroad to the rear of his army, there is no question; but how long he would contend for his base of supplies, was to be determined on the day following.

The 14th day of May was a lively one in and around Resaca.

The troops of the three departments were now united for the first time, to be known in history as "the Army of General Sherman," and together that day receive their first "baptism of fire."

The line of battle was now fully formed; the Army of the Tennessee on the right, the Army of the Cumberland in the centre and the Army of the Ohio on the left.

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General John A. Logan, known as "Black Jack" in the army, was ordered to open the ball; a task which he was delighted, even impatient to perform. His skirmish line had not advanced far till it was hotly engaged, but Logan advanced his support very cautiously, that is for him. No sooner had the smoke of battle appeared on the right than "Old Pap Thomas", as he was known, with his characteristic deliberation and ponderous courage, said to General Schofield, "Our lines may as well advance."

The approach to Resaca in front of Thomas' and Schofield's commands was through woods and a dense thicket which terminated at the steep banks of a creek that flowed into the river at Resaca. Hence these first movements were not in sight of the enemy; yet the dropping in of an occasional shot or shell indicated that he was at least suspicious that something was about to happen.

As our lines, miles in length, emerged from the denser part of the thicket, crossed the creek mentioned and began to ascend the rocky hills of Resaca, Rebel shot and shell came "shrieking and hissing" through the brush from an enemy yet unseen.

But a moment later the scene was changed; the top of the stony hill was reached and our advancing lines to the right and to the left suddenly came into view. A shout was raised, and forward the Union forces pushed their way, through brush and over rocks, to the line of Rebel entrenchments, pouring a heavy fire into the ranks of the rapidly retreating foe. The first line of the enemy's works was ours; and for nearly an hour a furious battle raged. The fire from the enemy's batteries was *terrific and deadly.*

What was to be done was the supreme thought of the moment. The positon gained was too much exposed to be held—our ammunition was exhausted—the ground over which our lines advanced was so thickly wooded and so

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rough, that an attempt to bring up our artillery and ammunition wagons was deemed a thing impracticable. *What was to be done?* The answer came in the form of a diversion made in favor of this exposed line. The division on the right occupied ground more favorable—hence, under Hooker and others this part of the line pushed forward making a vigorous assault, carrying an important point in the enemy's lines and capturing one of his batteries, and while this was going on, the exposed line was rapidly retired to a position more secure, directed to replenish cartridge boxes and be ready for whatever came.

While this was going on, the fertile brain of General Sherman was not idle; for another expedient was promptly decided upon which accomplished all that was anticipated. A division from the Army of the Tennessee under command of General Thomas Sweeney was dispatched with pontoon boats to Lay's Ferry three miles down the river, with orders to effect a crossing, and threaten Calhoun, a station on the railroad six miles in the rear of Johnston's Army.

It was a hazardous undertaking, as I have abundant reason to remember, and although accomplished with considerable loss, it served to loosen Johnston's hold upon Resaca.

As night closed in, that portion of the division that had crossed to the enemy's side of the river, was for its own safety withdrawn to await the revelations of the morning; when the morning came, behold the enemy had fled, not exactly as the Arabs, but he was gone.

It seems from General Johnston's report of his movements in defending and abandoning Reseca, that he was deceived by General Sherman's flank movement above described. Johnston supposed that Sherman's crossing at Lay's Ferry was in force, while as a matter of fact less than one brigade effected a crossing on the evening of the 14th.

The movement, however, served its purpose, and the

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works around Resaca were found deserted on the morning of the 15th, and Johnston struggling to get out of the way of Sherman's pursuing columns.

It seemed for a time, that Sherman's attack upon Johnston's rear guard at "Rome Crossroads" would result in a general engagement; but Johnston, though not a little punished, succeeded in escaping with his army intact.

Now I do not say that what I have described reached the dignity of a great battle; but, as some one said, certainly it was a lively skirmish on a large scale. The real fight lasted little more than an hour, and yet our loss in killed and wounded was 3,500 men.

Neither do we find here the results of a great and decisive victory. It was only one in a succession of triumphs that culminated in the capture of Atlanta. But in the operations of these ten days described, we marched fifty miles; routed Johnston from his strong, fortified position on the ridge at Dalton where he had spent six solid months in making a naturally strong position literally impregnable; drove him from Resaca, his first base of supplies, secured for Sherman's army position, and what was also of decided advantage, the prestige of victory.

Now, Companions, as I have said, this is only one (and the first) in a succession of flanking movements which ended in the capture of Atlanta, and which no doubt will become more and more celebrated as the knowledge of the strategy displayed is made to appear, and as the calmer scrutiny of the future historian gives to the military events of the war their proper shades and places.

From the evacuation of Dalton to the fall of Atlanta, four of these great flanking movements were executed; each successive one requiring operations more extended and exhibiting skill that challenged increased admiration till the climax was reached and the shout of a great victory was heard throughout the land.

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Now, in retiring to his second base of supplies—Allatoona Pass, which afterward became historic,—General Johnston made more than a show of fight at several points: for example, at Ackworth, Cassville, New Hope Church and Dallas. Cassville was naturally a strong position, well fortified, and no doubt it was the intention of Sherman's antagonist to give battle at this point, but a division in the council of his subordinates compelled the Confederate commander, either to yield to the plan of two of his principal subordinates, (namely, Generals Polk and Hood) for a more aggressive warfare, or retreat, and General Johnston chose the latter; though, (as he has since declared) much to his own chagrin.

Hot pursuit of his retreating forces from Cassville brought on the engagement at New Hope Church, and although Johnston was simply fighting for time, yet Hooker and Pat. Cleyburn did some of the hardest fighting of the campaign at this point.

Sherman's personal knowledge before the war of Allatoona Pass viewed from a military standpoint, led him to avoid it in his advance toward Atlanta.

And so we come to one of the most adroit and daring movements of the campaign. Sherman's strategy, in his maneuvers to get Johnston out of Allatoona Pass evidently was not anticipated by his antagonist. Leaving a sufficient garrison at Kingston, General Sherman supplied his army with twenty days' rations, and each man with eighty rounds of ammunition, and then cut loose from his railroad and moved off toward Atlanta, by way of Dallas.

This movement was executed with comparatively little opposition till Sherman's advance had passed a mile or two beyond Dallas where the enemy appeared in force. For three days the skirmish firing was continuous, and at times almost reached the dignity of a battle. Thus for three

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days General Hardee, with twenty-five thousand men disputed the advance of the Army of the Tennessee under General McPherson; yielding his position, only when compelled to do so, and making the conflict of each successive day more severe, till on the 28th of May, at three o'clock in the afternoon, he sallied forth in column by regiments, and struck McPherson's extreme right division under General Harrow, a terrific blow.

For more than an hour and a half he made repeated assaults, taking the divisions in turn from right to left, and thus trying the strength and the metal of each, but all without avail. General Sherman's object now being attained,—Johnston having fallen back from Allatoona Pass to Kenesaw Mountain,—the next thing was to get his (Sherman's) army back again, astride the railroad, and so confront Johnston in this new positon. General Sherman's withdrawal from Dallas in the presence of a most vigilant enemy required much tact and care; as it was it served to bring on a mighty engagement in the night that resulted in more waste of ammunition than loss to either army. It was, however, the grandest display of fire-works that I ever witnessed.

> "When Kenesaw frowned down on its glory,
> Frowned down on the flag of the free."

If, as some one has truly said, Kenesaw mountain had been constructed for the sole purpose of barring the advance of an army from the North to the South, it could not have been better made and placed. Doubtless the Confederate commander now felt that he was master of the situation. And had General Sherman at this time applied his usual tactics, he would have been spared the bitter regret that he expressed following a futile attempt to break the enemy's fortified lines by an assault. A storming party of fifteen thousand men was hurled against the enemy's

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stronghold at Kenesaw with the hope no doubt of making quick work in the destruction of Johnston's army, but which resulted only as we can now see in the needless sacrifice of four thousand of our brave men.

It is in no spirit of criticism that I pen these words, for I doubt whether any of the great commanders in the war of the Rebellion gave more attention to the protection of his men than did General Sherman. It is therefore because the action above referred to is in such marked contrast with his usual method that I mention it; and because I wish to emphasize the fact that it was by skillful maneuver, and not by fighting, that Johnston was compelled to abandon his well-chosen position on this historic mountain. It was here that the authorities at Richmond hoped for so much and realized so little; and more than the loss of any other position it served to weaken confidence in the Confederate commander. The withdrawal from Kenesaw, first to Marriette, then to the crossing of the Chattahoochee River, and afterward the farther retreat toward the first works around Atlanta, threw the authorities at Richmond into a state of desperation and put an abrupt limit to General Johnston's career as commander of the Confederate forces in Georgia. This succession of backward movements was far too rapid even for the most sanguine to hope for the success of the Confederate cause. But General Johnston's policy, instead of reflecting upon his ability as a commander, must ever, in my judgment, when viewed from a military standpoint, serve as a mark of his superior generalship. Of this I shall have more to say, in a subsequent paper.

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SHALL THIS COUNTRY BUILD MORE BATTLESHIPS?

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL REUBEN C. BENTON,

FIRST VERMONT ARTILLERY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 9, 1894.)

The contest between the Monitor and the Merrimac in the early part of our Civil War was a revelation. Although the protection of sides of ships against shot was no novelty, and was in fact nearly as old as the invention of artillery, there had until that contest been no appreciation of the facility with which ships of war could be protected against the heaviest artillery then known. The result of that appreciation brought about an immediate change in the entire construction of war ships and so the revelation produced a revolution. Admiral Porter in an article published in the *North American Review* for January and February, 1889, used this language to describe that change:

"In 1862 Great Britain had constructed the grandest fleet of steam war vessels that had ever been put afloat. These were of the Trafalgar and Wellington class; the latter built to carry one hundred and thirty-one and the former one hundred and twenty guns. The French and Russians had equally fine ships, but the guns at Hampton Roads sounded the death knell of these grand vessels, and in a few years they were all laid up in ordinary as mementoes of the past. It was melancholy to see the mighty structures which had upheld the glory and power of the nation consigned to the scrap heap, but there was no alternative when their services were no longer available."

It would not be consistent with the limits of a paper like this to give a detailed account of the progress of these

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changes. When we first began to read about iron-clad ships and floating batteries it seemed that a covering of railroad iron would afford a very good protection. A little later it was thought that a plating of iron six inches thick would be amply sufficient. There are now preserved in the navy yard at Pensacola some specimens of that kind of plating taken from the Confederate ship Tennessee, captured in Mobile Bay. Again, and very recently, 12 and 14-inch plates were adopted.

The changes have been made not only in the thickness of the armor, but in its substance as well. It is no longer proper to speak of iron-clads. Soft iron is utterly insufficient. Common steel such as is used for making railroad rails will not serve the purpose. Nothing short of the most expensive kind of cast or crucible steel with nickel alloy and treated with what is termed the Harvey process of hardening or tempering, as fine-edge tools are tempered, will give any show against the modern gun. Some five or six years ago the British naval builders had settled down to a compound plate of soft iron and steel which was adopted in England and most European nations as the best thing for the purpose. This notion, and indeed that kind of armor plate, was punctured by experiments made in our own country in 1890. In the report of the Secretary of the Navy for 1892 reference is made to those experiments and Secretary Tracy makes a statement on page 16, which forcibly illustrates the great uncertainty of all our present methods of construction.

"The English compound plate was thrown out of consideration at once and forever; and so complete was the demonstration of its inferiority that the Annapolis trials of 1890 may be said to have stripped off in five shots half the protection of the armored fleet of Great Britain and most of the fleets of the world."

As a result of that and other experiments, our Navy Department adopted the construction of plates of nickel steel

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treated with the Harvey process, and Secretary Herbert in his last report expressed satisfaction with the indications of the great superiority of this kind of armor. Indeed it might well seem that a plate so hard as to break any chisel and crush the heaviest shot that could be thrown from any of our forts, just as a snow-ball would be broken by a stone-wall, would afford safe protection. This satisfaction must however have been very seriously diminished by the result of a trial at Indian Head in July, 1894, where a plate of Harveyized nickel steel 17 inches thick was pierced by a shot from a 10-inch navy rifle, which went spinning through the plate, the heavy oak backing and the earth-works into the woods beyond. There are three sizes of gun heavier than the one used on that trial. A 16-inch gun will throw a shot four times as heavy and with greater speed than that at Indian Head.

It is reasonably certain that no armor plate that has yet been put on any battle-ship will afford sure protection against any such shot. Indeed, within two days of the date of that trial, word comes from Pittsburg that the steel makers are preparing a new compositon by which the nickel steel shall be displaced with chrome steel. If the new compositon should prove a success it would result in sending to the "scrap heap" all the armor plates now in use. Such a result would not only be a disappointment but a serious pecuniary loss. The contract price per ton for armor plates is about twenty-five times greater than the cost of steel rails.

In Secretary Herbert's report the proposals and contracts for purchasing nickel steel plates are given. The cheapest price in that list is that of the eighteen-inch side armor,—$576 per ton. The four and five-inch sponson plates cost $837 per ton. Steel rails can now be made for about $25 per ton. A wonderful coincidence is shown by these pro-

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posals. It appears from them that it costs exactly the same sum to a cent to make a ton of nickel steel plate treated by the Harvey process at the rolling mills at Pittsburg and the forging mills at Bethlehem, although the cost of the Harvey process is widely different at the two mills. The cost for the completed product for the largest number of items is exactly $675.80 per ton. A further co-incidence, equally wonderful, is found in the regularity with which the lowest proposals alternate between the two companies. The proposals give more evidence of combination than of competition between the two companies. As the number of companies, in the whole country, that can furnish such plates is very small, it is not strange that they should combine. When competition is, from the nature of things, confined to such small numbers it is an unavoidable result that contractors make enormous profits out of the Government. Indeed this is by no means an entirely new thing under the sun.

While such results may be unavoidable, we should, however, take care to scrutinize the demand for the continuance of such structures; to see whether that demand is prompted by the interests of the whole country, or by the special interests of the contractors who get those profits.

These changes in the construction of armor plate have been made necessary by the great improvements in artillery. In *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1886, is an article by Mr. Moncure D. Conway, describing the Krupp Iron Works at Essen in Germany. That establishment has taken the lead in the construction of modern artillery. Many of us saw, in the Krupp exhibit at Chicago last year, some wonderful exhibitions of the power of those guns. In the same magazine for July, 1894, is an article written by Commander Jewell, Superintendent of the United States Naval

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Gun Factory (Washington Navy Yard) by which it is shown that even greater results are produced by the guns made at that factory.

These guns are made of cast steel and, instead of being cast in one entire mass, are built up by shrinking on successive hoops or jackets, and the great improvements have been accomplished by the accuracy with which this building up is done so that every part shall be made to strengthen the whole. So far as yet seen, no limit has been reached to the increase of strength by the addition of parts. The largest gun yet made is of a thirteen-inch calibre, although there are in that factory facilities for the construction of sixteen-inch guns. The thirteen-inch guns are described by Superintendent Jewell as follows:

"Of the size of that gun it may be stated that it is forty feet long and more than four feet in diameter and it weighs sixty and one-half tons. It requires five hundred and fifty pounds of powder to load it and the projectile weighs half a ton. The muzzle velocity of the projectile is 2,100 feet per second with the stated charge, and its energy is sufficient to send it through twenty-six inches of steel at a distance of one hundred yards. At an elevation of forty degrees the range of the gun will be not far from fifteen miles."

The shot that pierced the seventeen-inch plate at Indian Head was from a ten-inch gun with the velocity of 1,858 feet. At that rate there never has been made any armor plate capable of resisting a shot from the thirteen-inch gun as now made. It must be admitted that in the present stage of the contest now going on between the resistance of armor plates and the power of the new artillery the indications seem to be very much in favor of victory for the guns. At first impression it would seem to be a simple problem easily solved in favor of the armor plate, for it would seem to be easier to increase the thickness of the armor than the power of the gun. The limit of the armor plate is however not found in the capacity to make thick plates of iron or

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steel, but in the size of the ship to carry the immense weight of that armor, and the depth of water to float such ships. It must be remembered that while there have been made great improvements in the building of ships, there have been no corresponding improvements in the depth of water in the harbors to receive these ships.

Again, the armor of the battle-ship does not consist of a continuous covering of steel plate but is put on in pieces with joints, and is held in place by bolts. The public attention has recently been much aroused over the discovery of flaws or "blow-holes" in these armor plates, and it is a very difficult matter to avoid such defects in the working of such great masses of steel. These flaws are by no means so serious as the joints of the armor. That shot at Indian Head pierced a perfect plate of seventeen inches. That shot weighed only about four hundred and fifty pounds and had a velocity of 1,858 feet per second. That made the force of the impact only about four hundred foot-tons. The thirteen-inch gun throws a shot with an impact of more than one thousand foot-tons. The sixteen-inch gun will give a force of about 1,800 foot-tons. No experiment has ever yet been made to show the actual effect of such a shot striking the joints of eighteen or twenty-inch armor. It was not without reason that Admiral Porter stated that the only sure way of testing armor was to try the effect of shots on a complete ship. It would seem that such a force would break the bolts and peel off the plate like the bark of a tree.

In his last report Secretary Tracy uses this language (p. 62):

> "The Indiana, the Brooklyn and the Columbia are the types upon which the present administration rests for final judgment on its work."

That, in connection with the recommendations of the report, shows that these were the kinds of war ships which his official experience had determined to be the best adapted to

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meet the requirements of this country. That was in December, 1892. There is nothing in the report of Secretary Herbert made the following year to indicate any change of opinion. It is a gratifying fact to note that the last three administrations of the Navy Department have worked each in harmony with the lines marked out by its predecessor, without any tinge of partisan jealousy, and that the work of re-establishing our Navy has been carried on faithfully and successfully.

The Indiana represents the battle-ship, the Brooklyn the armored cruiser, and the Columbia the unarmored or protected cruiser. The battle-ships are intended to stay and fight to the finish; the cruisers are made to get away from close fighting, and to that end their speed is the paramount idea of their construction.

The battle-ships of the type of the Indiana are of 10,200 tons displacement, and have an armor plate of eighteen inches on the side and a little less on the turrets and barbettes. They are armed with four thirteen-inch and eight eight-inch guns with a number of smaller or rapid firing guns. They carry about four hundred men each, and with their armament complete, will cost something more than five and one-half million dollars each. We have four battle-ships of the first class. In other countries the battle-ships of this class are larger. According to the report of Secretary Herbert "the average displacement of the largest battle-ships authorized or now in process of construction in England, France, Russia and Italy is a little over 13,000 tons. The largest of them, an English battle-ship, is to be of 14,900 tons. This vessel will probably mark the limit of the increase in size of battle-ships which has been steadily going on for the last ten years."

Of these England has forty-four battle-ships, France twenty-nine, Russia fifteen, Germany fourteen and Italy twelve.

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If this country continues to build battle-ships since the tests of this summer, it seems clear that they must be of larger displacement and have heavier armor. It is very easy to speak of a ship of ten or twelve thousand tons without really appreciating the force of the thing. In order to bring our fresh water notions to a realization of what is meant it may be proper to state that the vessels of the Lake Superior Transit Company, upon which some members of this Commandery had an excursion to Detroit a few years ago, are of about eleven hundred tons; the vessels of the Great Northern Line on Lake Superior of about three thousand tons; the City of St. Louis, which is claimed to be the largest steamer on the Mississippi River, between sixteen hundred and seventeen hundred tons. For comparison with ships of historic renown;—the battle-ship which carried Don John of Austria at the battle of Lepanto, which was then a wonder of the world, was about twelve hundred tons; the largest ship of the Spanish Armada, 1,500 tons; the English ships with which Drake and Hawkins attacked that Armada eight hundred tons and one thousand tons; the Mayflower of the New England Colonies, one hundred eighty tons.

Again the armor of the English battle-ships is in some parts twenty and twenty-four inches thick, and weighs with the backing 4,500 tons for each vessel; that of the battle-ships of this country, about four thousand tons. Here again we get from the figures alone a very inadequate idea of the actual size of the armor. The term "plate" suggests a substance rolled thin like boiler-plate, and we lose sight of the fact that the armor plate is from eighteen to twenty-four inches thick. That is just about the thickness of a large Saratoga trunk or an old-fashioned bureau. If we remember that in a single plate of armor there is room to put a chest of drawers and still leave enough thickness for the

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back we get over the notion of a thin plate. Again it is not easy to appreciate the full meaning of a weight of 4,000 tons. The load carried by a common freight car was formerly counted as ten tons. Recent improvements have increased this capacity; yet a train carrying a load of four hundred tons or forty cars of the old style, or twenty cars of the largest capacity must still be regarded as a very heavy train on the best roads of the country. A load of 4,000 tons is equal to ten such trains. That is the least weight of armor with which it is now safe to build a modern battle-ship, and the chances are that even that weight must be largely increased. It must be remembered that this immense weight cannot be stowed where it can be carried best as a shipmaster would load his vessel, but must be put all on the outside, and mostly above the water-line; not where it would do the most good, but where it would be sure to do the most harm. This weight of armor is a dead-weight in addition to all the ordinary weight of the ship, its armament and cargo.

It does not require professional training as a naval officer nor experience in navigation, to know that such a dead-weight must necessarily diminish the speed with which the ship can be made to move; and that a cruiser without this incumbrance can make better speed than a battle-ship with it. Accordingly we find that while the cruiser Columbia has an actual speed of more than twenty-two knots and the Minneapolis twenty-three knots, none of our batle-ships exceeds fifeen knots per hour. By no possibility can it be expected that a battle-ship will be made to reach more than three-fourths of the speed of the cruiser.

The establishment of this fact must work a complete revolution in naval warfare. In the olden time there were naval battles which were decisive, because the results of those battles gave the victorious party control of the seas,

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as it was termed. So long as a battle-ship had equal or greater speed than the cruiser, that ship could drive off or destroy any cruiser, unless it was supported by an equal or stronger fleet of battle-ships. The battle of Trafalgar was decisive because by its result the French and Spanish fleets were forced to keep within their harbors under the protection of forts. Under the present conditions the defeat or destruction of the battle-ships of one of the contending parties will produce no effect on the cruisers of that party. As we have seen, England has forty-four battle-ships while this country has only four. In case of war between the two countries our battle-ships would be forced to remain in their harbors because they could not be expected to maintain themselves against such a great superiority of numbers. For all practical purposes, except harbor defense, we might as well have no battle-ships. If however it is true, as is claimed by our sanguine countrymen, that our cruiser Minneapolis is the fastest war-ship afloat, that single ship could keep the sea against the whole forty-four battle-ships of the English navy and could retain the mastery until a cruiser of equal speed went against her. The control of the seas is therefore not held by the ships of the line, but by the cruisers. This is, of itself, a revolution.

Again the immense weight of armor on a battle-ship renders it difficult to move that ship, and more difficult to change the direction of that motion when once it is commenced. It is a well-known law of physical science that time is required to communicate motion to heavy bodies and that time is increased by the increase of the weight to be moved. The result of that is, that quick movement of these battle-ships in evolutions in line is impossible. For proof of this fact we need only recur to the collision between the English ships Camperdown and Victoria, by which the latter was sunk off the Syrian coast in June, 1893. That

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collision also showed the further fact that the weight of the armor of these battle-ships is so great as to render the precautions of water-tight compartments of no avail against the momentum acquired by the heavy armor, when from any accident it begins to settle into the water; and when such a ship sinks it will go down like a stone into a pond. So when, as the result of the collision with the other ship, the Victoria was broken, she plunged headlong throwing her propeller out of the water where it continued to whirl in the air, mangling and destroying everything with which it came in contact, and from the Admiral to the cabin-boy there was hardly one person saved from the wreck.

Again, the great weight of the armor seriously affects the sea-going capacity of these ships. No vessel that would now be ranked as a first class battle-ship has yet been submitted to the practical test of a long sea voyage, and we are left largely to conjectures as to the capacity of such a ship. The French Minister of Marine considers the structures recently built at Toulon as unseaworthy, and some English experiences have given occasion for grave doubts in the same respect.

These defects in the modern battle-ship are unavoidable. If we continue the construction of battle-ships, these defects must be increased instead of decreased, for as we have seen there is a demand for the increase of the weight of armor. It has then come to be a very serious question whether it is wise to continue these constructions. Unless a war ship can have reasonably safe protection by its armor against shot and shell, it is worse than useless to load it down with any armor. No half way measures can serve the purpose. If a ship cannot be made to stay in a fight to the finish, it must be counted a failure as a battle-ship. If it can neither fight nor run away, it must surrender or be sunk. Nobody but the contractors get any benefit from building such ships.

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Some five or six years ago our Navy Department commenced building two vessels then called battle-ships. They are not completed yet and are not worth completing. These vessels, the Maine and Texas, are between six and seven thousand tons displacement, have twelve-inch armor and their hull and machinery cost two and one-half millions of dollars each. Each of these vessels could be sunk by a ship of the Indiana type in less than half an hour, and having only two knots an hour advantage in speed could not escape after coming in contact with a ship of the first-class. These were the largest vessels laid down under the administration of Secretary Whitney, and at that time were supposed to fill the requirements of the modern battle-ship; namely, to be practically unsinkable by shot or shell and at the same time possess the greatest speed and endurance. This was less than seven years ago.

While it may seem to be presumption for a man having no claim to professional knowledge in naval affairs, to venture to express an opinion in opposition to the demand for battle-ships which has hitherto received the sanction of most professional and official authorities, it may be said that experience has shown that it would have been a mistake to have yielded to that demand and to have built more battle-ships of any type except the latest one, and it is by no means certain but that the same course of improvements which have thrown aside all battle-ships except those of the latest type will also send these to the scrap heap.

In the *North American Review* for July, 1889, is an article by Admiral Luce which presents what we may term the professional view of this subject and gives the reasons why we should have battle-ships. The article commences with the statement that the navy is a sea army, and as such should have the elements of a land army. That as a land army has a main body composed of infantry and accessories

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of cavalry and artillery, so the sea army should have a fleet of battle-ships to correspond to the infantry, and cruisers and coast-guard ships in the place of cavalry and artillery of the land army. This reasoning is unsatisfactory, because it assumes the whole matter of discussion by the statement that sea armies should have the same elements as land armies. There is no law, either statutory or otherwise, that requires this. It is the right and privilege of every nation to conduct its warlike operations in that line in which its natural situation will give it the best advantages, or in which it is naturally the strongest. There is no obligation to carry on operations in a field where we are essentially weak. This country is not strong in the sources of naval power. A good many people have made themselves unhappy over the fact that we do not retain the carrying trade of the world, but permit other countries to take that trade away. For my part I never could appreciate this unhappiness. The reason why we do not retain the carrying trade is that there are other industries that afford us greater profit. Whatever be the reason, it is unquestionably a fact that we are not naturally strong in that direction.

The same article has this statement:

"If there is any one fact made clear by the history of the past, it is the true function of our navy. The role of a navy is essentially offensive, as contrasted with sea-coast fortifications which are defensive."

Also this statement:

"Let us now suppose the battle-ship to be subtracted from the floating force of Great Britain. How long could she hold Gibraltar and Malta, control the Suez Canal, and maintain her Indian Empire by the eastern route? How long could she hold the line from London to Halifax, Esquimault and India by the western? How long could she hold the great strategic points at Jamaica, Barbadoes and St. Lucie, which dominate the West Indies, the Spanish Main, and the

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Isthmian Canal which will eventually open to her a short cut to the Pacific. Without battle-ships the whole British Empire would crumble to pieces."

The writer then proceeds to state that a fleet is an assembly of twelve or more battle-ships and that Great Britain will soon be able to put afloat seven or eight fleets, and then urges that this country have at least one fleet of twelve battle-ships. From the stress the writer laid upon the technical definition of the word fleet it would seem that he did not consider it proper to go into active service with a fleet of less than twelve battle-ships.

This reasoning is unsatisfactory, because the conditions on which it is based are entirely wanting in this country. We have no outlying provinces except Alaska, and that is in no serious danger; and no isolated naval stations except Key West, and the channels by which that station is approached will not float first-class battle-ships.

The article in the *North American Review* by Admiral Porter, from which we have already quoted, is very instructive. That article, written after nearly sixty years of active service, by a man who was the son of a distinguished naval officer and himself an officer of great ability and large experience, is valuable as embodying the result of the best professional training trying to adapt ancient traditions to modern discoveries. It reviews the naval history of modern times from the Spanish Armada to the attack on the fortifications of Alexandria by Admiral Seymour with the English fleet in 1882. But little instruction can, however, be found in historical references. The conditons have entirely changed. Even the engagement of Admiral Seymour, although his fleet was then termed iron-clad with heavy armor, is of no value to our present inquiry because neither in the attack nor the defense was found any test of the armor or the artillery now in use. The result was a disappoint-

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ment to those who had expected great results from armored ships, and Admiral Porter expressed the opinion that the old wooden ships would have done better. The article presents a description of an ideal naval battle between English and French fleets of about sixty battle-ships each, in which all the latest appliances of modern warfare are brought into action, and proceeds:

"The conclusion arrived at by the officers in either fleet is that the present armor-clads cannot stand the blows of the sixteen and one-half and seventeen-inch rifles any better than wooden ships stood the battering of the forty-two pounders and eight-inch shell gun, but they are in for it and must fight with the weapons supplied to them. Here in the first great battle of recent times all the lessons taught in the schools of technology are thrown overboard, tactical science ignored, and two fleets have entered into a combat in which, like untrained soldiers, they have clubbed each other." Again, "The fleet that has the swiftest ships, other things being equal, will probably win, for such ships can always choose their position at sea."

Had Admiral Porter lived to learn what is now well-known to all of us, his opinions must have been greatly modified and it is more than doubtful if he would have favored the present battle-ships. The ships he then thought were giving the most promise of success and usefulness, such as the Puritan, the Maine, and the Texas, are not yet completed. Since his time the thickness of armor plates has been very nearly doubled and their strength much more than doubled, and yet the increase of armor has not kept pace with the increase of the power of steel guns to pierce that armor. The 13-inch gun of American manufacture has much greater force than the 17-inch gun referred to in his article. The weight of the armor is so increased as to make it dangerous to practice in naval drills because even an accidental collision would crush the strongest ships like egg-shells, and sink them like plummets. The battle-ship of to-day has by no means the elements he deemed essential. He said further:

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"The first step towards the rehabilitation of all the naval powers will be the introduction of a class of vessels of the line that shall be practically unsinkable by shot or shell, and at the same time carry a good supply of the heaviest guns. The gun vessel is the most important in war, for it combines more than any other class, and those ships should be built to possess the greatest speed and endurance, and offer a uniform resistance all along the line as did the ships of the British navy in the days of old."

These are impossible conditions.

The reports of the Secretary of the Navy, while they recommend the construction of battle-ships, do not take the extreme ground of Admiral Luce. They do not call for the navy for offensive purposes. In 1890 Secretary Tracy wanted a fleet of twenty heavy-armored ships; but later, after the adoption of the latest type, he thought twelve would be equal to the original twenty of his first recommendations, and Secretary Herbert in the last report recommends the construction of one battle-ship. Neither twelve nor twenty would permit us to maintain an aggressive policy against any first-class power. With that number, this country could not keep the sea against England with her forty-four heavier ships, nor against France nor Russia nor even against Italy, for her twelve battle-ships are heavier and stronger than any in our present navy.

The question of the construction of battle-ships then comes down to the inquiry whether they are necessary to the protection of our sea-coasts. If they are, we must have them, no matter how much they cost. There are a good many men in the country who, rather than see our harbors and sea-coasts in danger, would be willing to have the income tax largely increased.

In the first place it must be admitted that the forts, built with so much expense, are of little value against armor-clad ships. The heaviest shot and shell from the 15-inch guns would either rattle off like peas, or break to pieces like

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snow-balls against the battle-ship. The heaviest parapets of brick or stone would be worse than useless as defenses against the steel shot or shell of modern guns, because the fragments into which they would be broken would be more dangerous to their defenders than their own shot to their adversaries. The shot and shell of a battle-ship would pierce the heaviest walls of our old forts or, if the walls were so thick as to prevent penetration, the explosion of a shell imbedded in them would be still more destructive. We may admit all this, and still it does not follow that battle-ships are the only or indeed the best defenses we can have.

The same great weight of armor plate that prevents those ships from speedy movement, very seriously impairs their usefulness for sea-coast defenses. If it takes such a ship half an hour to turn around it might as well not turn at all. If the weight of the armor is so great as to sink a ship at the third shot, it would be a great deal better to make the defense so that it could not be sunk at all; that is to say, build it up solid from the bottom of the sea. Inasmuch as batteries for harbor defenses are invariably needed where the water is shallow, it will be easier and cheaper to build them from the bottom then to attempt to float them on the surface. When batteries are so built, the greatest difficulty in armor protection will be entirely removed, because there will then be no limit to the thickness of armor. If eighteen inches of steel are not enough we can have twenty or twenty-four or even thirty inches. Again, when the limitation of thickness of plating is removed it will not be necessary to use such expensive material as is now demanded. Instead of using nickel steel treated by the Harvey process at $837 per ton, or chrome steel at $1,000 or more, we can use Bessemer steel at $25. Two thicknesses of Bessemer steel will certainly give better protection than one

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thickness of any other material. We could use pig-iron at seven dollars per ton or we could use what would be better still,—the very best material that has ever been found for stopping cannon balls,—common earth, which will cost only ten cents per ton. This is a material that has been more thoroughly tested for that purpose than any other material in the world and has never been found wanting.

The improved artillery has had the effect to make the path described by shot more nearly straight and horizontal. The result of this flat trajectory has been to do away with the necessity of building forts on elevated ground. With modern artillery there is no need of starting a shot from higher ground to give the benefit of the force of gravity. From that it follows that a battery for sea-coast defense may be made anywhere where there can be ground enough to support it, and the very best protection to that battery is to put it in a hole in the ground. Of this kind of structure most of us are expert engineers, for if there was one thing more than another which we learned in our army experience it was the construction of rifle-pits. If we make a rifle-pit deep enough to cover a man's head and can get one hundred feet or more of level ground in front of it, we have a fortress giving more protection against battle-ships than Gibraltar or Quebec. Within that protection can be erected any kind of gun that modern science has devised. There is no reason why the same kind of artillery now made for our navy cannot be used as well for our land defenses. Indeed better guns may be used for land defenses than can be carried on any ship. The steel guns now turned out at our naval gun factory and at the Krupp factory in Germany depend quite as much on the peculiar kind of powder they use as the strength of their material. In order to give motion to a heavy shot, considerable time is required before the motive force ceases. To accomplish this, a slow burning powder

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and a long gun-barrel are needed. The gun-barrel must be long enough to permit the consumption of the whole charge of powder before the shot leaves the gun. The length of that gun-barrel is usually estimated at from thirty-five to forty times the diameter of the bore. That would require about fifty feet for the barrel of a 16-inch gun. That is a longer gun than any ship of our navy can profitably carry. There is, however, no reason why such guns cannot be mounted on land batteries and be furnished with the same kind of carriages as are used on ships. A battery of half a dozen such guns, placed beside the narrow channels that lead into any of our harbors, would be more than a match for the armament of any battle-ship that has yet been made. There is no reason why the number of batteries may not be increased so as to equal or exceed the number of ships that can be brought against any harbor on our coast. These batteries could also be supplied with rapid firing guns and all the other appliances for defensive or offensive operations with which battle-ships are provided. In this way a stronger defense could be made than by any fleet of battle-ships. Such batteries could not be silenced by artillery, and the only way they could be taken would be by direct assault.

With a field of fire substantially level and the advantage of ditches and other defensive structures, with modern musketry, the danger of successful assault would be slight. It must be remembered that while great improvements have been made in artillery, equal or greater improvements have been made in small arms. With the musketry now supplied to our army and a supply of small artillery, it is more than doubtful if any well defended battery could be taken by assault. It is certain that without great preponderance of numbers of men no such assault could succeed. Such preponderance is more than improbable, for here comes in

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another element of weakness of the battle-ship. The whole force of the modern battle-ship is only about four hundred men. Of these a large number are necessarily confined to the navigation of the ship. If the whole forty-four battle-ships of the British navy could be concentrated on any one of our harbors they could hardly muster 10,000 men for any attack. More than that number could be assembled in two days at the most distant of our harbors. For any attack troops must be brought on transports. When unarmored transports come within the range of such batteries as we have described, they would have no better chances than wooden ships. What chance that would be we can learn from Admiral Porter's paper:

"Had any of the ships of Nelson's day been struck between wind and water by a twelve-inch rifled shell, exploding on impact as is generally the case, the ship would have had a hole torn in her ribs through which a good sized whale might enter, and would have gone to the bottom in five minutes."

The shell here mentioned was a cast-iron shell such as could be thrown from any one of our sea-coast forts.

While during the last few years there have been made these great improvements in the protection of the sides of ships against shot and shell, nothing has yet been devised to protect their bottoms from torpedoes or submarine attacks of any kind. The battle-ships of to-day are scarcely better protected in that respect than were the wooden vessels of Nelson's time. It would be impossible to extend the armor so as to protect these bottoms, because the weight of the armor for side protection has already reached the full limit any ship can carry. The heaviest battle-ship is therefore vulnerable to any projectile that can penetrate the water.

To every harbor on our coast there is a narrow entrance and a bar of shallow water. It is therefore very easy to plant the bottoms of these channels with stationary torpedoes or mines. There are various devices for arranging

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these torpedoes and for exploding them either by contact with the vessel to be attacked, or by electricity. Against these the only recourse of an attacking fleet would be to pick them up or counter-mine them.

In Secretary Tracy's report for 1890 there is a strong statement of the defenseless condition of New York harbor in which it is claimed that the only defense against an attacking fleet would be these torpedoes or mines; and in that report it is claimed that an attacking fleet could easily pick up these torpedoes or countermine them. It is however not an easy thing for hostile fleets to pick up a submarine torpedo. In order to do this its crew must leave the protection of their armored ships and go out in boats. In an attack on New York harbor the number of men in any attacking fleet would not be one-tenth the number of men that could be brought to the defense. Even though there were no heavier guns than are now in the forts for the defense of that harbor, those guns would afford a sure protection against such boats; and the musketry of the defenders of the harbors and the rapid firing and machine guns would make it impossible for any open boat to remove those submarine defenses. To be sure, the guns of the attacking ships could silence these forts and batteries if there were no heavier guns than are now there. But even then these forts could not be battered down in an hour nor a day. Before those forts could be silenced, a hundred thousand muskets could be concentrated on the Narrows so as to protect every foot of that channel. No boat's crew could endure such a fire for a moment.

Another means of defense may be found in the obstruction of the approaches to these harbors. These obstructions may be of various kinds; a fleet of coal barges would serve for some of the channels; rafts of timber could be boomed so as to obstruct the approaches to some others, notably the

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harbors of Seattle, Tacoma and Pensacola. Although a battle-ship might push these obstructions aside, it could hardly venture to do so for fear of submerged torpedoes. If the battle-ship should sink the coal barges, that would cause an obstruction still more difficult to remove. We remember instances in which the accidental sinking of vessels in narrow channels sometimes delays navigation for a long time. By the same means hostile fleets can be obstructed, or at least delayed, until they can remove the obstruction. Here again the helplessness of the modern battle-ship is shown. The small number of men it can carry cannot avail for the removal of these obstructions against the greater number that can be brought for the defense.

It is however claimed that battle-ships could bombard cities from outside their harbors and so exact fabulous tributes from helpless citizens. This danger is by popular apprehension greatly exaggerated. Not every city can be reached by hostile shells from outside. Shot from ships outside the Golden Gate could undoubtedly pass over the city of San Francisco, but very little of that city would be within range of such shot. The city of San Diego is exposed, but it is a small city and, outside the hotels, there is not much that is worth bombarding. A hostile fleet could undoubtedly make splinters of the Coronado Hotel, as well as of the Del Monte near Monterey and some other places of resort on that coast. There would, however, be but little profit in the destruction of such places having no value as strategic points. The cost of ammunition for those heavy guns must be in the neighborhood of $1,000 for each shot. As we have seen, the charge for each 13-inch gun is 550 pounds of powder and a cast-steel shot weighing half a ton. It is doubtful if the damage inflicted would be equal to the cost of the ammunition to be expended in the bombardment. A single ship would make no more impression on a city than

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an old-fashioned musket could make on a ten-acre corn-field. Some of the shot would do serious damage, many of them but little. On this subject a paragraph from General Butler's book is in point:

"As to the bombardment of our cities that is a bugaboo which might have been more potent then than it would be now. We have demonstrated that bombardment does not do a great deal of harm to a city. We bombarded the little city of Charleston for eighteen months steadily, and we did not do $50,000 worth of actual damage. We did not kill as many men in Charleston as we burned tons of powder."

General Butler ought to be good authority on questions of damages. Our gunboats bombarded Vicksburg on short range for two months without let or hindrance. They made it unpleasant for the people and forced them to take refuge in ravines; but the actual amount of damage they did to that city was less than the actual cost of the powder and shot they expended in that bombardment. It is true that the guns used at Vicksburg or at Charleston were unlike the modern guns, but they were guns such that their shot and shell would penetrate and pierce the strongest building they struck; and that is all that any shot can do.

It is not conceivable that we should tamely submit to such bombardments. We ought to be able to meet such fleets with land batteries of greater power, and give them 16-inch guns for every 13-inch gun of theirs; and we would do more damage to the bombarding fleet than they could do to our cities. The chances are that a battery of half a dozen 16-inch guns would sink a battle-ship in less than an hour, and the loss of such a battle-ship would cause greater damage than it could inflict on any city.

In this discussion I have omitted to notice several items which have been regarded as very hopeful.

The dynamite shell, which was regarded by Admiral Porter in his article as of great account, does not seem to fulfill

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the expectations that were had four or five years ago. The hardened steel armor seems to be too much for any shell.

The auto-mobile torpedo does not yet develop anything that will overcome the steel nets used for protection of ships.

The floating net which Admiral Porter thought so useful to foul the propellers of hostile ships does not seem to be of much account. The additon of rapid firing guns to the armament of battle-ships seems to have eliminated that element.

Torpedo vessels seem to give more promise of useful results than ever before. Secretary Herbert notices the result of experiments made last year and appears to regard that as promising means of defense. Still its usefulness has never yet been thoroughly demonstrated.

According to newspaper accounts these vessels have proved successful against the so-called iron-clads of the Brazilian insurgents and the Chinese, but these accounts are not very reliable.

The arrangement of heavy beaks to serve as rams to crush the unprotected parts of battle-ships has not yet been perfected so as to be reliable means of defense.

The discoveries of the last two or three years have shown the great vulnerability of these heavy armored ships, but the difficulty has so far been that the destruction seems to be too certain and to be sure to carry down the assailant as well as the victim. It would seem within the reach of probability to devise some means to prevent the attacking vessel from following the sinking ship.

All these are additonal means of defense and can be utilized for whatever they are shown to be worth. The land batteries, the submerged torpedoes and the obstruction of narrow channels are reliable. Of all this it must be ad-

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mitted that the steel gun is so far the monarch, and there does not appear to be anything in sight to limit its superiority.

Some very crude notions have been held about the terrible things to be feared from iron-clad ships. Some years since it was gravely claimed in a newspaper that a fleet of battle-ships could be built on Georgian Bay in Canada and from there could rove at will through all our great lakes destroying cities with perfect freedom. As most of the channels between our Great Lakes have less than twenty feet of water, and the lightest battle-ship now draws twenty-four feet, this danger does not appear to be very serious.

During the time when our relations with Chili were becoming strained Mr. Parke Benjamin published an ideal representation, founded on the English Battle of Dorking, in which he described in vivid language the career of a single Chilian ship which, coming without notice into the lower bay of New York, battered down the Tribune building and other buildings and was proceeding to extort fearful tribute; the city was entirely helpless until the Chilian ship was interrupted by a Peruvian war ship which, suspecting the destination of the Chilian ship, had followed with equal secrecy, given battle and so saved the city from destruction. This idea of an attack without warning seems to be a favorite in the public mind. No battle-ship has yet been made to carry coal enough to steam around Cape Horn and thence to New York, nor to carry other supplies to last such a voyage.

If this country is ever invaded by a hostile force we may be sure it will not be by any single ship with only four or five hundred men. No less force than Sherman led in the Atlanta campaign will avail for the commencement of the invasion and this will require continual reinforcements. Admiral Porter estimated that to transport an army of 200,-

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000 men across the English Channel with their supplies and material, would require 468 steamers of more than 700,000 tons displacement, with a large number of sailing vessels for transports. To cross the Atlantic Ocean with even half that number of men would require very near as much transportation. Such a fleet would cover many miles of sea and as the speed of a fleet is only equal to that of its slowest ships it would require several weeks to cross the Atlantic. Here comes in the work of the cruiser. A cruiser, capable of steaming four miles to any three of the swiftest battle-ship, carrying an armament of 8-inch modern guns, coming upon a convoy of three or four hundred steamers, some of them towing sailing vessels as transports, could make great havoc. The convoy must be spread over many leagues of sea and, with the effect of winds and storms on its exposed vessels and upon the battle-ships relied on for their protection, would necessarily be much exposed to the attacks of a swift cruiser.

It has been supposed that the principal use of a cruiser was to destroy the commerce of an enemy. The name formerly given to the cruiser Minneapolis was "The Pirate." If that was the only utility of a cruiser it would have little reason for its existence, because the law of nations will not much longer tolerate that kind of piracy which is known as privateering. But as a defense against a hostile invasion there is good reason for the construction of cruisers. Our two swift cruisers would be much more of a defense than all four of our battle-ships. The battle-ships could be driven into port and kept there; but the cruisers could keep the ocean against anything now in sight. Again the cruisers would be of great use in giving notice of the approach of hostile fleets.

It cannot be denied that this country has been negligent in the construction of its sea-coast defenses. Very little

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has been done in that respect since the Civil War. No harm has yet come from that neglect, but it is not safe to trust to further immunity. This country is not so poor as to be unable to take proper precautions for defense. The sea-coast defenses which we have, while they cannot be relied on for full protection, are by no means useless. They cannot be wholly destroyed in a short time and, for all operations that are carried on outside the armored protection of battle-ships, are as useful as they ever were. We need additional defenses in the way of batteries of heavy steel guns.

They may be made for the most part of earth-works on short notice and at comparatively trifling expense. It is possible that to protect the bars found at the entrances of some of our harbors, like those at Sandy Hook and the harbor of San Francisco, some more expensive structures will be needed. What is most needed is an intelligent adaptation of our defenses to the improvements of later times. There is no lack of this intelligence among the graduates of either our military or naval academies.

We may deem it certain that more heavy guns are required for sea-coast defenses. We have already a naval gun factory that turns out guns equal to any in the world. If necessary we can have other factories of equal efficiency. If we need more cruisers we can have them. Our latest experiments in that respect are very satisfactory and there is no reason why our future structures may not keep fully abreast of all the improvements that can be made.

In the light of what has been shown during the last few years, and indeed of the last few months, it appears to be pretty certain that we do not need to construct more battle-ships.

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FROM MICHIGAN TO CHATTANOOGA IN 1862.

BY LIEUTENANT MARCUS W. BATES,

TWENTY-FIRST MICHIGAN INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 13, 1894.)

Commander and Companions:

It has been with great reluctance that I persuaded myself to offer for your entertainment this evening the following personal recollections, and I crave your indulgence in advance.

I enlisted in July, 1862, at Grand Rapids, Mich., and was assigned to Company B, Twenty-first Regiment Michigan Infantry Volunteers, under Captain James Cavanaugh. The regiment was rendezvoused at Camp Welch, Ionia.

Late in August I was granted a leave of absence to visit home for the last time before starting for the front, and it was with feelings I shall not attempt to describe that I bade good-bye to my wife, and baby boy two months old.

Captain Cavanaugh had, very much to my surprise, made me a corporal during my absence. The regiment left Camp Welch September 9, over the Grand Haven & Milwaukee Railway via Detroit, for Louisville, Ky., to become a part of the Army of the Cumberland. At the crossing of the Grand Haven & Milwaukee and the Michigan Southern Railroads near Detroit a freight train on the latter road, attempting to cross at the same time with our train, was knocked ingloriously into the ditch, detaining us several

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hours, much to the disgust of the owner of a melon patch near by, upon which the gallant Twenty-first made its first charge, and as if prophetic of its future, won a signal victory, literally sweeping the enemy (the melons) from the face of the earth.

I need only mention that the boys felt the victory in more ways than were anticipated, and that, with drawn faces and racking reminders, they buckled their belts a notch tighter and wished those melons in ———, well, way down south in Dixie.

At Detroit we found awaiting us a splendid lunch, and everybody wished us God-speed as we hurried forward. Our trip to Cincinnati was made in the best box cars obtainable, and we reached that city some time the next day, tired and hungry. After a substantial meal, provided in the depot, we marched across the suspension bridge into Newport, Ky., and went into camp on the bank of the Licking River, in one of the most beautiful gardens I had ever seen.

We remained in camp about one week, and then proceeded down the river to Louisville, where on arrival we were assigned to Sheridan's Division, Third Army Corps, commanded by General Gilbert.

It was while encamped at Louisville that General Davis shot and killed General Nelson at the Gault House. General Davis afterwards became the commander of the Fourteenth Army Corps, to which our division had been assigned, and we learned to have great confidence in his ability as a corps commander.

The weather at Louisville was exceedingly warm, and the regiment received there its winter clothing, before leaving for the campaign that drove Bragg out of Kentucky. The march to Perryville was a very hot and dusty one, the country was not well watered, and the troops suffered not a little from both dust and thirst.

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Our brigade consisted of the Thirty-sixth and Eighty-eighth Illinois, the Twenty-fourth Wisconsin, and the Twenty-first Michigan Volunteers. The Thirty-sixth had seen a year of service, and had campaigned long enough to know a great many things the new regiments had yet to learn. We had not been many days on the march when the boys found their knapsacks growing very heavy, and began to unload. The first thing to go being the heavy winter overcoats, the dusty roadsides were strewn with them, much to the joy of the Thirty-sixth, whose men carefully gathered them all in, and we learned later what a loss it was to ourselves, and the boys wished a thousand times they had borne the extra burden. The troops did suffer much on that hot October march. I remember the day before the battle of Perryville, holding my tin cup for what seemed to me an hour catching water from a trickling spring drop by drop to quench my thirst, and when the cup was half full the silt in the bottom of the cup was thicker than my knife blade. I have always thought Buell ought to have fought Bragg at Bardstown, and have never found any good reason why he did not. True, his army was fatigned with the long and rapid march from Tennessee to Louisville to head off Bragg; but had a prompt move been made at the first, and a battle forced at Bardstown, Bragg would never have gotten out of the state, and we would not have been fighting him for the next two years. The Battle of Perryville was without good results; we lost many good men, Rosseau alone losing over two thousand from his division, and nothing was gained beyond the experience, to the new soldiers of an actual battle, much too costly knowledge I am certain. There was apparently no well matured plan of campaign. The commanding general was not on the battle field, and history says General Gilbert was too far in the rear

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to have any knowledge of how the battle was progressing, or that any fighting was going on at all, until just before nightfall.

What a costly mistake was made in that hot October march we learned when we met Bragg again at Stone River in December of that year, and at Chickamauga in September, '63.

The stand Bragg made at Perryville was well taken. Doctor's Fork was the only stream of water worth mention in that vicinity, and this stream Bragg possessed. It was a veritable fight for water, and water was the only thing we gained by the battle.

McCook fought all day on the left, Sheridan's Division did not get into actual conflict until nearly nightfall. During the long waiting that day, and while we were lying on the farther slope of a long ridge, an incident occurred that was very funny to the boys who saw it. A log barn in our rear, with oak shake gable and roof, in a direct line of the enemy's batteries, was taken possession of by a large number of negroes who had been following the army from Louisville. During the shelling of our line a solid shot hit the old barn, making a terrific crash among the dry shakes, and as those darkies came tumbling out leap frog fashion, it was the signal for a prolonged shout along the entire line. That ringing laugh, I hear it yet.

Our brigade was commanded by Colonel Nick Greusel, of the Thirty-sixth Illinois. A born fighter, he was to me that day the personation of the God of War. Just before nightfall Sheridan was ordered to take position on the extreme right of the line, to support Barnett's Battery and to repulse an attempt to turn our right flank. We took position on a knoll affording a splendid view of the battlefield, and formed with the Eighty-eighth Illinois in our front. Hardee had been sent with a brigade, hoping to catch us napping; but who ever caught Sheridan napping?

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He was ready for him. In our front was a descending slope through a thin patch of woods, and beyond a field of growing corn. Through this cornfield the charge was made up the slope in our front. Colonel Greusel stalked along the front of the line munching an ear of corn, and growling out, "Give 'em hell, boys, give 'em hell." I think swearing on such an occasion may be pardonable; I can hardly conceive of any other occasion or place where it can possibly be. The attack was handsomely repulsed, Barnett's Battery doing splendid work, and the whole brigade standing as firm as a rock. I well remember the fall of the man in my immediate front as he was struck with a bullet, and the first shudder of the battle passed over me. It was dusk when we had forced Hardee back, and as in the gloaming we gathered up our dead and tossed them into a hastily dug trench, I experienced the first homesickness of battle.

"Brave boys were they,
Gone at their Country's call,
And yet, and yet, we cannot forget
That many brave boys must fall."

That night, as we lay in line to the left of the knoll where we fought, sleeping on arms, a single shot from a Rebel battery across the field woke us with a start, and the entire line seemed to have arisen as one man, and was standing at attention ready for an attack.

The day following Bragg's retreat I was permitted to visit the battlefield, and wandered across to the Rebel hospital. The sights, far too revolting for mention here, initiated me into the aftermath of a battle, and can never be forgotten. I doubt not that Perryville battle was a good discipline to the new regiments, but was, I still believe, entirely unavailing as to any other good results.

From Perryville to Crabb Orchard we chased Bragg until it became apparent that he had escaped, and the right-about

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march to Bowling Green and Nashville was without incidents more than any march affords. We were learning fast, and becoming toughened for the hard work in store for us at Stone River in less than three months. General Buell had been relieved soon after the battle of Perryville, and General Wm. S. Rosecrans appointed to command the army, hereafter to be known as the Army of the Cumberland.

The change was a good one, and every soldier came to admire "General Rosy," as we loved to call him, and felt ourselves indeed fortunate to have such good commanders as Rosecrans and Sheridan.

During the next two months we became an army worthy the name and not to be despised. When in camp at Edgefield we woke one morning to find the ground covered with snow, and how we all wished for the overcoats we had so foolishly cast aside on that first march, and which were now being enjoyed by the Thirty-sixth Illinois. We went cold many a night before we received a new supply.

Breaking camp at Edgefield we went into camp at Mill Creek beyond Nashville, and began active preparations for the Murfreesboro campaign. At Mill Creek I was promoted to quartermaster-sergeant, and was not in the battle of Stone River, where Sheridan's Division was the pivotal point of the first day's fight, and where our regiment lost one-third of its available force, coming out of that tangled Cedar Brake with gallant Phil Sheridan as he was forced back, reporting to General Rosecreans on the way, "Here is all that is left of us, General." I reached the battle-field very early after the retreat of Bragg, and found many sad reminders of those three days' fighting in missing faces of friends and comrades.

Another long rest at camp a few miles in front of Murfreeboro fitted us for the still harder campaign for the pos-

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session of Chattanooga. The Twenty-first secured from General Sheridan on this march the title of his cavalry, and was at the front in every skirmish and on every scout.

I remember an incident at Stevenson. I was standing one day beside a train at the station, looking at an engine which had been temporarily vacated while the engineer and firemen went to lunch, when General Sheridan, wanting the train backed for some reason, addressed me, asking if I could not back the train. I replied that I knew nothing about working a locomotive; he said he thought I could, and then ordered me to back it. I mounted the cab, threw over the lever, and grasping the throttle sent the train back with such force as to scare me about out of my wits, and hastily shutting off the steam, and while the train was still in motion, I jumped from the cab on the opposite side and made tracks for camp, expecting to see an enraged engineer at my heels.

Arriving at Bridgeport we found the railroad bridge intact, the further side in possession of the enemy. A battery was placed commanding the roadway across this bridge, but I do not remember of any other effort having been made to save the bridge. One night our battery spoke up loud and sharp, and we rushed out to see the bridge in flames, and a few straggling Rebels running from the far side. It had been smeared with combustibles and was soon a ruin. General Sheridan had begun the building of a timber bridge below the railroad bridge, and it was ready for passage in a few days. But few troops had passed over this timber bridge when the whole structure collapsed like a row of bricks set on end falling against one another. The bridge was covered at the time with a mule train, and all were precipitated into the river. Not many lives were lost; only a few mules, and wagons with their contents, and we were delayed but a few days, a stronger bridge taking its place, on which we crossed with safety.

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Our march over and across Lookout Mountain was southeasterly into Alpine Valley, south of Pigeon Mountain, Ga.

The evening we debouched into the valley we found a most delightful camping ground, and having secured an abundance of corn fodder and straw bedding, and eaten a hearty supper, we turned in to enjoy one good night's rest. We had scarcely gotten into our beds when "Fall in! Fall in!" rang out through the camp, and we began that long and tiresome night's march towards Chickamauga, literally dragging our tired limbs all night long, and came into line of battle at Lee and Gordon's Mills the next afternoon the 19th of September. The fighting that evening was sharp and short, closing with the nightfall. Early the next morning we moved to the left to Widow Glen's house, arriving about daybreak. This was a lovely Sabbath morning. All about us were the evidences of the battle the day before, and the dead lay thickly where they had fallen. No sound of battle broke that Sabbath stillness, the sun shone out brightly, the air was clear, and all nature seemed to have taken on a peaceful repose, fitting for the day of rest. Hours passed with no break in the stillness until about nine o'clock, or possibly a little later, when a signal gun was heard far to the left, and it seemed as if all hell had broken loose in a moment. The booming of cannon, and the rattle of musketry told all too plainly that there was to be no rest that day, that battle had begun again in earnest, and it soon reached and enveloped us.

Quickly alert, and almost before we could realize it, we were ordered on double quick to the left down the hill, to fill the gap made by Wood's movement to the left. We went in on a run, and formed on the command "On the right by files into line," and began fighting as soon as we could form our line, in a perfect storm of lead. It did seem impossible for any line to stand a moment in that sheet of bullets. Our loss was terrible. In a few moments we had lost our

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colonel, wounded and a prisoner, our lieutenant-colonel, killed, Brigadier-General Lytle, killed, and Captain Smith of G., mortally wounded. Longstreet with his fresh troops greatly outnumbered us, and forced us back fighting all the way. I recall passing a squad of Rebel prisoners as we were pressed back, and a feeling of murder that took instant possession of me that required all my nerve to suppress.

"I see the champion sword strokes flash,
I see them fall, and hear them clash,
I hear the murderous engines crash,
I see a brother stoop to loose
A brother foeman's bloody sash.

"I see the torn and mangled corpse,
The dead and dying heaped in scores,
The headless rider by his horse,
The wounded captive bayoneted
Through and through without remorse.

"I hear the dying sufferer cry,
With his crushed face turned to the sky,
I see him crawl in agony,
To the foul pool, and bow his head
In the bloody slime and die.

"I hear the curses and the thanks,
I see the mad charge on the flanks,
The rent, the gaps, the broken ranks,
The vanquished squadron driven headlong
Down the river's bridgeless banks.

"I see the dark and bloody spots,
The crowded rooms, and crowded cots,
The bleaching bones, the battle blots,
And writ on many a nameless grave
A legend of forget-me-nots.

"I see the gorged prison pen,
The dead line, and the pent up pen,
The thousands quartered in the fen,
The living death of skin and bone,
That was the goodly shapes of men."

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Sheridan was not defeated at Chickamauga, he was overwhelmed, and, leading his division out of that maelstrom of war, re-formed and by the dry valley road reached Rossville about dusk where, after a vain effort, lasting far into the night, to find the still unbroken line of Thomas, he went into camp near Rossville Gap.

Bragg, following up as rapidly as possible the advantage he had gained by the battle, took possession of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, closely besieging us at Chattanooga. We were short of rations, and our cracker line was in Bragg's possession, but we had an abundance of corn, and manged to live very well on one ear a day, nor did we suffer greatly. We soon learned to make raw corn into a very palatable ration. Soaking the corn over night, we rigged up some jack planes we had confiscated, and shaving the corn into thin flakes, dried them, then ground them in our coffee mills, after which we mixed the meal thus obtained with bacon fat, adding a little salt, and prepared a very good corn pone. I do not, however, recommend them for a steady diet, nor for our banquets.

Sometimes when on picket we filled our pockets with parched field corn, on which we could literally chew and starve all day long. At Chattanooga I witnessed the execution of two deserters who had been marching with us for many days across the mountains from Bridgeport, the emergencies of the march preventing their execution until after the battle. It was to me the saddest scene of all the war, doubtless a necessity, but inexpressibly sad.

I witnessed but did not take part in the battle of Missionasy Ridge. Standing on Fort Wood I could see the whole line of battle, and as the bayonets, glistening in the sun, mounted up, I felt as if transported. It was the most magnificent sight I have ever seen.

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When Hooker fought the battle of Lookout Mountain above the clouds I was stationed with my command on Moccasin Point opposite the battle, and saw it all. It seemed to me as if God in His infinite mercy sent those clouds to hover over and come down, hiding and stopping the conflict a brief moment, to bathe with cooling breath the brows of the wounded, and to kiss with fervent blessings the lips of the dying.

"Sleep on brave boys, full well we know
That one doth watch above,
Who counts the weary life drops' flow,
The burning tears of love."

While passing one day, from our camp on the north side of the river to Chattanooga, over the bridge our regiment had been building, and which is very well illustrated in the Century War Book, our major met and stopped me, and with a smile asked if I wanted to go home. I quickly replied if there was any one thing I wanted more than any other it was to go home. He told me to return to camp and prepare to take home a detail on recruitng service.

I was not tardy in obeying without question that order, I assure you. Home, wife, baby boy, father, mother, all the loved ones; how the thought thrilled me through and through. I could see them again, and so soon.

The detail added during the winter of '63 and '64, over one hundred men to the regiment, so far renewing its numbers as to permit it to be withdrawn from the engineer duty on which it had been engaged since the battle of Chickamauga, and to take an active part again in the front, with Sherman in his March to the Sea.

We have at our home a dear little grandson, now just his father's age when I returned from the war in '65, and I have been living over again those years lost from home, from '62 to '65; with how much of joy and blessing I cannot express.

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Nearly thirty years have passed. Our victories have sometimes seemed to have been in vain. To-night with renewed hope we can see results unfolding for our beloved country, full of promise, such as have never been witnessed before, and our dear old flag again triumphant, our victory won again, and "America for Americans" our watchword.

Indeed "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and to the old soldiers of the Republic comes to-night the command,

"Be ye also ready."

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DRESS PARADE.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY A. CASTLE,

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS

(Read December 15, 1894.)

Any scheme of war which omits the stately ceremonial of Dress Parade from among its essential elements, is scandalously unsymmetric. The military science is of pre-classical antiquity, its roots shattering the sarcophagi of Cadmus and Darius and Ptolemy and Tubal Cain,—penetrating even the caves of troglodyte, the gravel beds of triloblite and saurian. Ripening ages have at last disclosed that the functional development of armies into the red right hand of national dignity and power, as imperatively demands a frequent assembly and orderly arrangement of troops for show and inspection, as the evolution of a parson requires cultivation of orthography, etymology, surplice and orthodoxy.

The problem of the destiny of our race is weighty with importance, yet luminous with hope. Humanity sweeps onward. We cannot stay the tide. It is leading up to conditions which must bring woe or weal. This planet must be for man a loathsome prison or a delightful, happy home. If the scheme has been rightly adjusted everything will work together for ultimate good; if not, the croakings of all pessimism will be vindicated and social chaos will come. Is it not safest to assume that whatever happens in so splendid a marshaling of forms and forces happens well;

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that moral laws are as sure, as true, as beneficent as those which poise the sun; that so the whole round world is, every way, bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

The problem as to who put down the Rebellion, hitherto more recondite than that of the precession of equinoxes or the invention of kindergartens, and infinitely provocative of type-written rhetoric, has been solved! It was the boy in blue, his mother, and the girl he left behind him. Only the first had or could have the right to vote; the others had the higher right to be excused from voting. But all were in the conflict, and each furnished a demonstrable quota of heroic endeavor which crystallized into grand achievement; the concentrated ricochet of projectiles innumerable. The first did the fighting; the second did the praying; the third supplied the inspiration.

Only the first participated in Dress Parade. The others sometimes looked on, rapt in the effusion of a sumptuous ecstacy. Nevertheless let not the heroism of the gentler sex in our war, in all wars, be forgotten. The world yet thrills at recital of the Spartan mother's sublime injunction to her sons, re-echoed with streaming eyes and beating hearts by a million American mothers when treason's poniards were thrust into the bosom of the Republic. Ages to come will swell the anthems of praise to that grand woman of this century, who, from the serene height of her peerless womanhood, looked down with holy scorn upon the black cloud of human bondage that, like a pall of death, hung over the land she loved, and, drawing from a burning soul the lightnings of her wrath, hurled them crashing down, first piercing to the encrusted conscience of a nation, then flaming along the bayonets and flashing to the sword points of the Union's battling hosts—until the clouds were shattered, the pall torn back, the sunshine let in, and our whole arching sky painted over with rainbows of liberty.

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The first effort of a regiment at observance of the tactical symposium termed Dress Parade, marked an era in its annals which was always thereafter recurred to with prickling sensations at the roots of the hair and a revolving propensity in the pit of the stomach. How it was ever accomplished, endured and survived was a mystery, fathomless as the craft of a Christianized and deodorized savage.

The component parts of this approaching cosmorama may, with profit, be inspected separately.

The enlisted recruit, only a fortnight removed from the fresh milk and feather beds of home, is already jaundice-smitten, until the white of his eye shows quite goldenrodish and sunflowery. In his aspect we discern the wisdom of one who is seventeen years old for the first time, and duly appreciates the fact. In his liver quinine is already wrestling with calomel for the supremacy, even as in his soul remembered moral precepts are already summoned to mount guard against the wiles of sin. He is sugared o'er with the pale cast of virtue—stern in his rectitude as the Senator who has never betrayed a Trust. His black eyes duly sparkling in aesthetic harmony with his curly, coaly hair, he warbles new-fledged patriotic melodies with fervid sincerity. And he views the imminence of experience in human carnage with the blind *insouciance* of a political party that is being led through a slaughter house to an open grave. In fact he is reckless as a ranchman who has sold a bunch of horses and proposes to paint the town with the proceeds. His cheek is red with hectic flushes of modesty, as if conscious of wearing shingle nails in lieu of suspender buttons. His forehead is suffused with a Paradise-and-Peri radiance; his mouth is wreathed with Pygmalion-Galatea smiles. Silver-tongued oratory covers a multitude of sophisms. So uncalculating patriotism excuses a plentitude of awkwardness, as our exemplary novice, exploiting a mis-

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fit uniform stands harnessed with unwonted accoutrement like a cadet cavalry charger. He embraces his multicharge musket, and is ready to fall into zig-zag formation with all the martial *aplomb* of an Apollonaris Belvidere.

If by inscrutable preordination the chevrons of a corporal or sergeant decorate his flapping sleeve, the agonies of his self-consciousness are unutterably intensified. His picturesque, variegated and altogether incomprehensible strut, is positively unique. His awkwardness spreads and sprouts and amplifies and ramifies. To witness his embarrassment is enough to break the heart of an orphan. His tendency to do the right thing at the wrong time and wrong thing at all times, may be predicted with the precision of an exact science. One glance at his outfit is alone worth the price of admission. His responsibilities are enormous; his perplexities are terrible; his woes are innumerable; he is dejected, afflicted, tormented. He is helpless as a lawyer hurling maxims of abstract justice ruthlessly in the face of evidence. He is a non-commissioned officer. That is to say: an unquoted quota; an unenumerated numeral; a non-existent existence; not an officer at all!

The Lieutenants, with authority varying inversely as the square of their bumptiousness, are loud in their pretensions as the howl of a defeated candidate who has fallen outside his breast-works. Mrs. Solomon in all her several hundred glories was not elaborated like one of these. Invincible Chicago, with the biggest and tallest Masonic temple in the world by thunder, is not so proud. The triumphant statesman who has evolved a barley schedule that will put the robber barons of Western Iowa to open shame, is no more inflated. The Congressman who has exposed a rival's political armor-plate honeycombed with blowholes is less exultant. State linked to state, in goodly fate, in mart and mint and mine; in rolling plain of golden grain or toss of plumy pine—none of these could fabricate a more colossal national

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glorification than these imposing subalterns, with ravenous tools of butchery girt on their semi-erect forms, and fiercely fretful lest the Rebellion should be suppressed before they could debouch upon the ensanguined scenery. The moist-eyed attorney for the defense in a murder trial, with his hand on his heart and his tongue in his cheek as he oils his paradoxes with polysyllables, is not more lugubriously sedate than those Lieutenants. The bold, bald brow of Shasta, thatched with thunderbolts, inspires less dread. Fringed with ferocity as with an oaken abattis, they are liable to get up steam by firing a ship, or to do anything else totally desperate. Nevertheless they are for the time being comparatively harmless. Their abounding surplus of valor is at present held in due subjection, like one who owns a mint of gold with not a cent to spare, for if he has a creditor he meets him everywhere.

The Captain is big with the fate of empire. He has dwelt upon the agonizing spectacle of his beloved country bleeding at every vein, not to mention the carotid and celluloid arteries *et cetera*, until he has accumulated an amount of frenzy which only blood of a highly oxygenized quality and in most generous libations can ever expect to satisfy. The candidate with a separate and distinct set of views on all crucial questions for each county in his district, may pass muster on the civil arena, but this centurion is vehemently in earnest. He has supped on a thousand horrors—remember the number. His eye is one gleaming crysolite. His lips are pink and luminous, dripping phosphorescent formulas in characterizing the assailants of the flag. His moustache bristles with fury like the rays of an arc lamp shooting pulsations of glow into unresisting darkness. His nose sniffs battles from afar and threatens direful death in each resounding sneeze. His brow is knit into knots of perplexity by chasing tactic combinations which canter at

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will through the vasty thought-clefts of his gray matter, foreboding a fatty degeneration of the brain. His fervid soul thirsts for the hour when he shall lead his eager men to regions where bounteous crops of glory are harvested semi-monthly from valor's fertile fields. No pent up Schenectady contracts his grand ambition. But his torch is illuminative, not strictly conflagrational, after all.

The Major and Lieutenant-Colonel blush bright crimson with the burden of unwonted dignities. These bucolic expotentates from outlying precincts, cross-road lawyers, perhaps, of the pig-replevin, breachy-steer class, are limp supernumeraries in all this busy ebullition. Marvel not they mutter unprintable ideas as they pass along. Each has now a clawing consciousness of his approximation to the infinitely little—the cube root of nothing. Each has squandered sixty dollars, the savings of a lifetime, in the purchase of prescribed habiliments. Now both find themselves eclipsed by a colored sport among the onlookers, who displays a loud check suit and screaming scarlet necktie, enameled white shoes with black tips, and tall white hat swathed in a broad black band. Suppressed and quenched they stand, half-daft with a glimmering recognition of their own marvelous inutility; nerveless as the ecclesiastical victim of Christmas generosity, with seventeen turkeys in various stages of decomposition lying on the back porch. The memoirs of past consequence float somberly across their deeper reflections of present insignificance. They dreamed of glittering fame; they wake to find themselves counted among the scattering, or forgotten altogether. They have dropped from the heroes to the zeros of war. Their functions on parade are tame as Tupper's rhyme; their positions are obscure, indefinite, invisible. Hence this impermeable gravity, uncertain, coy and hard to conjugate. Solemn as the sad sea waves that go moaning and foaming

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from Key West to Cape Cod, they gaze abstractedly toward infinitude, and supinely await the predestined catastrophe.

But the Colonel! Great son of Mars, swathed in fire and thunder. Every sublime and momentous prerogative of this illustrious occasion finds its prescriptive focus in his person. Lucifer, son of the morning—he will rise to the occasion or break a nerve in the effort! Lifted by approved, unchallenged primacy above all mediocre surroundings, he stands wrapped in the rampant amplitude of his own perpendicularity. His dignity is frigid as the icicles on the fateful blizzard's beard in those frosty Northwest winters, when the coyote ceases yelping and the gopher is at rest. His serenity can calmly smile at Satan's wrath and force a frowning fraud. He speaks an imitation West Point idiom with the Tippecanoe accent, and his voice rivals in resonance the venturous wild-fowl honking high in air. His mental endowments have never been enervated by book gluttony and lesson bibbing. He is no patent-process product of enlightened educational methods. He is a symmetrical outgrowth, so accepted and recognized by all here congregated, including himself. Physically and intellectually he looms and glooms and towers. On him all glances are centered; toward him all thoughts are stretched; for him all hearts palpitate. Hector arming for the siege of Troy, was boy's play in comparison. The embryo soldiery regard him with pride; admiring citizens look on him with poorly concealed reverence. He has already trimmed his corns to fit a major-general's shoes. Consequently his shoulders stiffen with pardonable arrogance; his gaze flashes soul-satisfaction in radiant, smileful beams,—and the ginger is hot in his mouth.

These are the ingredients out of which, in the alembic of his genius, the Adjutant, perspiring like wedding guests assembled to celebrate the climax of a happy disaster, must

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fuse a Dress Parade. His task is difficult as that of teaching a war-ship how to swim. These are the bristling units, which, when he swings his commands around and over them, will submit their centripetence to his awe-compelling centrifugence. They are flexible as a rubber currency, that can be expanded and inflated at will, if handled with care. Their metaphysics is abstruse as calculating the center of gravity for a scythe snath. But in the end they will stand approximately aligned, ready to skip on light bombastic toe, to wheel and whirl, to march or halt, to strike or slay.

The crude rudiments of impending. pageant are thus at hand, steeped in bellicose ardor, sprinkled with ashes of Tyre and Sidon, and nervous with effervescent expectancy. They are genuine advance agents of prosperity, warranted to arrive on schedule time. These integers are diverse in form and value as delegates to a free-coin conclave just released from their reservation; each with a Ferris wheel in his head, yearning for a paternal government that will allow mortgages to be paid in sheet lead, asbestos, old junk or wampum, and legislate for the cure of sore fingers. Their voices run through the scale of dissonance, mingling the rhythm of a Yellowstone geyser's gush, with the rasp of a Kansas blizzard. Their experiences vary from that of coaxing the coy and reluctant rutabaga into profitable fruitage on a stumpy farm in Michigan, to that of floating down the reckless, irresponsible Wabash on a coal scow. Their mental endowments range from luminous to opaque, from synthetic to corpuscular. Their consciences may be tough as a seasoned Iowa cornstalk waiting to be worked up into wagon spokes and fork-handles, but their moral attributes grade miscellaneously, from the daisies and dandelions of virtue, to the roses and rapture of rum.

Let not the Drum Major, gaudy as a calico cat, and his melodious cohort, be forgotten. This cohort may be com-

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posed of small boys executing Yankee Doodle with variations on snare drums and whistling sticks, or of fluffy adults, agitating the atmosphere with resonant trombone and shrieking piccolo. That is largely a matter of natural selection, that is to say, of accident. But it is always obtrusive as a mourning costume expressly designed to advertise a quenchless woe and save expenses generally. And it is always marshalled by a fierce Brobdingnag mounting a tall bearskin shako, and twirling a nickel plated besom staff with the dapper legerdemain of a sword-swallower, until he develops varicose veins in his liver. This so-called "band" is imperative in the saturnalia of Dress Parade, as a demijohn in an Iowa closet. In that province water that contains only 32,000 microbes to the cubic inch has been scientifically approved as a beverage—provided just enough brandy is added to take the cruelty out of the water. Without the band, parade would be a piebald abstraction, unthinkablest of impossibilities. With it obstacles vanish and everything bursts into buoyant feasibleness and stem-winding accuracy, wrapped in the indwelling beautitude of conscious grandeur.

Music hath charms to smooth a savage breast. The reason why I cannot tell. In truth, strange to say, there are many other mysteries connected with our mental operations and inspirational impulses which are equally insoluble. The processes and boundaries of emotion in the soul of a Wyoming Senator, when her back hair comes down in the midst of an eloquent peroration, are inscrutable and unfathomable. The bill for an act entitled, an act to amend an act, is likely then to lose its place on the calendar. But as a rule, the processes and boundaries of thought are immutably conditional. Its formulas were petrified in Aristotle, for man, with all his amazing progress in science and inventions, still abides a little low-

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er than the angels, his goods never quite up to sample. The intellect pauses at a distance from ultimate truth, dimly gleaming through the hush of a large gloom, and painfully cries for external help. Explosions often result from suddenly injecting thought into a vacant mind. Some syllogisms are fallacious as a decoy watermelon stuffed with paris green. The imagination may roam uncurbed through infinite realms, but reason is horizoned by an adjacent pale over which it can neither leap nor soar. Beyond this boundary philosophy cannot direct men's tottering steps; further his unblazed path will lead into the vagaries and discords and peopled torments of lunacy, unless he permits faith to begin where reason ends. When a venerable pundit formulating huge installments of lexicography, assures you that he knows it all, be careful where you repeat the statement. Tell it not in Gath; tell it to the marines—but break it gently, cautiously, or by the beard of the prophet you will find small credence.

War in its historical aspects has always been a foremost factor in human advancement. Every step of progress in civilization, in personal and religious liberty, in emancipation from slavery or superstition, has been won by the sword and paid for in blood of heroes. Before lawyers arose to expound and confound the law; before orators came with their mouths full of articulate wind—East wind loaded with iodine from the sea, West wind loaded with ozone from the mountains; before the fool-killer got so far behind with his orders; before either or any of these, the fighters were pounding and hewing broad highways of freedom through wildernesses of despotism. Before old Homer could dictate his Iliad to a typewriter, Achilles had piled up whole hecatombs ready for the ambulance. Historic panels might habitually be content to copy Merlin's facile blazonry, where in the lowest beasts are slaying men;

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and in the second men are slaying beasts; and in the third are warriors, perfect men; and in the fourth are men with growing wings! Artless cave dwellers, redolent of mollusk effluvium, and armed against sabre-toothed carnivora only with versatile bludgeon, thus developing into brevet cherubim ere yet the human race has reached its ultimate, gaze with glowing irridescence of thought on the fascinations of futurity. While statesmanship is pedalling wearily along the cycle-path of fame, war leaps to the shining goal at a single bound.

Verily that was no inconsiderable moment "when wild armed men first raised their strongest aloft on the buckler-throne and, with clanging armor and hearts, said solemnly: 'Be thou our acknowledged Strongest.'" It was the beginning of cosmos, the genesis of kingship and social compact, from which all else has sprung. After that came premiers and laureates and purveyors of ginger-juice to the royal family. The fame they won was often illusive as the beauty of a chemical blonde, with bichloride tresses. But the warriors, perfect physical men with their internal plumbing in good repair, led by their "acknowledged strongest," have dominated the earth during many troublous centuries. It has come to be a matter of course, like a vote of thanks (with usual trade discount) to the retiring Ex-President at a jobber's re-union. The men with growing wings are still anxiously awaited; the wings we must confess are as yet mere bulb and prophecy. The highest compliment paid to a public man in the blue-grass region is to name a mule's father after him.

Necessary as it has been, dominant as it has been, military talent is, after all, one of the lower forms of genius. It is not conversant with the highest or the richest intellectual pursuits. It may exist to perfection, deficient in profound and liberal thinking, in imagination and taste, in

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the noblest energies and inspirations of life. Great generals have powerful minds, but their elements of thought are physical force and physical obstruction. In their incense is no odor of fragrant ambergris—Hugo says that at Waterloo each square was a volcano attacked by a thundercloud; the lava fought with the lightning. Their employment demands none of the finer fibres of intellect or loftier aspirations of the soul. Even the "business" statesmen of well recognized shrewdness and well advertised piety, entrusted with cabinet portfolios on the theory that public office is a private usufruct, are likely to tread the higher realms of intelligence with more certain footsteps than the Wellingtons or Jubal Earlys of bellicose notability. And Susan B. Anthony insists to this day that the little affair between her younger brother Mark Antony and Cleopatra has been grossly exaggerated for base political purposes.

War as an existing institution is a survival of savagery, a relic of barbarism which impeaches the civilization of this age. That it has been tolerated anywhere in enlightened nations within the past hundred years is a standing reproach to Christian statesmanship and advanced human nature. It is possible only because the tiger in man is not dead but sleepeth; because hunger for power and thirst for blood overshadow the golden rule; because every decade has produced its pretentious armigers, each competent, like Von Poffenberg's swashbucklers, to eat up an ox and pick his teeth with the horns. It is excusable only when waged in defense of human rights. Patriotism idealizes, clarifies, justifies it, when undertaken for the maintenance of imperiled liberty. Not even in an aggressive propaganda of freedom is it permissible. "War is cruelty and you cannot refine it," said the most philosophic of our great generals. It is cruelty, it is tyranny, and in its prosecution retains the tools of savagery as well as the symbols thereof

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among its essential factors. There is no room in its practical operations for an imitation of the benevolent woman whose whole soul is centered in a conscientious effort to make home attractive for the hired girl. Therefore, even when a war is prosecuted in the sole interest of freedom, Christianity, civilization and peace, the army must embody practices of cruelty, paganism and despotism, or it will fail miserably. The power of its commander are autocratic. Its discipline is despotic. Its pageantry is barbaric, expensive, thunderous, like an international banquet toast rounded off with discharge of big guns. It must be in all relations and incidents a substantial opposite of everything which makes for the elevation, prosperity and happiness of a people.

It has been said of an eminent agriculturist renowned for the depth and darkness of his learning that he knows more about hogs than the hogs themselves. The successful soldier must know more about butchery (ballistics), deception (strategy), tyranny (discipline), and robbery (conquest), than the finished experts in these several spheres of uselessness. At the same time he must maintain his stainless reputation as an officer and a gentleman, enjoying his own intimacy with himself to the utmost. In short he must be proof against the slings and arrows of outrageous ridicule, yet always emulate the pride of an aspiring suburb over a new, green patrol wagon and three hundred feet of hose. This complication of attributes satanic and angelic, must be held in discreet subjection to his phrenological faculty of "destructiveness"— that grewsome capacity for multiform, circumstantial malevolence, bizarre enough to infect the soul with a cutaneous eruption or wrest an anticlimax from the vortex of cataclysm. Thus the ingrained savagery of war, and the dictatorial characteristics of its chieftains find expression in modern military observances, even as

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the cross, accursed instrument of torture, stands forth the accepted emblem of a gospel of grace, mercy and peace. Parades and reviews, though innocuous as a sweet cider debauch, are surviving exponents of uncivilized antiquity, which rivers of squandered blood have not yet completely submerged. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the large, half-morocco biography of some war hero, sold only by subscription, does, occasionally, inspire ambitious youth to worthy deeds. Let the truth be told, for it is mighty! He who can tell the truth, and yet in proper cases restrain himself from overdoing it, is a philosopher.

Parade differs from review as camp differs from campaign. The one is solemnity, the other is vivacity. Positive parade, comparative review, superlative battle, are the three degrees of comparison in war's activities. They are respectively tableau, melodrama and tragedy of systematic warfare. As ivory must germinate in the elephant's trunk before poker chips can materialize, so parade and review must antedate the battle agony. Parade discloses the proficiency of a command in decorum, alignment and manual of arms. Review and inspection test its skill in evolution, as well as in equipment, accoutrement, care of weapons and general efficiency. Battle brings out all the qualities which drills, parades, reviews and inspections have developed or exhibited. During parades and reviews the officers come to the front; in battle they go to the rear. This accounts for the seeming mystery that so many still survive to tell the tale, and to tell it in such bewildering variety.

In the volunteer army it was demonstrated that voracity for office surpassed even our familiar experience in civil life. All a man hath he will give in exchange for one; his real estate equities, his overdraft at bank, his hope of salvation. It may be a stale, small, profitless position, but when

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the thirst has become dreadful the mania is fiendish; and he will grasp for it, wade for it, swim for it, lie for it, die for it, though smeared all over with slime and sunk in the detritus of diabolism. He will allow himself to be pulled to pieces, one leg at a time, without remonstrance or resentment. The God-appointed, heaven-anointed men of history have been called to their lofty posts by popular acclaim or the mandate of destiny. But the petite aspirants, with brains molded in Lilliput and four souls to a thimbleful, brandish their brabblements before us until they fester into pestilential gangrenes, offensive to the nostrils of humanity. Voluble as the after gas from a ten-inch columbiad, emancipated from old superstitions as to honesty, they jingle their screams like a cowboy's spurs, or the earrings of an Indian herb doctor.

In the original organization of troops errors in designating officers were unavoidable. When all who enlisted were equally innocent of the remotest conception of their new duties, nominations to command, whether made by secret ballot, honest selection or political favoritism, were certain to miss the target of fitness oftener than they struck it. By whatever process chosen self-seeking and intrigue held an advantage over genuine merit. The standard of qualifications was grotesque. A rococo crack in the cranium was one test of essential toughness. Noisy brawlers and robust tosspots, wearing Texas revolvers conspicuously and with the handles handy, were regarded with awe. Ward bruisers, loud enough to make old Rome, shrine of the pious and birthplace of handorgans, howl with holy terror, were criterions of proven valor. Pugilists commanded a premium; men of prodigious feats in the assault and battery line came to the front; the bloody bravo who had shot two men and stabbed a boy, held the edge. The president of a husband's alibi club was assumed to be specially brave.

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Mighty hunters of raccoon and opossum, of mink and muskrat and elusive fox, inured to a diet of canned horse and dog biscuit, were held experienced in marching and campaign. The man who could put himself into a column *en echelon* and charge boldly a hotel bar, claimed dizzy preeminence. Schoolmasters and postmasters were sought after as eagerly as unpledged delegates to a state convention; the supply was unequal to the demand. Pulpit and bar were dragged and drained; wherefore deponent comprehendeth nought. As Optimus said to Pessimus; straws show which way the dusty gusts blow.

Nanac Shah, soaking three days in a sacred well, acquired universal knowledge by saturation and absorption, and rose to the medical eminence of a Persian Lydia Pinkham. But no saturation or absorption, even of drugs, chemicals, paints, varnishes, and dyestuffs in shop or laboratory, sufficed to give infallible fitness for leadership on close-cropped fields of blood and honor. The misfits were necessarily innumerable. The gullible guys who send two dollars to uncle Tommyrot abound plentifully. The mentally toed-in and tongue-tied were in a majestic majority. The men in whom vanity was the unit prefixed to the ciphers of ignorance, were numerously in evidence. But that all-compensating law of survival of strongest soon began its expurgations. The soldiers learned discrimination; they repudiated the irreverence which proclaims youthful piety fatal to longevity; Jeshurum waxed fat and kicked! Incompetence was sloughed off, carried away and thrown out through various channels. The typical degenerates were relegated rearward. Born leaders with a tendency to move immediately upon works and fight it out on that line, replaced their vanished predecessors. These in departing wore the visages of men affronted in the olfactory nerve and left a suggestion of brimstone in the balmy air.

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Thenceforth there was an army in fact as in name, the soldier honoring his commanders and the officer loving his men. The braggadocious spirit declined. There was no more courting popularity after the fashion of a politician running for Congress on a Jersey-calf platform. The brawling bruiser, with a vicious memory gnawing at his vitals and disquieting reflections stewing in his mind, stopped trying to play the part of an officer and a gentleman, a soldier and a patriot. The eminent pugilist of high repute in most exclusive felonious circles ceased to be a model. Officers no longer posed amid explosions of nitrates and flashing of red fire; they went to work with the zeal of a beloved disciple. Men addicted to hemorrhages no longer claimed a monopoly of love for their bleeding country. The Major was no longer measured by his skill in gushing great spurts of psalmody, or in relating luscious narrative, the scream of his jokes always churning up at the culmination. The Captain, ex-oracle of a village consisting of a set of hay scales and seven stumps, no longer banked exclusively on his ducal bearing, heavenly whisker and chimpanzee smile. The Lieutenant no longer relied on swallowing Nor'westers and expanding with bravery to the full size of an army bean. All of them buckled right down to business, or their resignations were accepted with promptness, with enthusiasm, and with profuse assurances of distinguished consideration. They left the army with a suddenness that would shock the down-easty critics of out-west etiquette. As each erratum retired from the bivouac, with a lump in his throat, a flea in his ear and his halo in his pocket, there were indistinct glimpses of a chorus humming: Believing we rejoice to see the muff remove.

Daily Dress Parade being enjoined explicitly by Regulations, becomes per force a vested right of citizen observers, and the periodic irritant of lethargic soldiery. But its first

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dainty freshness, before a state of lethargy has supervened and suppurated, threatens the maddening frenzy that drowns all sorrow in ginger-ale. Its occurrence then brings whimsical complications equal to that of sweetening a whiskey ring with a sugar trust; mad alternations of hope, elation, trepidation and horror; a synthesis like few! That two and two make five is a mathematical preposterosity; that early experiments in Dress Parade should be a success, is a military ditto, with extra emphasis on the antepenultimate. Let the heathen rage and the plutocrats imagine a vain thing! Here is a seriousness of facetiousness that would discourage a comedy star in full apogee.

As the fateful hour draws near, dim premonitions of coming divertisement rapidly multiply. Dress Parade is about to materialize, and the air is electric with expectancy, as when Corbett recognizes the belligerence of Persimmons, hires a typewriter, and opens hostilities in due form. Indications of the advent of an event worthy the delicate touch of Bjornstene Bjeminison's poetic fancy, are discerned. Matrons and maidens cluster and flutter and twitter athwart the designated color line. They wear jewels in their flounces and the sunset in their hair. Hat pins had not then developed into implements of assassination; anybody could be beautiful who had time. The matrons are superb, and the maidens are about to become historic—they are the girls that got left behind. Accompanying them are their attendant male civilians, disgruntled as an oldest son who has ceased to be the only child by a large majority. They feel like a bunch of shop worn lower case cyphers just ready to be edited into the hell box. They are keenly self-conscious of total eclipse in this martial splendor's plethoric incandescence. The rippling tee hee of maidenly merriment rasps roughly on their ears, pro-

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voking wroth in the collar. Their cheerfulness matches that of a quarter of beef on its journey from dissecting table to chill room.

Along company streets, redolent with intoxicating fumes of bean soup and loyalty up to date, manifest signs of preparation obtrude. According to the accepted Congressional code, nothing succeeds like success, when one is successful in succeeding himself. Even the demagogues who love the people in stump speeches at ten dollars per speech, sometimes achieve success of that kind. A genuine military success requires painstaking methods, as these premonitions indicate. There are glimpses of toilet, glimmers of gun barrel, suggestions of ablution, flashes of bayonet. There are dashes of shoe polishing and hair brushery—mad wrestle with a Paderewski growth of foliage, here and there. A tent fly lifts and the process of creating a contemptuous curl of moustache greets the penetrating vision. Bright steel rammers gleam in the glare of the giddy avenue. Advance individuals, nervously premature in completed canonicals appear. Then squads, groups, platoons—entire companies. Other things may be late and worms may chew them, but the scythe and hour glass are always on Time! So is Dress Parade.

Companies are aligned and files are counted off. Sergeants, surcharged with a rude, luminous unshaken faith in the Republic, tumble stumblingly into their positions. Corporals, sensitive as the bulb of nerve fiber at the end of a cat's whisker, are given the merry hand with a marble heart. The Captain, already disliked by the enemies he has made, flings himself to the perilous front. Ranks are right faced and levant longitudinally, at a modified gallopade, toward the aforementioned color line. Here, after miscellaneous entanglements, unequalled since cable and trolley emancipated the mule from tram car servitude, a

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measurable coherence is secured. The companies form by some sort of incomprehensible intuition of incidence, on four or five alleged "guides." These stand with inverted muskets and quaking knees, a soft spot in the head and a hot spot in the cheek, robust delineations of despairing imbecility. Their terrors are tremendous, reminding one of that sweetly solemn village hour, when curfew rings and small boys hunt their haunts.

The Colonel is now suddenly disclosed. He has dropped unseen, presumably from the propitious heavens, into his alloted station, some forty paces in front of the center. At any rate he is there. And if I had a hundred dollars—as I had once, but may never look upon its like again—I would wager it all that he wishes he were somewhere (anywhere) else. He is one of those lingering men, whose mind goes off with a wet fuse. Like one dazed, he gazes amazed; and a gaze at him is worth the whole cost of admission. He wears a little bunch of whiskers on his chin, and his nose has the rising inflection. His warlike air and attitude are prophecies of the day when Greece shall give Turkey a basting. He poses statuesque, with folded arms, head aslant, one hip elevated and both legs trembling. His make-up rivals that of a special Chinese envoy with the yellowest of jackets and peacockiest of tails. He carries a frown over the bridge of his nose, that portends deep concealment of valuable information as to his own consequence, unknown to the world at large. That frown, however, is only borrowed for the occasion; at heart he is humble as the Chicago aristocrat who has squandered the price of a car of pork in the purchase of a bogus Venus. He poses, with arms folded a la Bonaparte over his Napoleonic stomach. He poses like the last erect relic of a forest, colossal, leafless, lifeless and sublime. He looks proud as the weary mechanic greeted on his front porch at eve, by a

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shining galaxy of posterity. He has a right to be proud; he is the Colonel. Bring forth the royal diadem and make him a present of it.

Meanwhile the Adjutant is not idle. Far otherwise. His duties are complicated as the new quadruplex telegraphic system for the transmission of string fiend fakes. He imitates the gyrations of a cyclone funnel in his delirious attempts to frame one geometric tangent out of ten miscellaneous arcs, with unassimilable radii. His processes resemble a lurid, revolving nightmare of St. Valentine's day in the morning. He foams and fumes; he shouts and signals; he gesticulates; he genuflects; he perambulates. He pleads for correct formation as pallid Maryland corn fields plead for rain and fertilizers. His voice is softened by the sweet, feathery fluff on his upper lip, but it reaches far. His perplexities equal those of the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among hotel runners. But as in the cruel abattoir the fated bullock glances at the sticker's cold, callous, calculating eye and bows to the inevitable, so the willing though awkward soldiery yield at last to the Adjutant's persistent insistence. He finally establishes a distant resemblance to the shortest space between two given markers. The markers introvert their marks and fall into desuetude—and the mummery is duly inaugurated.

First the music must sound off. It is of the class that has functional relations with insomnia. Sad was the unlucky Kansas farmer, who lost his wife and his best yoke of steers, all in the same week. Sad is the beatified spirit of the deceased alderman when he finds that the streets of heaven are already paved and there can be no rake off. Sad is the fond wife, rummaging her husband's pockets, when she discovers through her tears, that the coins are copper. But sadder than any, saddest of all, are they by dire-

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ful fortune condemned to slow torture of a moulting military band. It is an inescapable adjunct of Dress Parade. It is also deeply impressive. The excruciators promenade down the line and then strut back again, while the arching skies re-echo their hysterical rhapsodies. Their faces are wreathed with smiles and small pox punctures. Their cheeks swell with pride of descent from long lines of thrasonic ancestors, and the collateral branches which have married into the family—Saxon, Norman, Dane or Teuton, Low Dutch or high Irish, as the case may be. The drums or horns of said ancestors were dusty rust when Lief Ericson discovered North America a thousand years ago. But in our dreams we may still enjoy, as it were, their combination of frozen art and frapped ecstacy. Nevertheless, its tangible, present prototype, here audible on Dress Parade, exhibits only a numerous series of assorted abominations usually executed by hand organs.

Now the rear rank must "open order," a strategic maneuver performed with a ludicro-terrific multiplication of blunders, appalling to the articles of war and fatal to the flintiest risibles. Each witness wears the face of one who drinketh vinegar unawares. More calisthenics by the Adjutant. More heaving of anchors and straining at cables and hoisting on beam ends along the phalanx line. For the jolly mariners of the prairie, fresh from the delights of home, with its pealing bells and magic spells and appetizing smells, are trying to box the compass of spectacular punctilio, with odds dead against them in generous installments. Their timidity gives one a pain; their temerity makes one tender to the touch of sarcasm. Marvel not that our infant industries require protection while they are teething.

Then follow, in startling, swift succession, certain decisive events, decisive as the mystic, matrimonial rite which makes two mortals immortal.

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The Adjutant faces toward the left flank, shoulders his tinselled pinking iron and sets his teeth firmly, almost defiantly.

He starts forward in an energetic amble, a melancholy glitter weltering in his optic, and his features bathed in gloom whose darkness might be bottled up and sold for Tyrian dye.

He trots trippingly down to the axis of oscillation; wheels suddenly to the right; charges madly on the perplexed, expectant Colonel standing promiscuous as aforesaid; thinks better of it halfway, and halts suddenly.

He whirls entirely around at imminent risk of somersaulting.

He explodes vociferously: "Shltr-r-r Hr-r-rms! Pr-r-rsnt Hr-r-ms!"

That is all, but that is enough. The result is astonishing as the Rhode Island tenderfoot's first experiment with Montana wrath, but on the whole it is satisfactory. This is a free country, even when poverty stands with one ear at the telephone waiting for stately steppings of an advance agent of prosperity. This is a free country, where the Italian may drink wine if he likes, even though the Norwegian may prefer alcohol. This is a free country, where in the bright lexicon of sage brush statesmanship, there is no such word as surrender. This is a free country, where once in four years the voters may, if they see fit, commit all their political Jonahs to a school of whales with broad throats and stout stomachs. This is a free country, all the way from sterile Vermont to California, land of rose-bloom and gold dust, where striped candy ripens every month on the woodbine and new oranges can be dug before Easter. This is a free country, and each soldier on his own terms, in his own good time, obeys the Adjutant's command. In the aggregate, every movement in the manual of arms, and many

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more, are attempted; in the ultimate, the entire battalion gets there. But the methods and fashions in which nine hundred firearms are supposititiously tendered to whom it may concern, are of bewildering Midway Plaisance variety. They are void of monotony, like a symposium on the cause and cure of panics. The absolute negation of simultaneousness is an abiding charm. Variety is spice; better thirty days of Texas than a palace in Cathay. When St. Louis contributes melted snow of a very dark color to swell old Mississippi's limpid tide, a waiting delta down in the gulf reaps the predestinated benefit.

The Adjutant, reckless of addled brain tissue, wrenched spinal marrow and sprained leg ligaments, whirls once more. His heels come down with a recoil that would jar the rivets from an iron clad. Patience! noble Adjutant (and gentle reader) the prancings and rotatings approach a terminal. We near the period when the last cork has been popped at a wine supper and the bill must be settled. Grudge not the details that gild the gliding moments as they go. He whirls, and with smart salute of naked sabre pointed toward the deathless stars, confronts his commander. It is a moment big with fate. We are reminded of the memorable occasion when Cleopatra clasped the asp and perished dramatically. The Adjutant confronts the Colonel and salutes him to the best of his feeble ability. Poor human utterance is inadequate at such an hour, but he manages to stammer in propitiatory tone: "Sir! The Parade is Formed!" Then, circling softly to right and rear of the rising splendor, he subsides, succumbs, and is henceforth lack-lustrous in this spangled pageantry. His part has been performed, and, whisper it gently to the sighing zephyrs, his future function is merely to stand at attention, like Patience on a pedestal, grinning at grief.

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For a moment or more the silence is painfully intense. You can hear a pin drop; you could hear a gum—(chestnut!) You can hear hearts beat like the ticking of French clocks made in Rotterdam by a Swede. In the recesses of each chest, boots and saddles are sounded at frequent intervals. But outward silence reigns, like petrified song, dripping from the marble lips of some divine statue. Everybody is full of feelings that cannot be thought, of thoughts too precious for utterance. There is suppressed excitement, as when the anxious borrower returns after a financial interview with a bank president which did not ripen into practical results; but no one speaks. Silence broods, like the blazonry on the great seal of the State of Minnesota, with its solitary red horseman fleeing into the radiant sunset, from the rum, root beer and ruminating insects of civilization. The happiest Smith family is that one which has the inevitable family skeleton inside of Smith instead of dangling in the closet. This is more comportable both with silence and with dignity. At Dress Parade, dignity pervades the entire atmosphere, as in presence of some lordly Kentuckian, with hip pockets of full quart size, a gentleman, a major and a statesman. Silence reigns as in the wake of a weary wayfarer who has been sandbagged with a coupling pin. Silence reigns as when a young woman, purple with throbbing timidity and expectant bashfulness, stands before her lover, uncertain whether he will lisp his love, or switch off to a side track and discuss the January thaw. But man, born of woman, is of few days and full of liver troubles. Ingratitude cuts deep and flies feed on the sore spots. Silence is golden and toothsome and restful. But it cannot last forever. It breaks.

It breaks like a monetary stringency, tapped with clearing-house certificates. The Colonel now looms, the crowning pride of all this display. Behold, ye gathered multi-

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tude of non-combattives. Behold and tremble! His sword of sharpness, gift from admiring neighbors over at Goslin's lane, unsheathed after valorous struggles, swings clumsily to a perpendicular. Excalibar's fit prototype as emblem of authority and fruitful of coming slaughters, is revealed. Hear! oh Post-office, and give ear all ye Blacksmith Shops. Great Mars, his son, has sway. Mock him not! Madness that way lies, or worse. Cheer and the crowd cheers with you; laugh and you laugh in the guard house. Such being the case, nobody cares to laugh. Napoleon called attention to the fact that forty centuries were perched on the pyramids to umpire one of his fights. More centuries than that are here to see and note.

And the Colonel proceeds to make a few remarks. He is in a remarkful mood, but his style is dry and sententious. He is not one of those authors who swell the bowels of their books with empty wind. His remarks are meaningful. At home he was chief in the rosebud garden of oratory, but it is not his cue, on the present occasion, to get into a wrestling match with reckless word trippers. He does all the talking himself. Spherical, sonorous vocables, the well-conned phrases of command, roll out upon the quivering air, and smite the multitudinous ear of this battalion with a startling sense of impotency. The multitudinous arm reaches out in nervous effort at obedience. But on divergent lines the effort doth its energy expend, and the results are simply marvelous. Melodramatic entanglements and perplexities tread on each other's heels, like candidates for patrimony at the obsequies of a plutocrat. Errors grotesque as hippogriffs, impinge on errors plaintive as threnodies in minor E. A woman of the impressionist school, who cooks in a chafing dish, and prescribes reform ball costumes of high-neck gown, long sleeves and mittens,

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very appropriately registered from Boston. A school girl in the same city, wrote in her composition: "The boy thinks himself smart because he can wade where it is deep, but God made the dry land for every living thing, and rested on the seventh day." No caligraph below the regulation Boston standard will suffice to fully portray the errors and horrors of this Dress Parade.

The evolutions of Darwinism are therefore presumably to be intelligently apprehended only by the Boston transcendentalist, nourished on mackerel salted to the n'th power, and wearing a baked bean in his vermiform appendix. The evolutions and involutions of a maiden effort at Dress Parade are incomprehensible as ravings of the salaried jawsmith in a labor strike, who has burst into a profuse state of prevarication as the rosy beer-froth mantles his sublime cheek. True wisdom is best exemplified by a turtle withdrawn into his casemate; even the over estimated he-goat is less occult and dignified. The popular platform at Vassar is a free coinage of ice cream, 16 to 1, and a currency based on unsecured bonds of wedlock that have defaulted their dividends would be unanimously spurned. On the Western frontier a presentable University can be set up with one bottle of sulphuric acid, a four-foot telescope and two ball bats. In some portions of the South, a professor who boasts a bicycle kyphosis, writes polysyllabic profundities in long-waisted chirography, and combs his hair like John C. Calhoun, is impregnably intrenched.

Thus do educational standards pulsate and palpitate in different sections of our beloved country. In China, where the grasshopper is a burden and mice a legal tender, it is not so. The tests for a civil service examination of candidates for concubine to the Emperor are alike in all the provinces. The Chicago Board of Trade operator, who rises with the lark at 8:45 A. M., and five drinks later is

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ready for business, scorns the effeminate chappie who had his dog's tongue split in order to crease his pants. But in Chicago, where even the Goddess of Liberty frequently requires a chaperon after dark, such things will happen in spite of the most stringent police regulations. Besides which, they are mostly incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial. These evolutions and involutions of Dress Parade are to be wrought out by an incipient soldiery, which three months hence will be seeking the hen and ham of glory at the red mouth of smoke house and chicken coop, lucky also not to be subject to rigid inspection by a state entomologist. Now it is intangible as the man in the moon, ineffable as the man in the honeymoon.

Evolutions sometimes go backward. On the present occasion there is no restriction—everything goes, as the young woman said when he drifted slowly out of her life on a lumber raft. The evolutions are meritorious in design and multifarious in execution; likewise the manual of arms. The flabbergasted novices stand inextricable, like some brittle Rosamond tangled in silken skeins to the queen's taste. You may bray a crank in the mortar, but his wheels will still whirl; when the irreclaimable faddist bestrides his foible, give him due latitude. When the ambient air is full of ozone and things of that sort, look out for thunder-storms. When the 'prentice musketeer shoulders his arquebus and intimates a design to charge bayonet, stand from under promptly. Delays are dangerous. Iscariot with his twelve pieces of discredited coin folded in his turban figured as a tight-rope dancer on the occasion of his very last appearance on any stage.

Let a son of the sod wed a queen of the turf down in Limerick and there is hilarity galore—particularly if she is fragile and intense, or he is unutterably utter. But the observance which we are observing partakes of the nature

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of an obsequies; all hilarity is discreetly suppressed. The Colonel, who brought his baritone voice and executive ability into service, as prime qualifications for command, soon heaped up winrows of profanity, hemstitched and hand painted. He found that combination very effective in those days before Mr. Winchester's justly celebrated rapid transit fire-arm, with interchangeable attachments, had disclosed its indentity. In that sublime presence there is no more encouragement to diversion, than at a third party caucus, where the most earnest expostulation is drowned in a howl of growls. As the commonwealer reads the handwriting on the grass, so all implicated parties take due notice that no comicality howsoever agonizing, no anti-climax howsoever belt-burstful must be allowed to shake the dead level of this parade's imperturbable gravity. The honest voter's vitals may be gnawed by a thirst that would give the campaign barrel a pain at the bunghole, but under the Australian system he must hold his peace. The verdant volunteer may innocently achieve prodigious mirth-provocatives to gods and men. Whoso dare venture wink or smirk or smile, will lard the lean earth with his surplus adipose as speedily as the eager politician learns the milk-maid's pull. Thus are some of the richest of life's opportunities for enjoyment, some of the noblest impulses to explode known to our facetious nature, crushed by the rude, rough hand of military despotism. It is enough to touch the true, anatomical, correctly adjusted heart of the standard new woman.

Tasteless and intangible was the kiss that was prematurely discharged in mid air and never, never came. Even the joys of courtship suffer a temporary eclipse when Johnnie is found behind the sofa. Exasperating to a like degree is the humorous episode at which we dare not laugh, yet cannot die. It is alleged that rural homes decorated with

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chromographic mottoes are largely responsible for the overcrowded state of the paresis wards in our asylums. How much of the hereditary predisposition to recklessness which phenomenally characterized the next generation after the war, was attributable to the enforced repression of risibles at Dress Parade, may never be definitely ascertained. This much we know: When the safety valve is strapped down boilers are in danger. Likewise, that the day will be warm when the butcher gives his customers a brown roast. She who kindles fire with gasoline and penetrates the undiscovered country by that illuminated route, leaves few to pity and none to praise. But the victim of an over-fermentation of merriment has sympathizers numerous as the fashions of grandfather's hat. When the young recruit, twenty per cent. pork, thirty per cent. beans, forty per cent. patriotism and ten per cent. soldier, stands up to be exhibited, and a score of his best girls, each compounded in five equal parts of beauty and brightness, grace, gush and giggle, gaze in ravenous, enraptured solicitude on the dreadful performance, with these steel walls of restraint riveted tightly around them,—well, the consequences are to be unquestionably counted in as a part of the general havoc of war.

Meantime Dress Parade goes on. The evolutions and involutions continue to revolve, until the tired recruits are threatened with serious affection in the yellow pine district of the lumber region. The manual of arms goes through all its ascensions and declensions, its conjugations and calamities. He who would follow all its ramifications must have a head on him like the learned pig. Arms are presented, shouldered, ordered, right-shifted, trailed and held a-port. Bayonets are charged and fixed and clattered until their gleam threatens to scream. No such confusion has prevailed since Lot's wife was transformed into chloride of

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sodium. One-third of the commands are unintelligible; another third are incapable of execution according to tactics; no two companies have been drilled alike; no three consecutive soldiers perform the same antic at the same time. No movement is attempted that does not yield mixtures of grief, drollery and exasperation, sufficing for the most miscellaneous requirement. Meritorious attributes sometimes crop out in unexpected places—many a man conceals a bruised and bleeding heart beneath a porous plaster. Humor and drollery develop. Still the routine goes on, nominally monotonous, but in reality miraculously diversified. Arms are trailed, right-shouldered, presented, ordered; bayonets are fixed, unfixed, or transfixed; rammers are sprung and imaginary cartridges are subjected to supposititious mastication. Over and over again, in bewildering diversity of succession, are the orders inaccurately given and confusedly executed, until the Colonel's martial rage is seemingly appeased. Man wants but little here below, while woman wants many things and wants them all marked down. Both man and woman ought to find in this notable performance a maximum of *quantum suf.*

Of the borrowing of many books there is no end. Too much knowledge manifestly contributes to flesh weariness. Even the champion newspaper with the largest affidavit circulation on earth, chiefly built up by the pictorial treatment of muscle knots and skin diseases, cannot go on increasing forever. Dress Parade spins out beyond all previous estimate. The agony is prolonged but terminates at last, when all concerned including the tactics are exhausted. Then comes relief grateful as that felt on bloodiest fields of conflict when arrive ten thousand new pin cushions from the patriotic women of America. Grateful as that felt over an advance in pelts, in dismal years when overproduction has taken all the starch out of the potato crop.

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Excalibar is sheathed; the musket stocks rest willingly on the bruised, unmurmuring turf. The long lank ranks of wearied warriors rest willingly, while subsequent proceedings interest them no more. They are ready now for the poetic boon of a pleasant cot in a tranquil spot with a distant glimpse of the changing sea.

The perfunctory reading of orders; the reports of first sergeants; the grand spectacular advance of the officers might each inspire a modern society poem, printed on linen paper with ink worth a dollar a pound. The final dismissal of parade; the departure of companies to their respective quarters—these are mere routine. They are essential, perhaps, but dull, tasteless, flameless as unleavened sanctimony. It is vanity and vexation to be born with a silver spoon in one's mouth, if there is nothing in the spoon.

The retirement of Excalibar to the seclusion of a scabbard, burnished at discreet intervals and encrusted with mimic amethyst, sardonyx and sapphire, marks the ebb of this solemnity's high tide. The Corporal sprouts seraphic plumage from each shoulder, the Sergeant sails out into an ocean of profanity to get steerageway for his emotions. The open-faced, full-jewelled performance is at an end—its splendors and its blunders equally extinct. Extinct but unforgotten! Unforgotten even to this day, though perhaps now frowned on by some of our best people, as ungenteel and all that.

Throughout its bellicose career, when occasion permits, the regiment renews its daily practice of this imposing observance. Leaf by leaf the roses fall; day by day the snare-drums call. But practice makes perfect. Within a twelvemonth after muster-in, the alert, alive and agile volunteers will have become so facile in their exercise that every motion is pivotal and simultaneous, a thousand with a single joint who hear and move as one. The veteran reverts to

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his plebe camp experiences even as the aged grandsire recalls the sorrowful coffee and sad biscuit of early matrimonial days. The halo of romance encircles them still!

An army without Dress Parade would be chaotic communism. Proficiency in this function is an unerring index of discipline and merit. It is the apotheosis of aggressive, defiant, triumphant patriotism. Pride in it becomes a measure of soldierly instinct; indifference to it marks the genesis of decadency, the inception of collapse. Pride in service, pride in the regiment, its name, its number, its officers, its colors, its record and its fame—all were stimulated by this daily observance. Around it cluster golden memories of a generation of heroes. In shaded parks of conquered cities or on the investment lines of those beleaguered; in forests of live-oak, beech and pine; in meadows where larks sang and amaranth and asphodel clasped yearnfully; under skies of shining sapphire, luminously blue—wherever the Union armies penetrated, everywhere, each recurring sunset flung its gilding corruscations on a thousand Dress Parades. In all of them the patriotic airs of the Republic, the unfurled flag of the Nation, stirred anew the pulse-beat of faith, the heart-throb of valor, in her devoted sons, and fired them for the triumphs which have filled the earth with their glory. And when the meager, melancholy mule fades on the horizon of our recollection like a sorrel optical illusion, then only will the delights of Dress Parade be forgotten.

In an exquisite minor key of retrospective pathos these memories echo through the corridors of the soul. When we give the fiery, homicidal steeds of fancy a free rein, those days, those honeysuckle, June-sky days, come tripping down the rosy road to everlasting moonshine. They come back like an apostolic succession of asteroids escaped from their perihelion. It was a sublime drama, more sublime,

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more tremendous, than the proudest stars among its actors ever dreamed. No seer could recognize its significance, no prophet could forecast its grandeur. No man who beheld it would now forego the memory, even if it cost the price of a ton of coal. Thunders roared in angry menace around him, lightnings flamed in threatening vengeance above his head, when the tragedy's immortal hero, unknown to the world, stepped forth with modest self-distrust to a career such as the world had never seen, solemnly assumed his burden and bore it royally, yet meekly, until from under the assassin's hand, his labor done, his fame complete, God called and crowned him. When the onrolling centuries have shrivelled the great struggle to a dot on history's page, obliterating all but its undying features; when brighter glories and fresher splendors have thrown the radiance of our epoch into banked, unbroken shadow; when the Saxon speech is mumbled only by the tongue of learned and listless aliens, while our learning has faded into a haggard, yellow-skinned mysticism fed on parchment and the musty air of cells—then the heroic figure of Lincoln will make luminous the age in which he lived, and preserve the cause he maintained in the majesty of his transfigured character. From the profound obscurity of his origin, the most abject poverty and the most unpropitious surroundings of his youth and early manhood he lifted himself by industry, integrity, noble purpose and grand achievement to such imperial heights, that the aggregated renown of all the kings and emperors for a thousand years will pale in the effulgence of his deathless fame.

The drama has closed. The curtain has been rung down on its last act; the thunders and the shoutings, the Rebel yell and the Yankee grumble, have long since died echoless on the war-wearied atmosphere. They are succeeded by the click of typewriters, the hum of steam threshers and the

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multiplex clangor of the perfecting press. An alderman may smile and smile and be a boodler still. The smile of the old soldier to-day is retrospective, introspective, pure and honest—honest as an alarm clock. Parades, inspections and reviews vex recruit and veteran no more. No longer do they fill our hours with carking care. For us they are terrorless as the flight of time to one engrossed in slaking the thirst of his friends after a birth in the family. We helped to endow Republican institutions with a magic power that is able, even now, to take an aboriginal nihilist and raise him to such altitudes that he can vote the Australian ballot, and show a visible inclination to bathe.

Times and customs have greatly changed since the war, and largely by reason of it. The press-clipping bureau and the chrysanthemum crown of the football fiend were then undreamed of. But many things, alas! remain unchanged.

As of yore when earth is suffering from a surcharge; there are mysterious moanings in its depths, which the heavens hear, betokening a perilous over-production of brains. It is a crowning injustice of advanced civilization that men do all the easy work and require women to do the shopping. The tailor still vies with the schoolmaster for supremacy in forming the manners of our ambrosial youth, many of whom seem destined to the exalted rank of Chief Refulgent and Irridescent Gee-Whizz in the Ancient and Honorable Order of Shiftlessness. Some gentlemen, retired from practice of gentility, boast of their remote ancestry, (a very, very great descent), proud as the descendants from Baalam's saddle pony. They are still busy explaining how the Rebellion succeeded in getting suppressed, before their important business had been so arranged as to permit them to participate in the carnage. If old Frostyheart marries young Goldenhair and utterly fails to live happily ever after, we do not waste many tears. A

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few surviving, able-bodied patriots thoughtfully sent substitutes to the front, themselves remaining behind to guard the communications and holy-stone the quarter-deck while the prow plowed to the breakers. These now have lingering fears that veterans' re-unions are a menace to the Republic, but are partially reassured when they learn that politics and profanity are rigidly tabooed.

The pacific mathematical moralizer, padded with unavailable erudition, is a walking lexicon and talking waste-basket. He wears a face that does not fit him, and focusses his attention chiefly on the sweet celestial music of his own perpetual voice, while engaged in the occult demonstration of alleged facts. Among these, that army service was a livelong holiday, pleasant as making picnic lemonade when the girl holds the lemon and her young man does the squeezing. The shameless miscreant who abandoned a beautiful wife (the wife of his neighbor) at the revolver's mouth, fled to Canada to escape the draft and contributed to swell her miscellaneous assortment of imported blatherskites. He afterwards returned screaming for peace, like a boy who has telescoped his toe on a flagstone. He now feels competent to pronounce upon the ethics of pension legislation from the standpoint of virtuous impartiality. The free-ore orator, loaded with garlic and other fragrance, whose rhetoric is yet untapped for dropsy, never allows his sempiternal solo to lapse on bare Nebraskan plains, where thermometers fall below cost and death rides in blizzards on a mileage ticket. But for himself he prefers to girdle immortality with a silken surcingle, and to roll his fine frenzies through terrestrial space in a tapestried palace car, deadhead.

The glass of purity and mould of decorum, is afflicted with a revolving intellectual apparatus leading to purely mechanical cerebration, and thinks from day to day seeing

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only to the end of his cigarette. He regards war literature as a combination of bunco and green goods too heavy for endurance. He takes on that afflicted expression of countenance born of offended olfactories when war records are alluded to. His conception of the mighty tragedy is based strictly on a plane of parallelism with the melancholy episode in the synagogue, when little Isaac was killed in the crush. The astuteness of the raccoon is proverbial, phenomenal. Some men have less.

Stuffed citizens of duly verified self-consequence are filled to satiety with fruits of the garden and flesh of the flocks and ripened fluids of the vintage. They entertain sentiments as consistent as the betrothal of a little-neck clam to a New York count or the marriage of a duchess to a Dutchman. These hesitate to soil the angel plumage of their supposed souls by contact with the vulgarities of mere patriotism, haughtily proclaiming their aspiration for a loftier spiritual efflorescence. Self-made men and self-rising flour sometimes burst their crust. Placable conciliators, swathed in broad milky ways of human kindness, freely excuse father Noah's single lapse in that aged surprisal after model conduct for six hundred long years, when he was unexpectedly inebriated from the unknown effects of wine. They pardon him for parading the naughtiness of his nudeness before the public eye. But they still unrelentingly assume that army service was synonymous with dissipation, that every soldier was irretrievably debauched. And this despite the fact that ex-veterans of the war are filling the highest places in church and state with dignity and honor.

Every man to his trade, cries the bigamous cobbler, with shell-bark resonance, and tenaciously sticks to his last. Every crank to his whim, every fool to his folly, says common-sense, with some slight conscientious twinges. When

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uncle Silas comes from South Squam and for the first time confronts the dizzy delights of a gay metropolis there is danger in the air. Look not upon Monte Carlo when it is red; shun humbugs as you would shun a land title based on love and affection. The events we commemorate happened, to all intents and purposes, on a different planet from that now occupying our orbit. If ever a Dress Parade of hobbies, a review of shams or an inspection of human nature could be displayed, there are grounds for a suspicion that serious complications would ensue. They would equal the ferment from an accidental mixture of gin, gingerbread and sauerkraut, prime standard products of the early Knickerbockers and first exports from New Amsterdam. Bulwer says: "Beware of the poor devil who is always railing at coaches and four; book him as a man to be bribed."

More than thirty years ago, for the last time in the volunteer army of the Union the welcome call, "Parade is dismissed," rang along the attenuated line of some lingering battalion, and it dissolved into history. Parades, marches and battles were finished. But victory was assured; its results are embedded and embalmed in the nation's splendid destiny.

It is an inspiring thought that this destiny opens broad and bright before us, and we need only be faithful to our trust to ensure a realization of the fondest dreams of the heroes, saints and martyrs of the olden time. Unrolled around us lies a continent, clothed with verdure as with a garment, heavy with its stores of hoarded wealth, all reserved for us in virgin purity and freshness since earth's creation morn. Our race is inheritor of the best blood, the best energies, the best principles, the best talent, that have illumined and vivified the human family through all its glorious past. Here then, if we and our descendants are true, in this enlarged and beautified Eden, are to be evolved

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all the grand possibilities of humanity. Here increasing prosperity is to bring increased virtue; increasing intelligence, increased power; increasing culture, increased happiness; increasing freedom, increased nobility. Here the swarming millions yet to be, moulded by free institutions and universal education into a refined and homogeneous race, multiplying their material comforts by now undreamed-of physical appliances, adorning their homes until each family shall dwell, self-centered, in a world of beauty as in a shining sphere of crystal, and warming in the sunshine of God's presence as they grow in moral stature nearer to His throne, will advance to the millenial fruition promised as the goal of earthly hope and effort.

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AN EPISODE IN THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN OF GENERALS BUELL AND BRAGG.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL CHARLES D. KERR,

SIXTEENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read January 8, 1895.)

The summer and fall of 1862 was perhaps the darkest period of the War of the Rebellion. Corinth, through the imbecility of Hallock, had been evacuated instead of captured; the line dividing the contestants in the East had been pushed north of Maryland, a State that had not seceded, and there seemed imminent danger of our losing in the West most of the territory our armies had gained.

Grant truly remarks in his "Memoirs" that many loyal people despaired in the fall of 1862 of ever saving the Union.

After the occupation of Corinth, the division of General Paine, to which my regiment was attached, and which consisted largely of Illinois troops, was sent to relieve the command of General Thomas, at Tuscumbia, Ala., a place chiefly noted for a magnificent spring which flowed from the bowels of the earth in volume as large as a good sized creek, and the waters of which were so cold that we found bathing in them uncomfortable, even in the hot summer months, at the Fair Grounds, a mile below the spring, where our brigade was encamped.

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I was serving at the time on brigade staff, as acting assistant-adjutant-general.

Inactivity, the bane of the soldier, combined with other causes, had engendered desertions by the wholesale, until in the month of August the evil had become so threatening that the most stringent measures for prevention and punishment were deemed necessary.

In this emergency I was sent by General Paine to General Grant at Corinth, as the bearer of dispatches on the subject.

Arriving at Corinth, I found the General attired in the unadorned fatigue blouse that every companion here who knew him in the field will recognize, and with more simple and modest surroundings than many a regimental colonel affected.

The dispatches were delivered to Colonel Rawlins, chief of staff, who after consultation with the general in his private apartments, directed me to report there in person.

The result of this interview developed the fact that these desertions were largely from troops enlisted in the "Military Tract," so called in Illinois, where my regiment was recruited, and where a large element of the population was in active or passive sympathy with the Rebellion.

An order was prepared, directing me to proceed to Illinois, and in conjunction with the provost-marshal-general to arrest and return to the army certain deserters, with all convenient speed, etc. The order was "*carte blanche*" in character, requiring transportation to be furnished, etc.

After some time spent in Illinois, in performance of this duty, I was surprised to see in the papers one morning that General Paine's Division at Tuscumbia had been ordered to the front for duty and that a battle with the forces under General Bragg was imminent.

I had a dread of being absent from my command under

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such circumstances, and my youth may perhaps serve as an excuse for magnifying the importance of my being present in the field, and for minimizing the duty of fully performing the service for which I had been detailed.

But so it was, that I dropped everything and hastened back to Corinth by the first train; on arriving there I found, before leaving the depot, that Grant had gone, that General McPherson was in command of the Post; that General Paine's Division was far on its way towards Nashville, having been ordered to report to General Buell, and that communication with it could only be had then by way of Louisville, Ky. I learned furthermore that all officers and men of other commands arriving at Corinth, were at once detailed for duty there by General McPherson, and that if I reported to him, all chance of joining my command, for the present, would be at an end. I had not come for any such purpose, and determined to escape such fate if possible. I therefore remained quietly in the depot until the first train left for Columbus, Ky., which I boarded, and found my comprehensive order from General Grant satisfactory to the conductor and the provost guard on the train. My objective point now was Louisville which I reached in due time, and found the last train about to depart in the direction of Nashville; boarding that, the first obstruction we encountered was a burned bridge at Salt Creek, destroyed a few days before by guerillas; making a portage over this we found another train on the further side and proceeded in that.

At another point, trestle work or bridge and track were destroyed, if I remember rightly. All sorts of rumors were in the air with respect to Bragg's and Buell's armies, and we were constantly apprehensive of attack and capture of our train. At Munfordville, garrisoned by a small force under Colonel Wilder, we learned that part of Buell's army

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was near Bowling Green, at which place we at last arrived. The railroad between that point and Nashville was effectually destroyed. I put up at an old-fashioned country tavern, the best accommodation to be had in Bowling Green, and expected soon to meet my regiment among the troops that were then commencing to arrive. You may imagine my chagrin and disappointment, when a day or two later I learned from a member of General Buell's staff that the division of General Paine had been left behind to garrison Nashville, that all communication between that point and Bowling Green had been severed, that the rear division of Buell's army was then within a few miles of Bowling Green followed closely by guerillas and the light cavalry of the enemy, and that it would be worse than foolhardy to attempt to reach Nashville until the issue was settled between the armies of Buell and Bragg.

The inevitable had of course to be accepted, and I made up my mind to report to General Buell the next morning, and ask to be assigned to duty in his army. My regiment had not been in General Buell's command before leaving Tuscumbia, and I knew nothing personally of his army, but it appeared to me to be a fine body of troops, well drilled and disciplined. It is true I heard remarks around the hotel which indicated dissatisfaction and almost insubordination.

Moreover the impedimenta of the army was something fearful to contemplate in the light of later experience, and the baggage trains would have been matter of ridicule to the same army two years later, but that seemed all right then to a volunteer soldier such as I, and I felt no hesitation in casting my lot with such an army.

Being weary and disappointed, I retired early. My room was separated from a large chamber or apartment adjoining by a thin partition through which ordinary conversa-

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tion could be distinctly heard. I had scarcely got to sleep when I was awakened by noise and conversation in this adjoining room, which I must perforce hear or stop my ears, and this the tenor of the conversation very quickly determined me not to do.

The assemblage was a large one and, judging from the titles given, consisted mainly of generals and colonels. It was manifest that the meeting was called for a definite purpose, which it proceeded systematically to perform; that purpose was to perfect arrangements, in the event of its becoming necessary in their judgment, to depose General Buell from the command of the army, place him under arrest, and put such command in the hands of General George H. Thomas. To the accomplishment of this design, these men bound themselves to each other by the most solemn promises of co-operation and support.

They claimed to have sufficient strength in the army to accomplish their purpose, and even the details were in a measure agreed upon.

The discussion developed with much particularity of detail the causes which led to his extraordinary plot. They were, for the most part, news to me. Some of these alleged causes were brought to light and explained in the subsequent investigation of General Buell, ordered by the War Department; others still remain in the dark, and I, at least, am not competent to-day, in the light of history or otherwise, to pass upon their accuracy or their merits.

It was claimed by these men, among other things, that at the outset of the campaign Buell's instructions contemplated the capture and occupation of Chattanooga, which at that time might have been easily accomplished; that at the time the armies of Buell and Bragg respectively crossed the Tennessee River, that of Buell was superior in numbers and better equipped for battle; that the task entrusted to

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Buell was not to parallel the line of march of Bragg to Kentucky, but to intercept and attack him in East Tennessee; that this might easily have been done at several points and especially at Sparta, after Buell's army had been concentrated at Murfreesboro; that the march to that point was dilatory and the delays unnecessary; that one of the principal purposes of the commanding general seemed to be the protection of Rebel property, and the conciliation of all classes; that vast trains of provisions were waited for unreasonably long at times, and were conveyed on the march at the constant expense of celerity, instead of subsisting on the country as Bragg was largely doing; that it was a blunder, little short of a crime, to permit Bragg to cross the Cumberland River; that after it became apparent at Nashville that Bragg was marching on Kentucky, the delay and tardiness of the march from there to intercept him was unnecessary and inexcusable, it having taken, as they asserted, from five to eight days to march from Nashville to Bowling Green, a distance of seventy miles; that on the very day of this meeting news had come from Colonel Wilder at Munfordville that he had been attacked by a superior force, and asking for assistance, which was not furnished him, (in point of fact, Colonel Wilder, with a force of between three and four thousand men was compelled, a day or two later, to surrender to General Bragg.

It was claimed that instead of waiting so long at Bowling Green, battle should at once be forced upon Bragg at Glasgow, or some point before he could reach Munfordville.

These and many other claims, which I cannot now enumerate, were advanced by these officers in defense of their course, and to crown them all was the conviction, which seemed to prevail with practical unanimity, that General Buell's loyalty was matter of grave doubt. Whatever may

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be thought of the judgment and discretion of these men, there has never been a question in my mind of their sincerity and patriotism.

As already stated I do not presume to pass judgment on the merits of the controversy between General Buell and the disaffected element in his army; those who were present as members of that army on the march in question, are much better fitted for that task than I, but that there was such dissatisfaction, bordering on insubordination, is matter of fact beyond dispute.

Many of the newspapers of the North criticised what was then known as General Buell's policy of conciliation, and some of these papers impugned his motives, notably the *Chicago Tribune*, *Indianapolis Journal*, and *Cincinnati Gazette & Commercial*, which circulated largely and presumably had much influence among the Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio troops, and contributed in creating the feeling referred to.

In his testimony before the commission General McCook, when asked if Buell had not been criticised in the newspapers for his conciliatory policy, replied that he supposed he had, as he, McCook, had been abused by the Abolition press, and hoped he would continue to be.

This remark illustrates the feeling of one side, while the other believed that it was about time to stop using the word "Abolition" as a term of obloquy and reproach, and to stop also using the army for the protection of the Rebels and their property.

And so by these and other means the opposing forces in the army were brought to that condition when such a meeting as I have described was possible.

Another evidence of dissatisfaction was the great number of desertions, or temporary withdrawals from the army without leave.

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It is stated that there were from eight to ten thousand of these on the march from Nashville to Louisville, and the Assistant Adjutant-General of the army testified before the commission that at Louisville there were 14,000 borne on the rolls as absent without leave.

Regardless therefore of the rights of the controversy, the fact remains that there was discontent in the army.

For thirty-two years I have kept my own counsels with respect to this meeting. I felt that being an unwitting and uninvited guest, so to speak, it would be hardly fair for me to divulge what I heard when it might tend to the injury of any participant, but now that no one who was present survives, so far as I know their names, I deem it not improper to add this mite to the history of the war.

There were rumors in the army of such a meeting. Upon the investigation of General Buell referred to, he himself put the following question to certain officers, namely: "Were you present at an assemblage of officers, at which it was proposed to depose General Buell from the command of the army and to place General Thomas in command?"

The officers thus interrogated denied any participation in or personal knowledge of such an assemblage, but some admitted that there were rumors in the army that such a meeting had been held.

So far as I am aware this paper is the first public statement of the facts by any one who claimed to know whereof he spoke.

I never have, I do not now, and I never shall mention the name of any one who was present at that meeting. Of course there were some there whose names I did not hear and never knew. It is hardly necessary to say that General Thomas, who was to be made the beneficiary of the action contemplated, was not a participant. Members of

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that army here present will not confound the meeting I have referred to at Bowling Green with another held about a week later, at a farm house near Cave City where resolutions were passed requesting the removal of General Buell by the War Department.

You may well imagine that no sleep came to my eyes that night. I was simply thunderstruck, but of one thing there did not remain in my mind a shadow of doubt, namely: that whether the accusations against the general commanding were true or false I did not want to take my chances in an army where such a spirit and feeling existed, and I determined by one means or another to avoid doing so.

The next day I found a bright looking darky, who had driven a hack up from Nashville with the army for a sick officer, and who proposed starting on his return the next morning. With many protestations touching the danger of such an undertaking both to him and to me, he at last agreed to take me back to Nashville for $50.00. I found him very intelligent, and, as I found all of his race in my war experience, loyal and faithful. Several hours were spent with him that day, learning the names of localities and of certain families in Nashville, their antecedents, etc., for I knew I must concoct a story, explanatory of my visit to Nashville that would hold water and leave no loop-holes for exposure. I had spent a year in the South shortly before the war, and acquired a little of their accent and idiom, which I hoped might save my "shibboleth" from detection.

Having agreed to meet the colored man on the Nashville road the next morning, at a certain hour, I spent the intervening time in arranging my story so that it should be plausible and consistent. I purchased in the town a complete suit of citizen's clothes, and left with the landlord, on some pretense, I do not now remember what, my satchel

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and in it every paper and scrap and vestige of everything that would indicate that I had any connection with the army, (I am happy to say in vindication of the landlord's honesty that a few months later I sent for and received the satchel at Nashville, with the contents intact.)

At the appointed hour and place my darky appeared with his hack, but to my dismay it had an occupant, a man dressed outwardly like myself in citizen's clothes. My heart sank within me, and for a moment I hesitated to incur the increased risk, but the driver very pleasantly introduced me to the man as Mr. Brown, and stated that he was anxious to go to Nashville to see a sick brother, and that he had agreed to take him.

At last with many misgivings I got in the hack and our journey began. The first adventure we encountered was eight or ten miles south of Bowling Green. There we met three Union soldiers, under the influence of liquor who stopped us and ordered the driver to turn around and take them to Bowling Green. I ordered him sharply to drive on, which he did before they could reach the horses.

The men were stragglers from the last division, which had arrived at Bowling Green the night before, and had their guns. I fully expected they would fire into us, but for some reason they did not.

A few miles further on we came to the smoking ruins of a large farm house, and about half way from the front door to the gate lay a Union soldier with the top of his head almost literally blown off. A few servants who were digging a grave for him explained that he and three others, evidently the ones we had met, had insulted the mistress, when old master just came to the door with his shot gun and killed this man who was nearest, whereupon master and the other inmates escaped by the rear to the woods near by, where they were still in hiding; that the three

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remaining soldiers then plundered and set fire to the house and proceeded on their way towards Bowling Green. By this time one or two white men had arrived and I thought it time we were driving on. I had kept close watch of my companion and noticed actions and remarks which clearly indicated his sympathies and which satisfied me that he must be subdued, or our chances of a safe journey were slim. I thereupon took him in hand without gloves. I told him that from his remarks and actions I was satisfied he favored the Union army, if he did not belong to it, and if that fact was discovered his life would almost certainly pay the forfeit, and mine would be in danger; that he must do one of two things, either agree to keep his mouth shut, except when compelled to answer a question, and let me do all the explaining and talking, or then and there get out of the hack and proceed where he pleased on foot. I told him the next break he made I should denounce him to the first Rebel troops we met. He was thoroughly frightened and readily promised all I asked. A look from me was sufficient thenceforth.

A few miles further on we came to Franklin, Ky. News of the occurrences just spoken of had preceded us and there seemed to be intense excitement. Bells were ringing, armed men riding furiously about the streets and a company of mounted Rebel troops was drawn up in the square two blocks distant from the street we had taken to pass through the town. We had gotten almost through when we were halted by a squad of mounted men, under charge of a venerable looking old man, who nevertheless rode like one accustomed to that exercise. He dismounted and questioned us closely. I told him in a few words my prearranged story and then answered his questions as to the soldiers we had seen and the transactions at the house

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spoken of. He was so deeply interested in *that* and so anxious to start in pursuit of the Yankee scoundrels, as he very properly called them, that he let us off easily and we drove on.

I have always thought it fortunate that there was so much else to divert the attention of the company of Rebel cavalry which was occupying Franklin when we passed through.

We stopped that night without being further interrupted, at a large house about half way between Bowling Green and Nashville, where our driver said travelers were entertained. The owner of this place was an intensely bitter Rebel, made more demonstrative by the fact that his fences and forage had been for the most part appropriated by the army in passing through. Even the vigilance in that regard, attributed by his enemies to General Buell, could not save fences and forage from the soldiers of some of the divisions of that army, where they encamped over night.

At supper we met a very intelligent merchant from Nashville, on a business trip, who felt free to air the most pronounced secession sympathies, and was profuse in his denunciations of the treatment of out host by the vandal Yankees, as he termed them.

I was not at all anxious to form an intimate acquaintance with this gentleman, under the circumstances, and was well satisfied that his attention was so absorbed with the woes of his Rebel host as to leave but little opportunity for minute enquiry as to the occasion of our visit to Nashville at such a time. I maintained a dignified silence for the most part, signifying my acquiescence in and sympathy with the views expressed, more by look and tone than by much speaking, remembering how easy it is to overdraw where a part is being acted.

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We excused ourselves for retiring early on the plea of fatigue and succeeded in making so early a start the next morning that we did not meet again our Rebel friend from Nashville. On retiring we were shown to a room having two beds, and I noticed that my fellow traveler got into bed with his clothes on, but did not realize the significance of the act.

Between this place and Nashville we were halted four times by bands in citizens clothes, mostly boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age and men too old for active service, and armed for the most part with shot guns and squirrel rifles.

Fortunately for us my story did not seem to elicit so much attention as my news concerning the whereabouts of Buell and Bragg, albeit such news was in point of fact as unreliable as my ingenuity could make it. I hope I shall be forgiven for all the lies told during that trip. In these interviews again I left my Southern sympathies to be inferred more from tone, manner, and phraseology than from open protestations.

The most serious detention we encountered was at Gallatin, where we found a small command of regular Confederate troopers. They were rather disposed to doubt, I thought, and plied me with questions, until the cold chills ran down my back. One bright looking young Thomas turned up the bottom of my pants, whether to see if anything was sewed in the lining or from mere idle curiosity I could not determine. It was fortunate for us that they devoted such attentions principally to the spokesman and left my companion for the most part unmolested.

At last we were permitted to proceed and in due time reached the outpost of our command, five or six miles from Nashville. Never before or since has the blue uniform of the army seemed so attractive to me.

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To this detachment I gave my name and rank, to the evident surprise of my companion, and he introduced himself as a captain in Andy Johnson's Home Guard, as they were known in the army, at which I neither felt nor expressed the slightest surprise, but a feeling of devout thankfulness did possess me that the Rebels we had encountered had not been called upon to judge me by the company I kept.

When we reached the outskirts of Nashville my doughty captain stopped the hack and getting out upon the roadside, proceeded snake-like to shed his skin, that is, to take off the coat, vest and pants of linen, which he wore outside, and blossom out in the full uniform and decorations of his rank and regiment, declaring, as he strutted towards the carriage, that he did not propose to report to his "Governor" in citizen's clothes. At first I was too dumfounded for utterance, but as I gained my breath, I gave that creature the most unmerciful tongue-lashing that ever a living being got from me. Finally as I looked at his shining blue pants, and realized what would have happened if *his* linen overalls instead of mine had been turned up by the soldier at Gallatin, I lost all control of myself and compelled the darky to drive on with me alone, leaving the vainglorious captain to find the way to his "Governor" on foot, and I have never seen him since.

My regimental friends greeted me warmly, more I suspect for the news I brought from the front, or *rear* as you may prefer, than from admiration for my foolhardy feat.

It was a reckless, uncalled for assumption of risk, and the only palliation I can offer is the state of mind into which I was thrown by the revelations of that night at Bowling Green.

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For fifty days we remained at Nashville entirely cut off from all communication with the outside world except by grapevine, which always brought news of disaster to the Union arms.

A week or two after arriving in Nashville, I stepped one day into the store of the merchant with whom we had supped at the Half-way house. I was dressed in full uniform and at first he did not recognize me, but after some slight allusions to our former meeting, he took in the situation, and throwing up his hands exclaimed, "My God, are you a Federal officer?" "Why, of course," said I, laughing, "didn't you know it?" "I had some doubt of the other man," he replied, "but I never suspected you, and if you will permit me to say so, it is a lucky thing for you that the owner of that stopping place was likewise unsuspicious." Recalling then his bitter denunciations he asked what I purposed doing with him. "Never fear," said I. "In gratitude for my own deliverance I would grant amnesty to every Rebel I met on the trip if I could. You may rest assured that I will never make unfavorable mention of your name," and I never did.

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THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO THE BLOODY ANGLE AT SPOTTSYLVANIA COURT HOUSE.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDWIN C. MASON,

COLONEL THIRD INFANTRY, U. S. ARMY.

(Read March 12, 1895.)

The year 1863 was an eventful one for the Army of the Potomac. When it opened the army lay in front of the Virginia town of Fredericksburg, the great battle of that name had been fought a few weeks before, and the men who had stormed Mary's Heights on the 13th of December, 1862, with their comrades who had fought in other parts of the field had recrossed the Rappahannock and spent Christmas and New Year's day with what cheer they could make, in their camps on its banks.

It was not a cheerful time; the shadow of a great engagement, inconclusive in its results, was upon the men; they felt they deserved better treatment than they had received. They felt that better use could have been made of their courage, discipline and drill than to have hurled them against the fortified heights on which Lee had taken his stand.

We know the results of the engagement, and the army chafed and sulked under its unnecessary sacrifice; therefore the army was not in a cheerful mood on New Year's day.

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The year 1863 opened with General Burnside in command. Early in January he made another attempt to cross the Rappahannock to engage the enemy. An unceasing downpour of rain that rendered the clayey roads and fields bottomless, defeated the enterprise. This abortive operation has passed into history under its soldier name, "The Mud Campaign." Soon after this General Burnside was succeeded in command of the Army of the Potomac by General Joseph Hooker who, early in May, fought the inconclusive battle of Chancellorsville, with its accompanying loss of 17,000 men killed, wounded and missing.

The hotspurs of the South, who thought it time to carry the war beyond the border, were emboldened by the failure of General Hooker to dislodge General Lee, and urged the Richmond government to invade the North. The Confederate Commissary-General gave voice to this sentiment when he replied to General Lee's request for rations. "If General Lee wants rations let him find them in Pennsylvania." I shall not attempt to follow this movement;—the attempt to carry the war into the loyal states on the 4th of July at Gettysburg. General Meade is now in command and we follow with him the retreating wave of rebellion as it ebbed back from its high-water mark at Cemetery Ridge.

Why the pursuit of the Army of Northern Virginia was not pressed and General Lee forced to fight with his back to the swollen Potomac, is still a subject of discussion. From my observation it appeared that the enemy had made but slight attempts to entrench his position. Under orders I made a careful reconnoissance of the lines in front of the Sixth Corps. My examination led me to believe an attack could have been successfully delivered. Subsequently I learned that a council of war was in session at army head-

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quarters, and remembering Napoleon's remark, that "A council of war never fights," I was not surprised that we did not attack.

We did not press the enemy and Lee on the 14th of July, after two days' delay, built new boats and patched up that part of his pontoon train not destroyed by General French at Falling Waters; and being favored by the subsidence of the river sufficient to make it possible for the infantry to wade waist-deep, withdrew into Virginia with the minimum of loss of men and material. Thus ended the campaign of invasion on which the Rebels had built such high hopes.

A series of maneuvers highly interesting to the military student filled the remaining months of the year. Centerville, Warrington, Bristoe, Catletts, Rappahannock, Brandy Station, Cedar Run and Mine Run, are familiar names and the mere mention of them brings to the mind of the soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, stirring scenes of rapid marches, of flank movements, of skirmishes and battles, of pleasant camps and bivouacs in the beautiful country of Northern Virginia.

These scenes were only interludes in the great game of war, and the army would advance or retreat as one or the other of the antagonists was depleted by the withdrawal of forces to meet the enemy in other fields. Now it was Meade who was called upon to send troops to South Carolina, and to New York City to suppress disloyal mobs. Again it was Lee who was required to dispatch Longstreet to Tennessee to aid Bragg against Rosecrans. Again it was the departure of the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps under Hooker to restore in the West the balance after Chickamauga. Like two fencers, the armies played back and forth between the Rapidan and the familiar field of Bull Run, until they settled in winter quarters with the Rapidan

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between them and Fredericksburg, from which the army had started in May, only twenty miles away on the left flank.

These movements were conducted through the most beautiful part of Virginia, the gentle undulations of the land giving opportunity for the eye to sweep, from time to time, over a vast range of cultivated country, dotted with farm houses, and laced with roads over which the several corps of the army stretched for miles, the sinuous line marked by the bright sparkle of the polished muskets.

In some cases the column marched in parallel lines with the wagon trains between, and, as in the case with the march on Centerville to defeat Lee's plans, the march was accompanied by a running and continuous cavalry and horse artillery skirmish on the flanks. At no other period in its history did the Army of the Potomac see in such rapid succession the alternate lights and shades of army life in the field; the change within an hour from the comforts and amusements of a well-established camp, to the rapid and hurried march, the bivouac beneath bright autumn skies, the engagements between corps, the skirmishes between regiments, and detached brigades;—the rapid march through the day or night to secure some important positions, the foraging parties beyond the lines, always resulting in an affair with the enemy intent on the same errand.

I remember one in which Mosby, the guerilla chief, or some of his band, and myself were actors. With only an orderly I had ridden to a farm-house beyond our picket lines, and while talking with the ladies who came to the porch in front of the house on my approach, I sent the orderly to explore the barns and outbuildings for forage; the ladies were bright and pleasant and seemed inclined to hold me in conversation. I saw no men, but I was not

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surprised when the orderly rode quietly to my side and whispered, "There are mounted Rebels behind the corn-crib." I knew my first movement to leave would be the signal for attack, so continuing my chat I gathered my reins, and then suddenly swung my horse to the right and dashed for the gate. The gate had been left on the latch, for the purpose of securing a speedy retreat. The orderly who was a few yards ahead dashed through and attempted to throw the gate wide open for me. The gate thrown violently back struck the fence, rebounded, and closed with a snap in my horse's face. The Rebels with a cheer dashed from their cover and doubtless thought my capture certain. Fortunately I was mounted on my thoroughbred horse of English hunting stock. Instantly turning to the right she cleared the rail fence and struck out across the field. My troubles were not over, however, and this the enemy knew right well from a thorough acquaintance with the country. The main road was two hundred yards away, and sloped rapidly from where the lane from the house entered it to the valley below, so while I was galloping across the level field I was approaching the edge of a bank, how high I could not tell; along its edge ran a low rail fence covered with vines and bushes. So certain were my pursuers that I could not escape that they did not fire, but, bursting through a gap in the farm-yard fence, they came after me. One must think fast and decide quickly in times like these. I determined to clear the fence and take my chances of reaching the road unhurt. I knew my horse to be sure-footed and agile to a high degree. Giving her her head as I approached the fence diagonally so that she could see what was before her, and the prospect I discovered was not encouraging, for the fence stood almost on the edge of the bank, which sloped rapidly away to the road some thirty feet below, I turned her sharply and gave her the spur.

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She cleared the fence and dropped lightly on the farther side with her fore-legs well spread out, her haunches gathered under her; she struck the narrow edge of the bank and slid like a shot down the soft, clayey slope, landing on her feet, then quickly gathered herself and springing into the road dashed down it, just as the disappointed pursuers appeared at the fence. They did not attempt to follow, but unslinging their carbines opened a rapid fire; I had a little fear of their hasty fire, and every stride of my good horse took me out of danger of a Rebel prison, and swinging my cap I answered their shouts as I disappeared in the valley below.

These and other stirring scenes filled the days; the pleasant sojourn, all too short in Wovington and other towns, filled with bright, if saucy, Virginia girls. It was a period of ideal soldiering, and all the brighter in retrospect, coming between the campaign of McClellan in the swampy Peninsula, and the stern work that filled the days in the Wilderness. An incident in our camping near Wovington comes to my mind. Wovington had, in its palmy days before the war, been a favorite resort for the Virginia gentry; at the time I refer to, it was occupied by the wives and daughters of those who wore the Confederate gray.

The ladies gave themselves the utmost freedom in abusing the Yankees. This did not in the least impair our cordial relations, for we recognized the time-honored privilege of the fair sex to express its mind freely. Once, on another occasion, when I was the victim of a tirade which I think my silence increased, for when we want to scold it sharpens the tongue to have the whetstone of a reply, I discomfited my fair adversary by saying, "Madam, when a woman chooses to talk in that manner, all a man can do is to listen in silence;" so then we let the ladies ease their minds by flinging at the Yankee invaders, and

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enjoyed their society with riding parties by day, and dancing and singing parties by night. So long had we been from home, the very sight of a woman was attractive, and the soft voices of those cultivated Virginia ladies, make us think of our own sweethearts and wives.

In no other profession than that of arms do we find such a blending of light and shade—of the somber and the gay—such rapid transition from laughter to tears, from the careless ease of the hours "off duty" to the perils of the attack—such a kaleidoscope of experiences—joy, sorrow, elation, despondency, ease, plenty and comfort, followed, within an hour it might be, by privation and suffering, hunger, cold and thirst. The majority of men are fortunately so constituted that the passage of time mellows in the mind the darker shades of life, and brings out more clearly the brighter tints. It is well that this is so,—it indeed constitutes the chief charm of retrospect. There is not a soldier before me to-day who cannot recall many a pleasant hour in the camp, the bivouac, and on the march. He sees again the long, sinuous column winding like a blue and silver ribbon through the forests or over the roads of Georgia, the Carolinas, or Virginia, and hears the cry of "Coffee, coffee" run along the column as the men feel the quickening of their keen and healthy appetites. Soon comes the halt, and in a moment a thousand little fires dot the roadside or the neighboring fields. Every fire is the centre of a group each member of which is intent on boiling his pot of coffee, or frying the hearty compound of bacon and hard bread he has carried for his marching ration. How the jest or story would run around the group, or the look of satisfaction settle on the face of the smoker as he filled his clay dudeen or corn-cob pipe with the best tobacco the last plantation furnished to his enterprising foraging—he feels at peace with the world—the lion is subdued. I once heard

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a soldier say, under like circumstances, as he took his last sip of coffee and proceeded to fill his pipe while settling back into a comfortable position against a friendly tree: "I am a lamb again and a child could play with me." Who does not remember many a pleasant bivouac beneath soft summer skies when, after a long march, the night has closed around him, and the stars have come out to look down upon the army, as it rests in field and forest—on hillside and the plain—while the flickering camp-fires dot the landscape on every side, and the hum of voices fills the night with sound like the murmur of a mighty hive. The pleasant chat around the blazing log-heap is interrupted by the blare of trumpets, the hoarse rumble of the drum, or the softer strains of some brigade band; these martial sounds increase each moment as tattoo is taken up by regiment after regiment and the men of the several corps over miles of country stand in ranks and answer "Here" to their names, with a passing thought for the comrade who attended his last roll-call a few days before, and the reflection that his time may come next. Taps with its soft and plaintive notes sends him to his bed on mother Earth to win the sound and refreshing sleep nowhere so perfect as beneath the open sky. There are times like these when we truly enjoy the manly in life and are inclined to say: "Who would not be a soldier?"

The Army of the Potomac and Northern Virginia, passed the winter 1863-64 cantoned in the region between Gordonsville and Rappahannock Station. General Lee was on the south side of the Rapidan, at Orange Court House, and Gordonsville, with pickets on the river covering his front as far down as Fredericksburg.

General Meade with his back to the Rappahannock, lay on either side of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and over it drew his supplies from the Potomac River and Washington.

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The time from September to May was pleasantly and profitably spent, in drills, inspections and reviews, while the staff corps replenished their supplies, and the war office in Washington sent from the North recruits to fill the depleted ranks.

Spring comes early in Virginia, and May day found the roads dry and hard and the army ready with a hundred and forty thousand men of all arms ready to march southward to again attempt the capture of the Rebel capitol, and the defeat of the powerful army organized from the flower of the Southern chivalry to defend it.

It is not my purpose to attempt more than a sketch of a few incidents of the mighty struggle that commenced the day we broke camp and continued by day and night almost without cessation, until Hancock's success at Spottsylvania on the morning of the 12th of May opened the way for the army to swing out of the Wilderness, into a country where one could at least see the foe before engaging him.

The order for the movement of the army was issued by General Meade who was in immediate command. Lieutenant-General Grant commanding the armies of the United States was present and planned the campaign. Much has been written in comment upon the selection of a route. Some writers hold that the Fredericksburg route should have been taken, that the 140,000 well-drilled, equipped, disciplined soldiers of the army should have been strategically operated against General Lee's 65,000; others that Lee's left flank should have been turned and his army forced backwards towards Richmond. I shall not enter into the arguments for and against these several plans.

When the campaign opened the Army of the Potomac consisted of the Second Corps under Hancock, the Fifth Corps under Warren, the Sixth Corps under Sedgwick. The

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Cavalry Corps was under Sheridan. General Sedgwick was killed a few days after the campaign opened and Wright succeeded to the command.

Burnside with the Ninth Corps was temporarily attached to the army.

The Confederate Army of Northern Virginia under Lee consisted of three infantry corps under Longstreet, Ewell and A. P. Hill, with a corps of cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart, commonly called "Jeb" Stuart.

General Grant said to General Meade, a few days before the campaign opened, in answer to some suggestions from that officer, that his objective point was Lee's army; that what he wanted was to force a battle. It was never difficult for the Army of the Potomac to find General Lee, nor to bring on a battle with the Army of Northern Virginia; it was always in easy striking distance, and the fighting began in this campaign as it had in others, with the first forward movement. It was a bold movement for General Grant to attempt to cross the front of the enemy within a short day's march of his lines, such a military operation can only be successfully accomplished in the face of a supine foe. But General Lee was neither indolent nor inattentive, but ever ready to march and fight.

How vivid are my recollections of the day this great campaign opened! From my acquaintance with officers high in command in the army, I was made aware many days before the orders were issued, that we would soon be moving, and was prepared for the orders finally issued on the afternoon of the third day of May. The soldiers were impatient to be on the march and greeted the orders as they were carried from camp to camp with cheers and the music of their bands. It was a scene of joyous bustle everywhere throughout the night, as the final preparations for the campaign were made.

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From my camp, about two miles north of Brandy Station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and on the crown of a ridge, one of the gentle undulations of the country, I could see the light of bivouac fires and the brighter flash of blazing huts as the men set their little winter houses of logs, boards or sticks aflame after removing the shelter tent that formed the roof. The impression was almost universal throughout the ranks of the army, that this campaign would be the last. The soldiers thought they saw the defeat of Lee's army, the capture of Richmond, the fall of the Confederacy. One man would call to another, "Going home?" "Yes, by the way of Richmond," "We are on the home stretch sure this time." Then a voice would break out in a favorite soldier's song, and a thousand would join the chorus:

"When Johnny comes marching home."

Never was an army in better spirits, more ready for the battle and the march.

At two a. m. the bugles blew reveille and under the starlit sky of a balmy spring morning we "fell in;" the steady voices of the first sergeants could be heard calling the roll; as the men dropped into ranks the bustle and hum gradually ceased and without music the dark groups closed in line, and the line into masses, as first the companies, then the regiments, and then the brigades were formed. A few minutes of silent waiting, and then an aide of the Division Commander rides rapidly up, and saluting, says: "Sir: The Second Division will lead the corps and the Third Brigade will lead the column:" A few sharp words of command and we are again off for Richmond.

We had about six miles to march to reach Germania Ford on the Rapidan, and as the day broke we could see the plain in our front and to our left as far as the eye could

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reach, covered with moving columns of troops, infantry and artillery, and the white-topped army wagons in trains by the thousands all marching towards the river. During our winter cantonment, the country had been swept of every vestige of timber; the rail-fences had first disappeared, then the groves of trees, then the small buildings of the plantations: So now there was nothing to break the vision as it swept for miles over the beautiful undulating country that lies between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, save the few stately Virginia mansions generally built of red bricks and standing on some slight eminence surrounded by its grove of shade or fruit trees; these buildings having been the headquarters of some corps or division had escaped the general ravages of the foragers.

It was a delightful spring morning and the troops swung along in high spirits, and when the route step was taken song and story and the chaff soldiers indulge in filled the air with pleasant sound. You would have supposed they were out on a military picnic, and not for battle, and all a battle may bring. Far away to the right the Blue Ridge, one of the noted mountain ranges of Virginia, showed misty in the morning light, the slopes growing brighter with the changing colors of forest and cultivated fields under the touch of the rising sun. Through the dark masses of woodland that dotted the foothills could be seen the smoke of the enemy's fires lazily floating upwards in the still air. From their lookouts, watchful eyes doubtless saw the dark masses of our troops moving southward, looking at that great distance like the shadows you have seen floating over the landscape from the summer cloud. By the aid of a good field glass I could see their signal corps at work from the high points sending to Lee the important news that the Army of the Potomac was in motion. The army was in high spirits, it had confidence in itself and its

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leaders; it was well supplied with all an army needs; it was well drilled, and well seasoned. The experience of the veterans leavened the enthusiasm of the young soldiers. There was unity of desire and purpose; in brief, there was the ensemble of action which is the result of discipline.

While we were marching towards the river General Grant and his staff passed along the flank of the column riding briskly towards the front. Porter, Parker and Babcock were staff officers well known to many of us—but who was the elderly gentleman in a plain black suit and stove pipe hat? Not a soldier, certainly, else he would have been in uniform. A man in citizen's dress is as conspicuous in an army in the field as would be a soldier on our streets today. Mr. E. B. Washburn—for it was General Grant's old friend from Illinois—was soon declared by the soldiers to be an undertaker brought along to bury Jeff Davis and the Confederacy when Richmond was taken. Soon after passing Brandy Station we met the head of the Fifth Corps as it debouched from its camps near that station.

The Fifth Corps was a little late in getting started—it should have been at the river by daylight—as it was, we marched parallel with it to Germania Ford where we were both to cross the river. The Fifth Corps had the right of way, for it was to precede us and push southward and get on to the Orange turnpike.

The Sixth Corps was to hold the ground immediately upon the south bank and prevent an offensive movement by General Lee to cut the army off from the river.

The Rapidan at Germania Ford was about one hundred yards wide with an average depth of four feet in the spring time. Our engineers soon threw a pontoon bridge from shore to shore, and we spent the afternoon watching the Fifth Corps pour a steady stream of infantry and artillery, quartermaster, commissary, ordnance, and hospital trains over the river into the woods beyond.

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As the night came on we built bonfires at either end of the bridge to light the passage. These great fires with many hundreds of lesser ones within a radius of a mile where the soldiers were resting and making their coffee, made a wild, picturesque and striking scene.

After midnight and during the early morning we crossed our 27,000 men in the Sixth Corps, and found ourselves again in the Wilderness from whose gloomy shades we had thankfully emerged at the close of the Mine Run campaign during the last days of November the year before.

No military operations were ever conducted by a great army under more embarrassing conditions than confronted the Army of the Potomac, during the passage of the region known as the Wilderness. What is the Wilderness?

It is a region some twenty or thirty miles square lying along the Rapidan, with a thin soil resting on a bed of mineral rock. From colonial days mines had been worked throughout this section, and to feed the furnaces the timber over most of the belt had been cut, and in its place had sprung up a dense growth of scrubby oak, scraggy pine, chinka pines and hazel interlaced with and tied together by an almost tropic growth of vines, creepers, and thorny bushes until you had a tangle through which a dog could hardly force its way. A few swampy streams found their way through the forest and added to the difficulty of passage; through these thickets ran a plank road from Germania Ford on the Rapidan through Wilderness Tavern southward to Spottsylvania Court House. At Wilderness Tavern it intersected a turnpike running from Fredericksburg to Orange Court House. A few other made roads traversed this region; besides these there were no roads worthy the name, only a labyrinth of wagon tracks and bridle paths leading to and from the river to the furnaces and clearings of the settlers. A more unpromising theatre of war was never seen.

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Into this gloomy region, so difficult to describe, the army moved and was lost sight of for many days. Little use could be made of the splendid corps of artillery, and the cavalry was almost useless for there was no room to swing a saber. Whenever it became necessary to leave the road, the troops were moved through the dense underbrush by point of compass, and fought the foe whenever the lines came in contact; and close engagements between the lines and hand-to-hand encounters, were much more frequent than they would have been in an open country.

On the 6th day of May when the Sixth Corps in which I served, went into line westward from the Germania road, the troops at once began the construction of breastworks using fallen timber, of which there was an abundant supply, brush and earth. These hastily constructed works went up everywhere as the lines halted. The main lines of battle as well as the reserve piled arms and went to work with a will. Defenses were not so much the idea as the speedy outlining of positions of regiments and brigades, for along the front and rear of these entrenchments a comparatively clear space a few yards wide made by the removal of timber and brush facilitated the communications along the line, and ability to see some distance to the right and left relieved the feeling of isolation. How little any one actor saw in the great drama; and as there was of necessity a great sameness in the struggle, a description of the scenes on one part of the field will give a fair idea of the series of contests in the thickets and jungles of the wilderness.

About four o'clock in the afternoon of the 6th of May, we were waiting for something to turn up; whether we were to attack, or await an attack, was the question. It was solved for us by the enemy. For an hour the gentle breezes from the west brought to our ears the notes of the enemy's

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bugles and the occasional sound of a voice in command, too far away to catch the words. The enemy was preparing to sweep down upon our right flank and attempt to break our line of communication with the river. The men were in fine spirits and ready, as they said, for "Johnny Reb" should he come.

The attack was made in the early evening about twilight by Johnson and Early's Divisions with the utmost impetuosity and without skirmishes or advance. The first we saw were the gray masses of the enemy as they came crashing through the thickets. Rickett's Division was struck on the flank as it rested "in air" and was immediately broken, and the victorious enemy with renewed vigor pressed on to finish their work. The scene was instantly a very pandemonium of sights and sounds. The crashing of the timber under the artillery fire, the rolling volleys, the rattling file fire, the commands and cheers of our people and the fierce Rebel yell filled the air with sounds, while the hand-to-hand encounters, the clubbed musket and the bayonet were brought into play. It was at this time I lost my beautiful horse which had not only saved me from capture by Mosby's men as I have told, but had brought me safely through many a scrape by her ability to jump the fences and ditches of Virginia, and her powers of endurance and speed. I had sent to the rear of the brigade for one of my horses when it was evident that a movement on our part or an attack by the enemy would shortly be made. My orderly to my regret, brought my "Brown Bess." I had grown so fond of her I was loath to expose her to the heavy fire I felt confident we would soon experience.

What I feared came to pass; in the fierce engagement at close quarters that ensued, seven shots struck her; each shot made her wince, but her thoroughbred spirit never failed till the last shot took her life. Campaigning makes

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close friends of the soldier and his faithful horse. I was now dismounted, and while on foot one Rebel tried to bayonet me, and another struck at me with his musket and tried to make me a prisoner; this occurred while the lines were for a few moments intermingled. Owing to the steady discipline of my men and the fine drill to which persistent work had brought them I was enabled to successfully execute the difficult manoeuvre under fire of changing front to the rear on a flank company, and thus present a new front to the enemy and check his advance.

The difficulties that beset the defense in the Wilderness were multified tenfold for the attack, and the Rebel line was so broken and disordered by its advance through the brush, that the mass lost cohesion when it was stopped, and the groups and fragments of regiments and brigades in a short time began to retire and the thick woods quickly swallowed them up. This was a type of the fighting throughout the series of combats from the 5th to the 12th of May. Grand tactics and strategy played little part. Like a blind man groping in the dark, the lines were pushed forward, and when in contact there was a struggle until one or the other gave way. The loss of officers was necessarily great. None was more lamented than Major-General John Sedgwick, commanding the Sixth Corps, "Uncle John" as he was affectionately called by the soldiers. About nine o'clock Monday morning, the 9th of May, he passed along the line and stopped a few moments in conversation with me; a few moments after he was struck in the face by a bullet of a sharpshooter from within the enemy's lines. He was an educated, trained soldier, ripe with the experience of years of service from lieutenant to colonel of cavalry.

A volume might be filled with the combats in the Wilderness. The Confederate army known as the Army of

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Northern Virginia, was a fine body of soldiers; it was not to be daunted, it was not to be surprised; it was commanded by the best soldiers of the South, resolute, audacious, untiring leaders. General Lee and his officers thoroughly appreciated the advantage they had in their knowledge of the country, for they had hundreds of men in their ranks who knew every bridle path in the Wilderness. They knew the Army of the Potomac was at serious disadvantage in this region where tactical skill and able generalship availed little. But the army nobly responded to Grant's declared determination "to fight it out on that line if it took all summer." It was this determination on the part of General Grant to fight his way through the Wilderness, and the equally determined effort on the part of General Lee to destroy the army while at a disadvantage, that made the fighting so desperate and incessant. There was not an hour, day or night, between the passage of the Rapidan and Spottsylvania, that some part of the army was not engaged; we fought by day and marched by night or held the enemy at bay while some one or more of the corps took up a new position toward the left. Each hour increased the ferocity of the attack and the defense, for each antagonist knew how much was at stake. If Lee could destroy the Army of the Potomac, the Confederacy was secure. If Grant could by some happy stroke break up the army of Lee the death knell of the Confederacy would be sounded. So the fight went on day and night, and the woods were full of the dead and wounded; the undergrowth was dense, it was almost impenetrable in places and it was impossible to find all who had fallen. To add to the distress of the scene, fire broke out in the underbrush and consumed many a poor fellow unable, on account of his wounds, to escape. How many thus perished will never be known; "Missing in action; never accounted for" is their only epitaph. We ate

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and slept in line of battle in the intervals between the engagements or during the brief rests on the night marches from one position to another. Many scenes interesting, striking and pathetic, crowd upon my mind but there is not time to relate them.

The successive movement of the army by the left flank brought it by the 11th of May before the formidable works in the vicinity of Spottsylvania Court House. General Hancock and the Second Corps was selected to make the assault on the enemy's position at that point and pierce his right center.

I knew Hancock well; we were warm friends, and I loved him for his many noble traits of character. We first met in camp before Washington City in the winter of 1861. He was a captain in the quartermaster's department, and I a captain in the Seventeenth Infantry, but both of us on leave of absence and in command of volunteer troops; the war was before us, for with the exception of Bull Run no engagement of consequence had taken place, and we were full of military ardor and in high spirits at the prospect of active service. I remember one day while talking together about the approaching struggle he tapped me on the shoulder saying, "Mason, I expect to come out of this war a Brevet-Major;"—the remark showed the modest appreciation the man had of his own ability and soldierly qualities, for he was one of the best soldiers our war produced. He was a man of magnificent appearance. When mounted, his tall and commanding figure, his bright, flashing eye, his quick, nervous movement of hand and body, and horse, his clear ringing voice, combined to make him a striking figure. His presence always inspired the troops with enthusiasm and the cheers would run down the line as he dashed past the soldiers to some point where his presence was needed, either to direct a movement or to restore confidence to men badly shaken.

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I recall an incident at the battle of Wlliamsburg in 1862, while maneuvering my command and posting it in position to resist an attack about to be made upon my front, and threatened upon my right flank, Hancock, under whose command I served that day, rode up and in his abrupt and energetic way asked what I was about to do. I rapidly explained to him the situation, pointing out the enemy forming in front for attack, and the road through the timber on my right, from which I expected the flank attack to debouch. He took in the situation in a few rapid glances, and turned to ride away, but paused a few moments, as the bugles of the enemy just then sounded the advance,—to admire the beautiful sight they presented as they swung out in double quick from the curtain of timber across the plain, three regiments in the first line, two in the second, with arms flashing in the rays of the setting sun, bugles sounding the charge, colors well advanced, the mounted officers swinging their swords and cheering them on, the gallant enemy swept up the slope to attack. I was impatient to have Hancock go; it was my fight and I did not want to be overshadowed by my superior. I think he saw it, for he laughed and said, "Mason, can you stop them" and scarce waiting for an answer dashed off to another part of the field. I thought as he galloped away that he looked like the very God of War.

The fight that followed belongs not to my story; suffice it to say, the steady volleys of my brave men tore such gaps in the advancing lines, that soon there was nothing but groups of men floating to the rear like the foam on the breakers that waste their strength on the wild New England shores where my soldiers had their homes. This fight won me my Brevet of Major in the regular army, the whole engagement added to Hancock's rising fame;—but to return to my subject.

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General Grant under whose orders General Meade maneuvered the Army of the Potomac had found that his losses day by day, in the process of hammering away at the enemy wherever he could be found in the dense tangle in which the army was buried, was growing seriously large, and that the lack of decided success, was producing a feeling of discouragement among the troops. This feeling was greatly relieved by the brilliant success of the Second and Sixth Corps on the 12th.

General Meade in his report says:—"On the 9th of May, the Fifth and Sixth Corps continued pressing the enemy, developing his position and seeking for points to assault. General Sheridan with the cavalry corps, moved southward with orders to engage the enemy's cavalry, and after cutting the Fredericksburg and Central Railroad to threaten Richmond. On the 10th of May the enemy was pressed along his whole front. On the 11th, arrangements were made to attack his center at a salient point. For this purpose Wright with the Sixth Corps was directed to extend his left, concentrate on that wing, and be prepared to assault. Hancock with the Second Corps was to move during the night to the left of Wright, and assault the salient at daylight. Warren was also to make an assault to keep the enemy within his lines, and Burnside with the Ninth Corps was ordered to assault on the extreme left. My story will be confined to the attack by the Second and Sixth Corps on the salient of the Confederate works, "The bloody Angle" as the soldiers afterwards called it.

The Second Corps was at this time composed of four divisions. The First and Second Divisions were the original Second Corps. The Third and Fourth Divisions were those of Hooker and Phil Kearney from the old Third Corps, which had been broken up and consolidated with the Second, just before the campaign of 1864 opened. Gen-

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erals Barlow, Gibbon, Birney and Mott commanded these divisions, and that superb soldier, Winfield Scott Hancock, commanded the corps.

The Second Corps had done gallant service during battle in the Wilderness and was now to further distinguish itself by commencing the assault on the enemy's field works at Spottsylvania Court House.

General Grant's order issued at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 11th of May, was for Hancock to assault the works at daybreak on the morning of the 12th. It was necessary therefore, to get into position as close to the Confederate lines as possible under the cover of darkness. The operation of taking up a position, on a night that was misty and intensely dark with frequent dashes of rain, was necessarily slow and difficult.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the enemy from gaining a knowledge of what was going on. Commands were communicated along the line in a whisper. The men were enjoined to keep their accoutrements from striking together, and thus to prevent that rattle and jingle of tin cup and canteen, bayonet, scabbard and haversack, with its knife, fork and spoon and tin plate or coffee pot; a noise slight in itself, but if multiplied by the equipments of thousands of marching men, sufficient to attract attention several hundred yards away.

Slowly regiment after regiment was moved into position, between the two farm-houses that served to make the line. The men worn out by loss of sleep, and the intense nervous and physical strain they had endured since the campaign opened, would drop to the ground every time a halt was made, and fall asleep. In the rain and darkness and the tangled wood, it took all night to form the line.

Barlow's Division was selected to lead the assault; he formed it in line of brigades closed in mass, the regiments

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doubled in the center, five paces between the regiments, ten paces between the brigades. This formation was well adapted for the work before him, for it gave a compact mass of twenty-five regiments that could be hurled against the works like a battering ram, and handled with ease and rapidity in the thickets through which the attack must be made.

Barlow's assault was to be supported by Birney's Division formed in two deployed lines to his right. Mott's Division and Gibbons' were the support and the reserve.

It is impossible for any person except a veteran to appreciate the force of Lord Wellington's remark, that a certain man of whom he was speaking "had five o'clock courage." There is nothing that will try a man more than standing in ranks all night,—it may be in the cold or rain, wet, tired and hungry, he would give anything to lie down and sleep away his exhaustion of body and brain, but he cannot do this, and Wellington knew it was right courage and true manhood, that enabled the soldiers to brace up and be calm, confident and resolute at such a time.

At half past four in the morning, just as the grey light is beginning to broaden into the dawn, the order for the advance is given and Barlow silently begins his march. The skirmish line which was deployed at close intervals in the immediate front of Barlow, had orders to attempt the capture of the Rebel pickets without firing. The outpost was surprised and although a few shots were fired, most of the men were captured, or quieted by the rifle-butt or bayonet, before a general advance was given.

The assaulting column moved rapidly forward, and when the enemy's lines were discovered broken into, the double-quick and charging with cheers carried the breastworks with the bayonet and the clubbed musket, spite of the fierce and desperate resistance made by the gray coats, as

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they sprang to their feet behind their strong works, and opened fire with artillery and rifles on our men as they swarmed over the barricades of felled trees with sharpened branches that covered the front of the log breastworks.

The assault was a brilliant success. The enemy was surprised and over 3,000 prisoners, twenty guns, and thirty battle-flags were captured. Among the prisoners were the Confederate Major-General Johnson, and Brigadier-General Stewart.

General Johnson was sent by Hancock to General Grant's headquarters, and was kindly received. Grant asked him if he was Ed. Johnson of the Sixth Infantry, and on his replying that he was, the conversation dropped into numerous mutual inquiries in regard to old comrades with whom they had served before the war, on the frontier; while they were talking together General Hunt, chief of the artillery of the army, came up and recognized an old acquaintance in Johnson, said, "I believe this is Ed. Johnson of the old Sixth Infantry; I am glad to see you." Johnson after shaking hands said, "Well, Hunt, under the circumstances, I can't honestly say I am glad to see you."

Johnson was a stout built man, with a strong, rough face. His dress was in bad condition; his slouched hat was full of holes, through which an occasional lock of gray hair stuck out. This occasional meeting of old-time friends and acquaintances was a feature of the Civil War; especially was it the case of regular officers, who, after years of service together in the army, had been called upon in 1861, to decide whether their allegiance was due to state or country.

As the Rebels fell back before the impetuosity of Barlow's assault, our troops followed them into the salient, and with the greatest enthusiasm pressed back the broken foe. Within half a mile another line of breastworks was

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discovered. The Rebel reserve successfully held this line, for our troops were in confusion from the dense underbrush, and being unable to reform under the heavy fire now poured into them, reluctantly returned to the breastworks first captured, and there made a stand.

When the firing of Barlow's assault broke out the Sixth Corps was called to arms, and marched rapidly for about a mile through the woods and then formed line and moved forward; a few yards and a clearing was reached; the ground sloped gently to the front for a few hundred yards, then rose sharply to a crest about fifteen feet above the foot of the slope. Along this crest the spurts of dirt were as constant as the pattering drops of a summer shower, while overhead the swish and hum of the passing bullets was like a swarm of bees. Our lines marched up the slope and over the crest with a loss of only a few men, then down a slight decline one hundred yards, brought us to a thin skirt of timber some twenty yards through, on the farther side of which the abatis covering the front of the enemy's breastwork was discovered. This abatis was most substantially made. The part in front of my line was constructed of entire trees interlaced with smaller timber and heavy limbs from the trunks used in the construction of the breastwork. This abatis was about fifteen yards wide, it had been scientifically made with the small twigs removed and the branches sharpened. Its height and width and solidity made it a formidable obstacle. Soon after getting into position the rain began to fall, and throughout the forenoon heavy showers falling through the still, warm air mingled with the powder smoke and made a misty atmosphere, so close and thick at times as to hide from view the breastworks scarcely seventy paces away.

That part of the breastworks that came under my observation was constructed of heavy logs with a head log raised

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about two inches by blocks, thus enabling the enemy to deliver his fire with comparative safety, but the shortness of the range was favorable for accuracy of aim on the part of our men, and the piles of dead afterwards found within the enemy's lines spoke volumes for the coolness and carefulness of aim of the Union troops. It was a novel thing to make the line of sight a crack in a wall, and I doubt if there were any soldiers in the world except the Americans who could have wrought destruction in the ranks of an enemy under such conditions.

Able and brilliant writers have given graphic descriptions of the struggle that took place around the salient within the space of a mile. The enemy seemed determined to hold fast to the entrenchments in their possession and to recover the lines lost in Hancock's charge and now held by him on the reverse side and from which an enfilading fire could be poured into the interior of the salient. From this fire the traverses gave very slight protection. One writer says:—"Of all the struggles of the war this was perhaps the fiercest and most deadly. Frequently throughout the conflict, so close was the contact that the rival standards were planted on opposite sides of the breastworks. The enemy's most savage sallies were directed to retake the famous salient which had now become an angle of death, and presented a spectacle ghastly and terrible. On the Confederate side of the works lay many bodies of those who had been bayoneted by the Union soldiers when they first leaped the entrenchments. To these were constantly added the bravest of those who, in the effort to recapture the position, fell in the margin of the works till the ground was literally covered with piles of dead and the woods in front of the salient were one hideous Golgotha."

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This writer says:—"These phrases are not figures of speech, as can be attested by thousands who witnessed the ghastly scene."

General Walker says:—"The contest had settled down to a struggle for the recovery of the salient between the east and west angle." Again he says, "If any comparison can be made between the sections involved in this desperate contest, the fiercest and deadliest fighting took place at the west angle, ever afterwards known as the 'Bloody Angle.'" Here Wright's Sixth Corps had taken post on coming up at six o'clock, and he adds, "Never before since the discovery of gunpowder, had such a mass of lead been hurled into a space so narrow as that which now embraced the scene of combat." Large standing trees were literally cut off and brought to the ground by infantry fire alone, their great limbs whipped into basketstuff that could be woven by the hands of a girl. The intensity of the fire can be judged by the fact that a solitary oak tree which stood near the breastworks was cut down by the converging fire from the Union and Rebel lines."

As I walked back and forth on a path which ran in the rear of my troops, I saw this tree, about fifty yards away to my left, being gradually cut away by the stream of bullets until it finally fell over by its weight, though still attached to the stump by a few uncut fibres. Near this tree were two field pieces, horses and men all dead. Across one of the guns hung the body of an artilleryman, gradually this body was so cut to pieces by the flying bullets that it slid from the gun apparently severed, the legs from the trunk. The stump of the tree referred to can still be seen in the National Museum at Washington, where it stands with this inscription: "Section of an oak about two and a half feet through, which stood within the Confederate entrenchments near Spottsylvania Court House, which was cut

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down by musket balls during the attempt to recapture the works previously carried by the Second Corps of the Army of the Potomac."

About half past seven o'clock in the morning a furious thunder storm came on, and the thunder of the heavens mingling with the roar of the artillery and the rattling volleys of small arms made a grand spectacle. It was too densely wooded for any one to see much of the battle, but the smoke rising above the trees and the flashes of the artillery marked the lines even if the infernal uproar had been absent.

The battle from its first attack in the gray light of the early morning to its close long after night had fallen, was of the fiercest and most deadly character. The Confederates seemed determined to recover their entrenchments, let it cost what it might, for they realized how important it was to check the tide of success that threatened to overwhelm them by breaking their center and thus cutting their great army in twain. To the enemy it must have seemed as though the end had come. To the Union troops it looked as though a most brilliant and decisive triumph was at last to crown their efforts. Ruin and disaster to their army and with it the downfall of their cause seemed to the Confederates impending, while to us a victory most decisive in its results, nothing less than the destruction of Lee's army, seemed to await us.

These feelings nerved both sides to the most desperate efforts, and hand-to-hand conflicts raged back and forth over the breastworks in places where the lines came together. The men not only fired into each other's faces, but fought with bayonets and clubbed muskets; in some cases dragging their antagonists over the works to be made prisoners if they escaped death by shot or bayonet thrust.

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Over our heads the artillery from the higher ground in rear, poured solid shot and shell into the Confederate masses crowded into the salient. One battery of the Fifth United States Artillery was in action close to the breastworks near where I stood, the muzzles of the guns protruding into the very faces of the enemy and sending their case shot and shrapnel into the charging Rebel masses.

We hoped to win despite the failures of the first attacks to make a lodgment within the salient, but the delays in bringing up re-inforcements, and the misadventures on other parts of the field, and the failure to connect with certainty and exactness of time, a failure inevitable from military operations on a grand scale, in such a bewildering tangle as had beset the army since it crossed the Rapidan, kept the army from reaping all it hoped for. The Confederates fought with a determination never excelled in their history, and pouring into the salient clung with bloody grip to their positions and prayed for night as Wellington is said to have done at Waterloo.

And they fought on this occasion under the eye of their great General, for we knew that General Lee was present in the salient, and on one occasion during the day when it seemed as though they must retreat before our impetuous assaults, he rode to the front of the supporting lines to lead them forward himself,—and only desisted at the earnest entreaty of the soldiers and officers who feared that if he fell all would be lost.

The history of the day can be summed up in five successive and determined attempts by General Lee to retake the lost position. Ewell's Corps first, then Hill's and Longstreet's brought from the Rebel left, flung themselves in repeated desperate efforts against the Second and Sixth Corps in the vain attempt to recapture the salient. We knew when fresh troops were brought to the lines there

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was a sudden cessation of fire, then the loud words of command, the Rebel yell and a moment after the top of the breastworks would for a few moments swarm with gray coats, but only for a moment, for our fire and counter attack would beat them back and they would acknowledge the bloody repulse by opening a heavy fire through the rifle slit in that part of the works in their possession. All day the contest lasted and night closed at last on the weary troops. The morning light of the 13th showed the works empty of Rebels, save the dead and wounded.

General John B. Gordon of the late Confederate service, now a Senator from the state of Georgia, in his interesting lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," says he was in command of the Rebel troops within the bloody angle at the time of the assault, and gives a graphic account of the scenes he witnessed; he gives full credit to the bravery, dash and tenacity of the Union soldiers, while bearing testimony to the gallant conduct of the Rebels; they were splendid fellows and "Foemen worthy of our steel."

We had fought the battle of the salient and won the position, but at heavy cost. The precise loss on the 12th of May cannot be ascertained. From the 5th to the 12th it was 22,566 killed, wounded and missing.

I know of one regiment that lost 210 officers and men killed and wounded at the Bloody Angle, out of a total strength of three hundred and thirty. Every officer was killed or wounded but one. Before this engagement this regiment had already lost in killed, wounded and missing, half the strength with which it had crossed the Rapidan nine days before. It is interesting to compare this with the American loss of one hundred and seventy-five in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. I give the figures only to illustrate the character of the combat. It was American against American, with the best fighting

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characteristics of the race on both sides. The flower of the Southern army pitted against the veterans of the two distinguished corps. There was the best of staying qualities on both sides of the field works, and death held high carnival while the conflict lasted.

A friend has asked me to relate an incident I witnessed while I lay in the field-hospital after the battle that day. The thing that impressed him was the wonderful self-restraint of the thousands of men who, many like myself severely wounded, had to lie in the mud of the ploughed field with only a rail to keep our shoulders above the mire into which the body sunk by its own weight until in some cases the mud and water met over the hips. Yet there was silence and self-control on all sides to a wonderful degree. Near me lay a man who occasionally broke the silence by crying and groaning. A pale-faced man opposite to me, evidently suffering from a mortal wound, finally turned his head and said, "See here, my friend, can't you die without making such a row about it?" The remark instantly brought the self-restraint everyone else was exercising. But hospital scenes are not pleasant to relate, and I gladly turn from them.

The contest for the possession of the salient in the Rebel work of Spottsylvania, marked the close of the first period in the campaign which ended in the fall of Richmond. It is an interesting incident in that campaign, as exhibiting in a marked degree the tenacity of the soldiers of both sides engaged in the conflict. A distinguished general in the German army while speaking of the behavior of the men of one of his divisions during the late Franco-German war said, "Oh, they will do better when they have had a little more killing!" Meaning, doubtless, fire discipline. Our men stood a lot of killing before they could be induced to let go a position. Tenacity of purpose, the ability and

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willingness to "hold on," is an admirable trait in a soldier. It was conspicuous in the make-up of the men who fought in the battles of the Revolution. It was equally so in those who fought under Taylor and Scott, on the plains and mountain-sides of Mexico. It was the staying qualities of the American soldier that on the fields of Palo Alto, and Resaca de la Palma, enabled General Taylor with, in the first case 2,288 men, in the second 1,700 men of the regular army to drive from the field Arista and 7,000 Mexicans; at Monterey with 6,645 men to capture a strongly-fortified city and compel the capitulation of Ampudia and his army of good troops, and at Buena Vista to defeat Santa Anna and his army of 20,000 men with a little force of 4000. It enabled General Scott to win a victory on every field from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.

After the combat I have attempted to describe, the army swung out into the more open country south of the Wilderness and towards Richmond, and commenced that series of operations lasting through the summer and winter of 1864 and '65, and the spring of 1865, culminating in the surrender of General Lee and his army at Appomattox Court House at four o'clock on the afternoon of the 9th of May, 1865.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF A LINE OFFICER.

BY CAPTAIN CHESTER G. HIGBEE,

TWELFTH WISCONSIN INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 9, 1895.)

Mr. Commander and Companions:—

It may seem presumption in one who held, much of the time, only the lowest rank of a commissioned officer, to attempt to instruct, or even entertain, the members of this Commandery, composed as it is, largely of men who justly held superior rank and bore corresponding responsibilities. However, many of you know by experience, that minor officers often had facilities for observation and study of human nature and of the strong undercurrent of feeling always present in a large army which those higher in command did not possess. It is with a hope and trust that I may be able to add some item of interest to entertain you and perhaps some historical fact that will be worthy of preservation in our records, that I address you this evening.

In September, 1861, the companies which, later in the fall were to form the Twelfth Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, were forming in different parts of the State. It was my fortune to make my advent before the admiring gaze of the assembled multitudes as an orderly sergeant of Company A of that regiment. By the timely resignation of a lieutenant of Company B (who is now a member of our Com-

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mandery) of the same regiment I received promotion to a lieutenancy and, eventually, became the captain of that company. I served with this regiment in the field, all the time, and partook of its fortunes through Missouri, Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee and Northern Mississippi in 1862 and at Memphis, Vicksburg, Jackson, Natchez and the Meridian Expedition in 1863 and early in 1864. In January, 1864, fifty-three men of my company re-enlisted as veterans. This comprised all except two or three of those left of the original company of more than one hundred men. Rebel bullets, exposure and disease had taken nearly one-half our number. After the fall of Vicksburg, our regiment was placed in the brigade then commanded by Colonel Gresham of the Fifty-third Indiana who, soon after received his *star* and long and gallantly commanded the Fourth Division of the Seventeenth Corps, and is now at the head of President Cleveland's cabinet.

Many exciting and laughable incidents occurred during the first two years of service. Colonel Geo. E. Bryant of Madison, Wis., was the colonel of our regiment and he was always lenient with the boys if they did their duty. Soon after the return of Sherman's Meridian Expedition, our whole brigade were given a veteran furlough and, after the thirty days at home, were assembled at Cairo, Ill., destined for Atlanta.

Only two divisions of the Seventeenth Corps were present —the other two being *lent* to General Banks, and like many other things that are "lent" we never saw them again. The Third Division was commanded by Brigadier General M. D. Leggett and the Fourth Division was under the command of General Gresham. General Frank P. Blair was the corps commander. General Blair was to us, personally unknown. We had heard of him politically, but knew very little of him as a soldier. The Seventeenth Corps had been

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so long under the command of that prince of soldiers and considerate commander, General McPherson, that we did not relish another in his place. I do not now remember any individual act that justified the opinion our men formed of General Blair, but the dislike became so universal that, in spite of discipline, the men, as often as opportunity offered, insulted him.

Finally, a man (I think from the Sixteenth Wisconsin) fired at the general in open daylight and was arrested and it was said by the guards that the soldier frankly told General Blair that he intended to kill him. This ill-feeling was so general that I have often wondered why General Blair continued in command of that corps.

The fact was that General McPherson had so won the confidence and love of his soldiers that they would not have been satisfied with any one else. When a fight was imminent General McPherson was always to be seen looking over the situation, and personally directing the movements of the different bodies of troops. Many a time on the march, as the troops were halted to rest and were lying or sitting in the road, have I seen General McPherson, in passing, turn his horse into the brush at the side of the road so as not to disturb the men while resting. The gay young staff officers did not seem to relish this giving the right of way to the private soldier, but they had to follow their chief. It is probable that the many kind and gallant deeds of General McPherson taught the officers of his staff a salutary lesson, for they were noted as brave and loyal officers, ever alert and ready to brave any danger in the performance of duty. It was a common remark that we never saw General Blair when the bullets were flying. This we could not attribute to want of personal bravery for thousands who had served with him testified to his courage in battle. His course was in such contrast to that of General John A.

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Logan, then commanding the Fifteenth Corps, that it made it still more conspicuous. I hope that some one who personally knew General Blair and was with him in the Atlanta Campaign will write of him and place his position clearly and truthfully before the world. The fact that the Third and Fourth Divisions of the Seventeenth Corps had such gallant and popular commanders as Generals Leggett and Gresham, compensated largely for the lack of confidence in the corps commander.

As long as General McPherson was living we had full confidence that he would correct any blunder the corps commander might make. This was illustrated by an incident that I recall from an old memorandum that I kept daily, during my army life, and which I have consulted often in getting pointers for this paper. The 5th of July, 1864, the Fourth Division was in advance as the army fought the Rebels back toward Nickajack Creek and the Chattahoochee. In our company we lost one killed and four wounded that day. Just at night we came out into the open fields in sight of the Rebel forts. We were upon a ridge on the north or northwest side of Nickajack Creek. On the opposite side was an open field, extending to the Rebel works. The batteries from those forts were paying their respects to us with no uncertain sound, supplemented by a strong Rebel picket line along the creek. In the evening, we received orders to be ready to charge those Rebel works at daylight the next morning. We had soldiered too long not to know what that meant for us. Whether justly or otherwise, General Blair was blamed for the order and the opinion was freely expressed that not one man in ten would ever get out alive. Still, they said they would try it. Very few men slept that night on that ridge. Just before daylight the order was countermanded and it was

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said that General McPherson had reconnoitered and, seeing the foolishness of such an attempt, countermanded the order.

These two divisions of the Seventeenth Corps were moved via the Ohio and Tennessee Rivers to Clifton and from there made a forced march, via Huntsville and Decatur, Ala., and over the mountains and through the swamps of Northern Alabama to Rome, Ga., a distance of three hundred miles in twenty-two days.

Some of the time we were on one-third rations and not allowed to forage. Arriving at the front June 8 we were delighted to see General McPherson, and such a cheer as the boys gave him, I am sure was never excelled. Nine thousand veterans immediately formed the left of General Sherman's army. We were assured our comrades, who had so gallantly driven the Rebel army thus far, were glad we had come to their assistance and that much would be expected of us. No man need be ashamed of the record of the Seventeenth Corps nor of any regiment, brigade, division or corps of that grand army. As a sure indication of the hot work that was done during the month of June, I copy from a comrade as follows: "June 15, battles of Noonday Creek, Brush Mountain, Pine Mountain and Gilgal. June 17, battle of Mud Creek. June 18, battle of Kenesaw Mountain. June 19, battle of Kenesaw Mountain to the southwest. June 20, Kenesaw Mountain Cavalry battle. June 21, Kenesaw Mountain to southwest again. June 22, battle of Kulp's farm. June 24, Kenesaw Mountain. 25th the same and June 27, the great battle of Kenesaw Mountain." Twelve battles in twelve days! The Seventeenth Corps suffered less than the troops further to the right, during these battles, but the records show that we lost about eight hundred men in killed and wounded. So far as I could learn, there was comparatively little sickness in our army that summer.

The country was hilly and well-watered with springs and

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swift-running streams, so that we had an abundant supply of good water; and poor whiskey was scarce—never more than the officers wanted.

June 20 our brigade had fought its way up to the high point of Brush Mountain, Big Kenesaw rising within rifle shot away above us. In this valley between these two mountains, ran the railroad to Marietta. This pretty village was in plain view from our position, but there was such an active obstruction between our line and the village that it took about ten days to remove it. The day we occupied Brush Mountain it rained hard, as usual, and the gullies, that were washed out so frequently all along the slopes in the open fields, were full of water. A gallant lieutenant-colonel of our brigade had rheumatism of the neck, just then, so that he was not able to be with the line, but was, later in the day, assisted to mount his horse and attempted to follow an old road to the front. In crossing one of these gullies, where the water had overflowed the bridge, his horse missed the bridge and rider and all went plunging into the deep water. Assistance was near, and the colonel was rescued, cured instantly of the crick in his neck, by the cold plunge. It was heroic treatment, worthy the recommendation of an army surgeon, but one I have left to the other fellows to prescribe.

It was while we lay upon the point of this Brush Mountain, that the brave engineer ran his engine nearly down to Kenesaw and defiantly tooted a salute to the Rebels. Fortunately, he was so much lower than the Rebel batteries that the numerous shells that were aimed at the train, did no harm. It was in one of the sharp skirmishes, here, at the foot of Kenesaw, that I saw a man shot through both arms and both legs and in two places in one leg, all done by one Rebel ball. He said he was lying down with his head to the enemy, loading and firing. He turned on his

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back and, holding his gun with one leg over the breech, he reached above his head and took hold of his ram-rod with both hands to push down a cartridge, when the Rebel bullet hit him. The wounds were not deep and not necessarily dangerous. The gallant fellow said he was going to get well and have another chance at the enemy. The nerve of this man and of brave Geo. Reynolds of the Fifteenth Iowa, who, though suffering with a shattered elbow laid the wounded General McPherson's head upon a blanket and ministered to him until he was no more and then piloted our men to rescue the body, shows of what heroic material that army was composed.

It was at about two o'clock in the morning of July 3, while the Army of the Tennessee were being transferred from the left to the right of our army, that we halted, and by the lights used by them saw our men cut the telegraph wire, put in an instrument and it was said that General Sherman was telegraphing to Washington that the Rebels had retreated from Kenesaw. From the time we closed in on the enemy at Nickajack until the 20th of July, we lost but few men in our brigade. When we remember that from the beginning of the campaign to the middle of July that army had an average of two hundred a day killed and wounded, we realize what work they did and at what fearful cost. The story of the crossing of the Chattahoochee, of the rapid march of the Army of the Tennessee to Decatur, six miles east of Atlanta, where it arrived on the 19th day of July and turned the right flank of the Rebel army, then commanded by General Hood, has often been told.

Our regiment had been transferred from the Fourth Division to the First Brigade, Third Division, commanded by Brigadier-General M. F. Force. The 20th, as we drove the Rebels into their entrenchments, in sight of Atlanta, late in the afternoon, General Gresham came up to reconnoiter

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and was shot in the leg. I was near him when he fell and aided in carrying him back to a place of safety. I never have seen his face since that day. He was a brave and skillful general, who won the respect and love of his command and his loss was a severe one at that critical period.

The night of the 20th the Army of the Tennessee was in close contact with the Rebels in their entrenchments. General Pat. Cleburn's Division of Rebels, held Bald Hill and were raking our army to the east and to the south with shot and shell. Our brigade was close to and directly in front of Bald Hill. There was a strip of timber extending from the main Rebel works around Atlanta, nearly to Bald Hill. To the southwest there was a large, open field and another to the northwest so that, from the hill, we could see the line occupied by the most of Logan's Fifteenth Corps, as they were stationed on both sides of the railroad and a little in advance of our division. General Gresham's Fourth Division was moved to the left of the Third Division to protect our left and rear. About eight o'clock of the morning of the 21st, General Force's Brigade charged and drove Cleburn's Rebels from Bald Hill as the Rebels called it. Afterwards it was called Leggett's Hill because of the gallant fight his division made to capture it the 21st and to hold it the next day. When driven from their works that morning, the Rebels ran back through the woods and brush, that at that point came near to their works. Our boys followed them until another line of breastworks was encountered, when they were ordered back to the line we had captured. The Twelfth and Sixteenth Wisconsin were in the front line in the charge and when recalled to the breastworks found the Illinois regiments that had formed the second line, in the breastworks. Our men were so scattered and they were so exposed to the Rebel fire from our right that no attempt was made to re-form the regiment

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until night. In this day's fighting, our men lost one hundred and fifty-nine killed, wounded and missing. Companies B and G of the Twelfth were just on the top of Leggett's Hill when the line was reformed, that night and the morning of the 22nd, and the Fourth Division joined my company on the left. This division was formed along the edge of a thick wood. The Iowa Brigade (Colonel Hall) on the extreme left was in line nearly at right angles with the other brigades and facing nearly south. A dense wood covered the rear of the Fourth Division nearly to the rear of Leggett's Hill. Through this wood there was only a skirmish line of our troops, from the left of Hall's Brigade to the right of the Sixteenth Corps as they were marching by the right flank in the rear, to the east of Leggett's Hill. I was in this strip of wood looking for our baggage wagon when the battle began by Walker's and Bates' Divisions of Rebel troops attacking the Sixteenth Corps. Very near the same time Colonel Hall's Brigade was attacked by Many's Rebels and Cleburn was marching, unopposed to the rear of Leggett's Division. Before I was aware that any Rebels were in our rear and while I stood watching the battle of the Iowa Brigade, I was, rather impolitely, asked to surrender, and I turned to face the Rebel line. Taking in the situation at a glance and being angry because of the language in which I had been addressed, I told them to go to — and told the boys who were with me to run. Stooping low in the underbrush, we *did* run! One of my men was slightly wounded. Cleburn's men advanced so rapidly that they came out of the woods and attacked Leggett's Hill before I returned there and I stopped with the men of the Fourth Division during the first onset of the Rebels. As soon as they were repulsed I started along the line toward our regiment on the hill. I left the point of timber and started to cross the open field and go up the hill. My

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men saw me and yelled to me to go back. I found I was on the ground from which the Rebels had just been driven back to the woods and the Rebel dead and wounded lay scattered all about me. I lost no time in getting back and by a detour to the west joined my regiment on the hill. The battle was now raging all around us. To the east, we could see the line of battle of the Sixteenth Corps upon the open ground and over the low hills. The reformed Rebel line again enveloped the Fourth Division and, fighting front and rear, they slowly retreated to the hill.

The brave men, as soon as they saw that we had a solid organization, rallied and reformed their broken ranks just in our rear. Companion General Adams has told you the story of the death of General McPherson and the attack, and subsequent defeat, of Cheatham's Division on the Fifteenth Corps.

The same division attacked the Hill from the Atlantic side, but, fortunately for us, they did not attack at the same time the Rebels to the east did and our men, by changing sides of our breastworks, easily repelled the attacks. General Force and his adjutant-general, Captain Walker, were both seriously wounded and scores of our men were shot down. Captain Stevens of my company was wounded in the head and the command of the company fell to me. I think it was about four o'clock when the new line was formed, extending from Leggett's Hill nearly east, connecting with the right of the Sixteenth Corps. Logs, rails or anything that could stop a Rebel bullet were hastily piled in line and every man with tin plate and bayonet soon had a slight breastwork. These slight defenses saved many a life that afternoon. Just at the foot of the hill, in the angle of our line, was a fine spring of cold water and this was a great comfort to our wounded who could get there, and also to our men in front. I never saw a more gallant looking cavalier than was General Logan as he rode on to

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that side of the hill, that afternoon to review the situation. General Leggett was also there on the spot. General Blair was conspicuous by his absence.

In the intervals, when the smoke would clear away, we could see the contest of the Fifteenth Corps on the railroad. The last charge upon the hill was made just before sundown. They had reformed in the woods, just out of rifle range and emerged in two lines and marched as steadily and bravely as troops ever stepped forward to certain death and defeat. The prisoners told us they were the same troops that we had driven out of the breastworks the morning of the day before and as they had never before been driven out of breastworks they were determined to win and redeem themselves, or die. Brave General Pat Cleburn was killed at Franklin the next winter and his division nearly annihilated. Companies B and G of our regiment lost more men than all the rest of the regiment, that day, as they were on the hill and the other companies were posted on the slope of the hill.

At the time the new line was formed, some six or eight men of my company were placed in a rifle pit, that the Rebels had occupied the morning before and which was situated just down over the brow of the hill, to the southeast. During the last charge of the Rebels they captured this rifle pit, killing or capturing all of these men but two. Two of my serjeants, Ballard and Henry, were there. Henry was captured the first year of the war and was a prisoner several months. He told us he would never surrender again, and well he kept his word, for he deliberately shot down the Rebel who ordered him to surrender and was instantly killed by others. Serjeant Ballard surrendered and says he was kept a prisoner under that hill until the Rebels retreated about midnight. Ballard was taken to Andersonville and exchanged and returned to us three months later, so emaciated and weak that we hardly knew him. He

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recovered, was promoted to a lieutenancy, went through to the sea and to Washington with the regiment and has long been an honored citizen of Kasson in this State.

From Leggett's Hill we could see to the southwest, on a range of hills, Rebel troops, with ambulances only, marching all the forenoon of the 22nd and many a minor officer predicted an attack on our left flank. But the higher officers, from General Sherman down, seemed to think Atlanta was being evacuated. The best evidence in the world that our higher officers did not expect this attack is that a gap of three-fourths of a mile was left between the left of the Seventeenth and the right of the Sixteenth Corps. There was abundance of time for the Sixteenth Corps to have closed up that gap and have fortified their position, before the Rebel attack began. Corporal Richards was one of the oldest men in my company. He was shot in the head upon the afternoon of the 22nd and we supposed him dead. A short time afterwards some of the boys called to me that they were getting short of ammunition. We saw a quiver of Corporal Richard's hands and he slowly drew his hand up and opened his cartridge box. It was his last conscious act. Two days later he had joined the vast majority.

During a lull in the battle that afternoon a Rebel captain of artillery rode out of the woods and directly up to our front. Thousands of rifles were aimed at him by men who could hit his head at twice the distance. No shot was fired. When within a few yards of our line he halted and asked what troops these were. Captain R. S. Tuthill of our Michigan battery H jumped on the works and called to him, "For God's sake, ride over these works, or in an instant you will be a dead man!" He took in the situation instantly and said, "All right, gentlemen, it is my mistake. I surrender." I remarked that I was sent out into the woods to find our baggage wagon. I did not find it and in fact,

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never saw it again, as the team and driver were captured by the Rebels in their first onset. Fortunately, our baggage had been unloaded near the woods where the Sixteenth Corps was located and although all our baggage was in the possession of the Rebels, there was only a little of it that was rifled, the Sixteenth Corps driving them back and recapturing it. Had they known that in my valise there was a full bottle of fine old whiskey, brought from Chicago in the spring, I fear I would never have seen the "grip" again. It was not disturbed and did duty later, among the wounded.

At about three o'clock of the morning of the 23d we laid aside the killed so as to make room to spread a rubber blanket and get a little sleep, and I never slept more soundly than I did there for two hours.

The 23d more than a thousand Rebel dead were, under a flag of truce, delivered to the Rebels from in front of our two divisions.

Two-thirds of my own company were gone in that three days' battle. Only one officer and one non-commissioned officer, a corporal, were there to answer roll-call. On the night of the 26th the Army of the Tennessee left Leggett's Hill and, marching behind the other corps, moved to the right of the army again. While halting to rest on the 27th, orders placing General Howard in command of the Army of the Tennessee were read to us. The same afternoon I led the advance with my company as skirmishers and we drove the enemy before us until rain and darkness put a stop to our advance. The next day, being in reserve, we double-quicked a mile and a half and formed on Logan's right, just as it was turned by the Rebels. We drove back the Rebels, capturing a flag, and held the line until relieved by other troops the next day. While fighting here we first saw General Howard. He came on foot along our line. We knew him by the empty sleeve and the two stars. He, by that act of seeing for himself the situation, won the re-

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gard of our corps and we never had reason to lose our good opinion of him. We all liked General Logan and would have liked to have had him retained in command.

During this battle our regiment advanced too far in front and was formed in a field by a rail fence. When ordered to fall back to the edge of the woods, every fifth man carried the guns and the other four carried back *rails* to form a breastwork. An officer, in his report, said it was the first time he ever saw an army fall back and carry its breastworks with it. Two killed and eighteen wounded was our regimental record that afternoon. On this front we gradually drove the Rebel outposts, and formed new lines until we were within rifle shot of their forts, and our line within reach of their pickets. Many a brave man was shot by their sharpshooters. On our company front the line was on the decline of the hill towards the Rebels, so that when out of the ditch the Rebel bullets could reach us. Our blankets were also spread on the ground above the breastworks. One night I had occasion, near midnight, to beat a temporary retreat to the rear. When I returned, a few minutes later, I found a minie ball had penetrated my blankets, and, if I had been there, would, no doubt, have closed my campaigning suddenly.

While in a line a little in advance and to the right of this, about the 15th of August, General Sherman and a few of his staff officers came along, riding in front of our breastworks. He was reconnoitering. Wishing to get to the rear of the works before he came to the open field, just to our left, he asked me to have the head log removed and the bank levelled a little so they could get over. While my men were doing as he ordered, the general asked me some searching questions as to the picket lines in the woods in our front. This was the only time I had any conversation with the old hero that summer. Since the war, in talking

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with him, I asked him if he remembered the incident and he said he did. He said he was looking over the line to see how few men could hold it, and he saw in that strip of woods a possible weak spot in our line, as the Rebels could approach under cover of the timber, quite to our picket line.

On the 20th of August circumstances over which I had no control rendered it necessary for me to retire for awhile. Although able to be about with the aid of a crutch and cane, I was at the hospital in Marietta when the final move was made which captured Atlanta. I joined the regiment soon after it returned to Atlanta and as another officer of my company had returned to duty, I was appointed acting adjutant, which position I held during the campaign after Hood, later in the fall. On the muster-out of the non-veteran officers, I was promoted to captain and again took command of the company. General Blair had gone north and the brave and youthful General Ransom was in command of the Seventeenth Corps. He was taken very sick and my company was detailed as his guard. This duty we performed with pleasure, until our return to Rome, when men were detailed who carried the general on a stretcher back to Rome. He soon after died and the army mourned his loss deeply.

It was while I was acting-adjutant during the Alabama campaign that Colonel Proudfit and myself had a very unpleasant, two A. M. interview with General Jeff C. Davis. But time will not permit me to relate circumstances. All the officers of our regiment messed together, that year. One day, on Brush Mountain, just as we were gathering under out tent fly to take our noon nourishment, a Rebel battery sent a few shells at the white tent fly, and the lively way in which Dr. Rogers and some of the rest of us (I was there) got on the safe side of a tree, was fun for the

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boys. Casualties: one mule minus a leg and Biddy McFlaritie's wash tub knocked into smithereens. At Smyrna campground we had many new recruits, and much fun the old veterans had with them! In some way our company had gotten a little milk, while out foraging. The recruits wanted to know where they got it and the boys said they *drew* it up at the commissary tent. They told the boys to take their tin cups and go up and tell the officer they had come to draw their milk. Sure enough, they went, much to the amusement of the old boys.

In November came the long and exciting "March to the sea." The night before we captured Savannah, Major Price of our regiment was killed and I was mustered out of service at Savannah and brought the major's body to Wisconsin. It was Captain Langworthy of our regiment who carried the news of our conquest from Savannah to our fleet. We were the first officers from Sherman's Army to reach New York and the interviews of reporters were so frequent we could scarcely attend to necessary duties. That was just thirty years ago this month.

The changes of time have brought a generation of new men into the field of activity and responsibility. I fear that in the maelstrom of business and political life, the principles for which we fought have, in a measure lost their significance and that our young companions will need to exert their influence to perpetuate the sacred trust bequeathed to them and that "Old Glory," that emblem of liberty and a reunited country, be transmitted to their descendants unsullied.

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THROUGH THE CAROLINAS WITH THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

BY BREVET-MAJOR WILLIAM DUNCAN,

TENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read May 14, 1895.)

Commander and Companions:—

My last paper related some of the incidents of the Army of the Tennessee from Atlanta to the sea. To-night we will follow this army through the Carolinas, and I will try to entertain you with some of the incidents that came under my personal observation and services with this noble army. First let me say that the army organization under General Sherman was substantially the same as it had been from Atlanta to the sea with the Army of the Tennessee on the right wing. General John A. Logan had again returned to us and was in command of the Fifteenth Army Corps.

While our trip through Georgia had been favored with fine weather, excellent roads, and an abundance of good foraging and supplies, and practically free from much annoyance by the enemy, the very opposite confronted us in this campaign. About the 1st of February we started north from near Pocotaligo. Our boys, while lying near the coast, had learned the terms used by the marines for taking soundings, which served them well for the country we passed through for the next six weeks. This country was literally flooded at this season. Once in a while a

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sand-bar, but mostly water waist-deep. Narrow causeways, swampy lands on both sides of these roads with quite a growth of brush and timber and quite generally the enemy on the opposite side to dispute our passage. Companion General Wager Swayne lost his leg at one of the crossings. My men were deployed on both sides of the road advancing toward some obstructions in the road. I was in the road moving along about on a line with them when the enemy opened on us with a piece of artillery actually creating a vacuum in the atmosphere around me, hitting General Swayne, who was about fifteen or twenty rods to the rear on the same road. This was nearer to the mouth of a cannon with an enemy in charge of it, than I ever remember of being during my war experience. My only excuse is that I did not know that it was there. It was quite a common sight to see our infantry passing through these overflowed lands carrying their guns and ammunition high to keep them out of the water, but apparently and at all times, in good spirits. They used to give the soundings in nautical terms as they heard them given while on the coast, and if one was unfortunate enough to make a mis-step and fall out of sight in the water, the rest would call out "No bottom!" I think I am safe in saying that in nearly six weeks from the rains falling from above and the overflowed lands, a large portion of our army was not out of the wet long enough to get dry. Sometimes going into camp at night and being driven out by the overflow of some little insignificant stream fifteen or twenty feet wide at night, and from one to two miles in the morning.

We reached the South Carolina Railroad on the 6th or 7th of February and I never had seen as perfect and complete a job of destruction as was done here. The rails were twisted into monogram U. S.s and the ties burned, as

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I understood, for about fifty miles and it was done so rapidly that it hardly seems credible that such destruction could be accomplished so quickly.

From this time until we reached Columbia our army life consisted mostly in wading swamps and crossing rivers, not meeting with much opposition nor any very exciting circumstances.

On the 17th of February we entered Columbia; Generals Sherman, Howard and Logan with their staffs crossing a pontoon bridge a short distance above the city. On entering the city we found the cotton out on the streets. The wind was blowing strong, wads of burning cotton were blowing about the streets and general excitement prevailed. We found many of our men who had been prisoners. They mingled with the men telling their experiences. There seemed to be considerable liquor in the city; it was rolled out on the street and the heads of the barrels knocked out. Some of the boys were trying to save some of it by dipping it out of the gutter.

I stopped with a family by the name of W. E. Meikle. He was in the Confederate army. His mother, wife, one child and a maiden lady composed the family. Lieutenant McQueen of my company stayed at the Reverend Potter's just across the street. I mention these facts, for later our services returned to us in kind when we were not expecting it.

Fire broke out soon after dark and I think this was the most exciting night I ever witnessed. No efforts that could be brought to bear seemed possible to stay the fire, and I think it practically burned itself out. Generals Howard and Logan were out with what fire apparatus was found, but the hose was not in good condition and was abandoned. The people were terrified and we were very much in need of rest. The family that I stayed with became very much

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alarmed and wanted to leave the house. I tried to convince them that it was better to remain until the fire drove them out, but they were very much alarmed and I don't know but they thought that I was not very particular whether they were burned up or not. I had told them that if they left the house they would lose everything and that it might not be possible for me to afford them any protection. They asked me if I would not go over to Mr. Potter's, they wanted to consult him. Lieutenant McQueen told Mr. Potter that I was captain of his company and if they did as I told them they would be all right. The balance of the night was spent in watching the fire and keeping trespassers out of the house, but I have no desire to pass such a night again. As the fire did not reach this house, they lost nothing but a night's rest, although filled with terror and anxiety. Anticipating our arrival, the people had a habit of burying their valuables in order to save them; but our men were experts in finding hidden treasure. They would take their ramrods and probe the ground so thoroughly that it was almost impossible to put anything under the ground that they would not find. The family that I stopped with saw that the men were, in their way, succeeding in finding such property. Mrs. Meikle told me that she and her husband had buried their silver-ware in her mother's garden and asked me to accompany them to see if they could not save it. I told her that it was too late now—that she ought to have told me about it before, but she seemed quite anxious, so I consented to go with them. We found a detachment of the Provost-Grand quartered in her mother's house. After the colored men had dug around the locality for some time without finding the box, one of the men called to me from the house saying that they had been over that ground and we would not find anything there, but just then the darky struck the box; to the disappointment of our

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boys, they found all they had buried and took it home with them. My stay in Columbia after this was very pleasant. Mr. Meikle, after the war was over, wrote to the War Department for my address and wrote a very grateful letter thanking me for what he had left and inviting Mrs. D. and myself to visit them in their Southern home, but I have never seen any of the family since. I think we were in Columbia three days. On the 20th of February we started for Fayetteville, N. C. The same conditions still existed, rain from above and a large portion of the country overflowed. I was ordered to take my men, proceed to Camden and destroy the liquor at some distilleries. In executing this order we captured a Rebel flag floating on one of the public buildings. The enemy seemed to have left our immediate front for the present, and everything was quiet with us until we reached Lynch's Creek. This was apparently a small stream, but that night and the next day it overflowed its banks, covering the bottom lands from one to two miles wide, with water from one to twenty-five feet deep. I received orders to take all the available mounted men at our headquarters and proceed down this creek to destroy some railroad bridges on the road leading from Charleston to Cheraw. My command consisted of Captain King, Fourth Ohio, Captain Ware, Signal Corps and my own company, comprising in all about sixty-five men, officers included.

We started down on the west side of Lynch's Creek, crossing to the east side about twelve or fifteen miles from where we left the army. We had not proceeded far on this side before my advance found the enemy's picket, who retired for some distance. After getting some reinforcements they were inclined to dispute our advance. After looking the ground over, I detached one platoon from the main body and ordered the advance guard to charge and drive them

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back. My idea at this time was that it was only a small force of militia (or neighborhood men as they called them in that country). I followed up the advance with this platoon and stationed them under cover on the side of the road. I soon found that I had an enemy to deal with that meant fight. After my advance had driven them some distance, they charged in turn on my men, who had been instructed to fall back on the main body without hesitating or recognizing us. We let our men pass and just as the enemy got opposite us in the road, we delivered a volley into them at short range emptying a number of saddles and sending the rest back at an elegant pace. By this time the sun was setting and I was satisfied in my own mind that the enemy was too strong for me on that side of the creek. This was on a road leading north from the one that I was traveling. We came to Mt. Elon or Dubois Cross Roads; it was now dark—I ordered a halt, picketing the four roads and leaving the men mounted—the three detachments facing the roads leading forward. The officers dismounted by a large pine tree and we were consulting a map of the country that I had with me to ascertain which would be the better road for us to take to reach the bridges and, if possible, avoid the enemy. Before we came to any decision, the picket on the road leading east gave a challenge. I gave the order to the officers to mount, hastily put my map in my pocket, mounted and started toward the picket that gave the challenge. Lieutenant McQueen, of my company, had preceded me; just then he called back, "It's all right, captain; it is nothing but a darky!" Just as I turned my horse I discovered between me and the horizon my entire view covered with men and the order to charge given, I threw my horse to the left side of the road. They passed me, and shot Lieutenant McQueen in the groin. They had ridden past my men who were stationed on the sides of the roads and

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immediately commenced firing. From this time until the enemy withdrew, it was the most serious place I was ever in. It was very dark, the continual flash from the Spencer carbines that my men were armed with, the spatting of the bullets into the trees near us and the enemy in between my men.

General Aiken rode up near to me and asked who was in command of these men demanding our surrender; he was shot. One of the enemy borrowed a screw-driver from one of my men to fix his gun and he was made a prisoner of war, the only one captured on either side that night. My men remained nearly in the same position through this fight; when any one rode up to them and spoke, if they did not recognize their voice, they fired. General Aiken was in command of the enemy with one South Carolina regiment and two from Georgia. It was a slaughter-pen for them; they left more dead and wounded men on the ground than I had with me. My loss was only three killed and two wounded. The enemy withdrew, leaving us where they found us. After it was over the stillness was almost painful. We moved south, and recrossed Lynch's Creek at this point about two miles wide. I came very near getting drowned by my horse getting out of the road into deep water, but he proved to be a good swimmer and I got back into the road near my advance. He swam faster than they could walk in such deep water. On reaching headquarters one of my men who had got demoralized in the flight preceded us and had reported us all killed and that he was the only one left to tell the story. I failed to burn any bridges. We found later that the country in that direction was held quite strongly by the enemy, guarding the railroad for the passage of men and property from points along the coast that had been evacuated on account of the movements of Sherman's army across the country in the rear of Charles-

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ton, Wilmington and other points. I had served over three years, following the enemy from place to place and this seemed to me to be an excellent change of tactics. We were now taking the country roads and the enemy seemed to be paralyzed and confused trying to find the front of our army in order to stop or check the onward march.

The next objective point on the line of march was Cheraw. We found quite a large amount of property here; ammunition, wines and household property. In moving this property from Charleston to get it away from us was good evidence to me that they did not know where we were going. But companions, I must close this paper for tonight. At some other time, if you think it best, we will continue our march to Fayetteville, Goldsboro, Raleigh. Richmond and to Washington.

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THE IRON BRIGADE IN THE FIRST DAY'S BATTLE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. HARRIES,

THIRD U. S. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 8, 1895.)

Commander and Companions:

The organizations that participated in, and the incidents connected with, the battle of Gettysburg, will always be of interest to the American citizen.

When the battle took place, both armies were at the height of their discipline. General Lee's army had perfect confidence in its leader and believed itself capable of beating any army in the world. The Army of the Potomac had a new leader, who was a stranger to most of the officers and men, but there was in the private soldier and officer then in the army of General Meade, a quiet determination to win or die in the attempt.

The main body of the Southern army crossed the Potomac on the 24th and 25th of June, 1863, and the Army of the Potomac followed on the 25th and 26th of June. General Meade assumed command of the army June 28th, two days only before the commencement of that sanguinary struggle which ended in the defeat and retreat of Lee's army back into Virginia. The Iron Brigade was composed of the Second, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana and

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Twenty-fourth Michigan, together with Battery B Fourth U. S. Artillery, and crossed the Potomac River on its way to Gettysburg at Edward's Ferry on June 25th.

The Brigade was commanded by General Sol. Meredith, who had been the colonel of the Nineteenth Indiana. General Wadsworth commanded the division and it was in General Reynolds' First Corps of the Army of the Potamac.

Those of my companions who are familiar with the history of the Brigade will have no occasion to criticise me in using language of praise for this gallant body of men, which to others might seem to be overdrawn.

Almost every great war brings some military organization to the front which has specially distinguished itself for courage and endurance. Cromwell's Ironsides, Caesar's Tenth Legion, The Old Guard of Napoleon, The Light Brigade at Balaklava and the Iron Brigade are all illustrations of this fact; but a name given to an organization that implies valor, must, in order to be enduring, meet with the approbation of the companions in those other organizations who have been associated with, or are familiar with its conduct. I recall a brigade commander who thought he would give his brigade a name that would indicate bravery and constancy, so he called it the Steel Brigade, but everybody spelled the word steal and so he gave it up in disgust.

John B. Callis of Lancaster, Wis., who was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin, says as to the origin of the name by which the brigade became so well known, that General McClellan told him that during the battle of South Mountain, his headquarters were where he could see every move of the troops taking the gorge or Turner's Pass on the National Road, and that when General Hooker rode up to him, he asked, "What troops are those fighting on the pike?" his answer was, "General Gibbons' Brigade of Western

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men." He replied, "They must be made of iron," and that ever since he gave them the cognomen of The Iron Brigade. My own recollection is, that the name originated with a war correspondent of a New York paper, three or four days after this event, who in writing of the conduct of the brigade at the battle of Antietam, called it the Iron Brigade, and the name has clung to it ever since. From the time the Brigade crossed the Potomac River until Tuesday, the last of June, the marches were rapid and long, most of the time through mud and rain; but when it rains men are usually hilarious and jolly, while when marching through clouds of dust they are morose, silent and sullen. During June 30th, General Lee advanced his army eastward, while General Reynolds advanced his troops northward, each bivouacking about an equal distance from Gettysburg, whose advantageous heights were most valuable to either army. At an early hour Wednesday, July 1, the men partook of their frugal meal of hardtack and coffee. The Pennsylvania line had been reached and passed, and the forces of the enemy must be reached very soon, but we did not suspect that the foe was within a few hours' march.

It was a beautiful day and a beautiful season of the year. The fields were either green with grass or yellow with the golden grain.

Nature had put forth her loveliest colors. Here and there an old Pennsylvania farmer and the women and children would greet us loyally and pleasantly as we passed by, little dreaming that they were living near a spot that was destined soon to be the battle-ground of one of the greatest battles of the century.

The Iron Brigade marched along the Emmetsburg turnpike, and when within sight of Gettysburg we could see General Buford's cavalry dismounted, fighting with the

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enemy's infantry, west of the town. General Reynolds had gone forward to confer with General Buford, when, as we reached a point about a mile from town, a staff officer came dashing up to General Meredith and directed him to form his brigade in line and charge the enemy in McPherson's woods. The brigade formed line on the double quick, in order—the Second and Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana and Twenty-fourth Michigan (the Sixth Wisconsin being held in reserve to be used whenever required); the men loaded and fixed bayonets while on the move.

The Brigade passed rapidly over the undulating ground between the Emmetsburg road and a rail fence that ran parallel to our lines a few hundred yards from McPherson's woods. We were delayed at this fence a few moments caused by this obstruction, and the terrific fire of the enemy which made great gaps in our line. Then the brigade pulled itself together and with a cheer, dashed forward.

As we reached the edge of the timber, the enemy's line began to waver and then break; General Archer, whose brigade was in our front, evidently refused to be borne to the rear with his troops and was taken prisoner together with about two hundred and fifty of his men.

I can recall now, something of General Archer's personal appearance as he appeared to me that day. He wore a splendid gray uniform and while I was looking him over, the lieutenant of my company stepped up to him and said, "I'll relieve you of that sword"; it was a beautiful steel-scabbard sword that he handed over to Lieutenant D. B. Daily. General Archer was sent to the rear with his men and as he was being taken back, General Doubleday rode up and said: "Good-morning, Archer, how are you? I am glad to see you." General Archer replied, "Well, I am not glad to see you by a ———sight." General Doubleday shrugged

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his shoulders, straightened up in his saddle and said: "Take him to the rear; take him to the rear." They had been class-mates at West Point and the meeting was far less pleasant to Archer than to Doubleday.

When General Archer's Brigade broke to the rear, some of his men would occasionally dodge behind trees and fire and while this was going on General Reynolds rode up to the edge of the grove with his aides, Riddle and Wadsworth, and was killed by one of these retreating Confederates.

General Doubleday in his report says, "McPherson's woods possessed all the advantages of a redoubt, strengthening the center of our line and enfilading the enemy's columns should they advance in the open space on either side. This tongue of woods was also coveted by the enemy and Archer's Brigade of Heth's Division had been sent across Willoughby's Run to occupy it and was already advancing when the Iron Brigade arrived."

G. B. Garrison, who was employed by General Buford as a scout, writes, "I find in my old notebook that Reynolds came on the field twenty-five minutes before nine, in advance of his corps; the First Infantry came on the field fifteen minutes after nine." Capt. Weld, an aide-de-camp on Reynold's staff, stated in his diary that "at eight o'clock Reynolds and his staff started for the front. On the crest of the hills beyond we could see the enemy's guns going into position. A few hurried words from General Buford showed the condition of affairs. General Reynolds turning to me (Weld) said, 'Ride at once at your utmost speed to General Meade; tell him the enemy are advancing in strong force and that I fear they will get to the heights beyond the town before I can. I will fight them inch by inch and if driven into town, I will barricade the streets and hold them back as long as possible.'" The death of General Rey-

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nolds was a sad blow to the army. While it is not possible to see how his inspiring gallantry could have overcome the numerical majority of the enemy on the first day of the great battle, there is little doubt that his skill and courage would have added materially to our strength and that his fiery impatience would have hastened the arrival of re-enforcements.

Three years ago last summer I visited the battle field of Gettysburg in company with General Harry Heth and a few other gentlemen who had participated in the great struggle. As we walked through McPherson's Woods (now called Reynold's Grove), I asked him where he was when he was wounded. He walked to Willoughby's Run, then to the edge of the grove, and when he came back said, "It was within twenty feet of this oak tree." "Why," said I, "that was immediately in front of the Second Wisconsin." "Perhaps," he replied with a smile, "it was you who shot me." "No," I said, "I remember distinctly that on that day I did not fire a gun." He told me that he had sent General Pettigrew with his brigade to Gettysburg on June 30 to get some shoes for his men, but had instructed him that if he found a large force of the enemy not to bring on an engagement. That when he, Pettigrew, found Buford's Cavalry dismounted, he supposed he had come across a large force of infantry, so he returned without accomplishing his object. When he made his report General Hill was with me; I then said, "I will take my division in the morning and go down there and get the shoes myself," and to this General Hill assented. We were then bivouacked at Cashtown on the Chambersburg pike. I did not believe that there was any considerable force at Gettysburg. On arriving near the town, I ordered my batteries to shell the woods for half an hour and then stop. I then ordered General Davis to ad-

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vance on the left of the road while Archer was directed to move through the woods on the right." The other two brigades of Heth's Division which were held in reserve were Brockenbrough's and Pettigrew's.

While General Heth considers that the battle was brought on by his going to Gettysburg for shoes, yet we now know that on the 30th of June, Longstreet, who was at Chambersburg, was ordered to take McLaws' and Hood's Divisions and proceed to Cashtown, leaving Pickett's Division at Chambersburg to guard the rear until relieved by Imboden; while Ewell was ordered to countermarch from Carlisle and join the army at Cashtown or Gettysburg. So Lee was able on July 1 to concentrate his army in the vicinity of Gettysburg with the exception of Pickett's Division. Soon after the fall of General Reynolds, it was discovered that the Confederate troops north of the Chambersburg pike, were driving General Cutler's Brigade. It was then that General Doubleday, who succeeded Reynolds in command, directed that the Sixth Wisconsin, which up to this moment had been held in reserve, should be sent to the right and attack the enemy in flank. This order, that gallant regiment, under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Rufus R. Dawes promptly obeyed.

This regiment, aided by the Ninety-fifth New York and Fourteenth Brooklyn on the left, made a charge upon the enemy who were in the railroad cut and there captured the Second Mississippi with its colors, Major John A. Blair together with seven officers and two hundred and twenty-five enlisted men, surrendering to Colonel Dawes.

General Doubleday in his official report of this part of the battle says: "The moment was a critical one, involving the defeat, perhaps the utter rout of our forces. I immediately sent for one of Meredith's regiments, the Sixth Wisconsin, a

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gallant body of men who I knew could be relied upon. Forming them rapidly, perpendicular to the line of battle on the enemy's flank, I directed them to attack immediately. Lieutenant-Colonel Dawes, their commander, ordered a charge which was gallantly executed. The enemy made a hurried attempt to change front to meet the attack and flung his troops into the railroad cut for safety. The Ninety-fifth New York Volunteers, Colonel Biddle, and the Fourteenth Brooklyn under Colonel Fowler, joined in the charge. The cut was carried at the point of the bayonet. After this there was a lull in the fighting which lasted about two hours. This time was occupied by us in reforming our little line of battle.

The Nineteenth Indiana was placed on the left of the brigade which was also the extreme left of the First Corps. The Twenty-fourth Michigan on its right, the Seventh Wisconsin next and the Second Wisconsin on the right of the brigade. In the meantime the enemy was reenforced by the arrival of General Ewell's Corps, and two divisions of the Eleventh Corps came to the assistance of the First Corps.

Two-thirds of Lee's army then confronted the smallest corps in the Army of the Potomac and part of another placed on the right of the line. This was the position when, at half past one o'clock, the general attack was made on us by the combined corps of Hill and Ewell. They came down upon us in two lines of battle, their right overlapping the Union left by a quarter of a mile. Their bearing was magnificent and their alignment seemed to be perfect; in some instances their colors were advanced several paces in front of the line. Pettigrew's Brigade came on opposite the Iron Brigade.

Lieutenant James Stewart in command of Battery B fired

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shell until they appeared on the ridge east of Willoughby's Run; then he poured into them canister with terrible effect. The old brigade could keep the enemy back in front, but they kept getting around our flanks until we were obliged to fall back to prevent being surrounded. I think it was six times that we reformed our little line and made an heroic stand each time before reaching the town, but the struggle was so unequal that we were finally compelled to give way and retreat to Cemetery Heights south of town.

One section of Battery B fired double charges of canister into the enemy's ranks as they came into the streets of the town. The Sixth Wisconsin repeatedly turned and fired into the enemy as it marched in line of battle from Pennsylvania College to Cemetery Hill.

All this fighting was attended by a fearful loss in killed and wounded.

Colonel Wm. F. Fox, who is acknowledged as authority, in his books of regimental losses says: "The Iron Brigade lost the heaviest of any brigade at Gettysburg."

Out of 1883 it lost 1152 or 61 per cent. Pettigrew's Brigade of the Confederate army which fought against the Iron Brigade, suffered next to the heaviest loss of any brigade in Lee's army, being exceeded only by a loss of eighty-six men in Armisted's Brigade. A most notable incident of opposing valor occurred between two regiments of these two brigades, one being the Twenty-fourth Michigan and the other the Twenty-sixth North Carolina of Pettigrew's Brigade.

These two regiments sustained the greatest loss of any regiments in either army. A comparison of casualties in these two regiments who on that day faced each other, tells the story of the terrible combat:

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	24th Michigan.	26th N. Carolina.
Entered battle with	496 men	800 men
Killed and wounded	316 men	588 men
Missing in action	81 men	120 men
Remaining	99 men	92 men
Per cent of killed and wounded	64 p. ct.	73-5 p. ct.
Per cent of loss	80 p. ct.	88-5 p. ct.

Colonel Fox says: "A study of regimental losses shows clearly that battalions which faced musketry the steadiest, longest and oftenest, were the ones whose aggregate loss during the war was the greatest."

Fighting regiments leave a bloody mark behind them. Retreating regiments lose few men.

The First Corps, according to the field returns numbered, on the morning of July 1, 8200 and its loss at the close of that day amounted to 5750.

The Second Wisconsin entered the battle with 302 men. It had killed 46, wounded 155, missing 52, total, 243. Loss, 77 per cent.

A comparison of these percentages of casualties in regiments of the Iron Brigade with those of other organizations in other wars, will give some idea of the desperate character of the fighting done by Union and Confederate troops. The Light Brigade at Balaklava took into action 673 officers and men. It lost 113 killed and 134 wounded, total 247 or 36-7 per cent.

The heaviest loss in the German Army during the Franco-Prussian War occurred in the Sixteenth Infantry (Third Westphalian) at Mars La Tour. Like all German regiments of the line, it numbered 3006 men. As the battle occurred within a few days of the opening of the campaign, it carried 3000 into action. It lost 509 killed and mortally wounded, 619 wounded and 365 missing. Total 1484 or 49.4 per cent. The losses in the first day's struggle at Gettysburg exceeded

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those of either of the next two days. The first day's battle gave time for the concentration of the rest of the army on the hills back of Gettysburg, the heights which Hancock at once strengthened, and Meade afterwards defended with such admirable appreciation of the vantage ground gained by Reynolds, when he flung his slender infantry force against the overwhelming strength of the enemy.

Wm. F. Fox, p. 540 in his "Regimental Losses in the Civil War," says: "Gettysburg was the greatest battle of the war. The strategic issues involved were the most important; it was the turning-point in the fortunes of the Confederates; the contending armies were not only large, but were at their best in point of discipline and experience, while the loss of life exceeded that of any other battle-field of the war. Loss at Gettysburg, July 1st-3rd, 1863:

Union: Killed, 3070; wounded, 14,497; missing, 5434; aggregate, 23,001.

Confederate: Killed, 2592; wounded, 12,706; missing, 5150; aggregate, 20,448.

The aggregate of wounded in the Confederate army was no doubt as great, if not greater than that in the Union army. Those only slightly wounded were not reported by the Confederate authorities. It appears that on May 14, 1863, General Lee issued General Order No. 63 in which he stated that "The practice which prevails in the army of including in the list of casualties those cases of slight injuries which do not incapacitate the recipient for duty, is calculated to mislead our friends and encourage our enemies by giving false impressions as to the extent of our losses."

In the official report of the Ninth Georgia in the Gettysburg battle, the commanding officer states that he has omitted all slight wounds which, though sufficient to disable a man for a day or two, will not prevent his taking part in the next battle.

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Colonel V. H. Manning, Third Arkansas, in his report for Gettysburg, says: "The wounded include only those disabled indefinitely; quite a number were temporarily disabled by slight wounds but resumed their duties in a few days; hence I make no mention of them in this report.

George L. Kilmer, a student and writer of war history, says the following are thirteen notable battles of the century, where the loss in killed and wounded exceeded ten per cent of the number engaged:

1. Eilau, 1807. Russians and French. Loss, 26 per cent.
2. Stone River (Murfreesboro), 1862. Loss, 23½ per cent. The Union troops were not all closely engaged, but their loss was 22 per cent.
3. Marengo, 1800. Austrians and French. Loss, 23 per cent.
4. Chickamauga, 1863. Loss, 21 per cent. The Union troops were not all closely engaged, but their loss was 20 per cent.
5. Antietam, 1862. Loss, 21 per cent. Union troops were not all closely engaged, but their loss was 19 per cent.
6. Leipsic, 1813. Allies and French. Loss, 21 per cent. Leipsic has been termed by the Germans "the battle of the nations" on account of the vast armies assembled, which numbered 465,000 men. It occurred the year after Borodino, which until recent years has been classed as the bloodiest battle of modern times. But an outside estimate on the best figures attainable places the loss at Borodino at about 21 per cent.
7. Gettysburg, 1863. Loss, 20 per cent. Union troops not all closely engaged and their loss 19 per cent. The four Union corps most heavily engaged—namely, the First, Second, Third and Eleventh—lost 32 per cent. The six corps most closely engaged—including the Fifth and Twelfth with the above—lost about 27 per cent.

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8. Shiloh, 1862. Loss, 20 per cent. Union loss, 17½ per cent.

9. Mars-la-Tour, 1870. Germans and French. Loss, 16 per cent.

10. Waterloo, 1814. Loss, 14 per cent.

11. Woerth, 1870. Germans and French. Loss, 14 per cent.

12. Solferino, 1859. French and Austrians. Loss, 12 per cent.

13. Sadowa, 1866. Prussians and Austrians. Loss, 12 per cent.

Of these battles Eilau, Marengo, Leipsic and Waterloo were fought with smoothbore flintlock muskets; Stone River, Chickamauga, Antietam, Gettysburg, Shiloh and Solferino with rifled barrels and percussion caps, and Woerth and Mars-la-Tour with breechloaders. At Sadowa the Prussians had breechloaders.

If the figures for the losses at Eilau, Marengo and Leipsic could be given with the exactness that applies to the battles of the Civil War it is probable that the percentage of losses on those fields would be found less.

The figures handed down doubtless include the prisoners or missing, thus swelling the loss. Stone River, Chickamauga, Antietam, Gettysburg and Shiloh must be considered the bloodiest battles of the century.

In closing, let me pay a deserved tribute to the Private Soldier of the Iron Brigade. He was not unlike other American volunteer soldiers except perhaps that being a Western boy, he was more used to the rough and hard life of a soldier. He wore on his head a black felt hat with a broad stiff brim, which was a distinguishing feature of his uniform and by which he became well-known to friend and foe.

He was, as a rule, a youth of great courage who per-

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formed his duties uncomplainingly. He carried under his blouse a stout heart that throbbed with exultation whenever his eyes beheld "Old Glory."

Through heat and cold, sunshine and rain, ragged and dirty, his feet often blistered and sore, he trudged along; sometimes he was enveloped in clouds of dust, at others he waded in roads and fields knee deep in mud, without a murmur, proud of the privilege of fighting and dying for his flag and his country. If his form was bent under the load of his knapsack, the moment he heard the booming of the cannon, he would straighten up and, with flashing eye, quicken his step towards the foe. No country in the world ever produced a finer specimen of manhood or a better soldier. All honor and glory to the Private Soldier of the Iron Brigade.

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UNDER FIRE AT CHARLESTON WHILE A PRISONER OF WAR.

BY LIEUTENANT GEORGE W. GRANT,

EIGHTY-EIGHTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 12, 1895.)

"But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes like stars start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

If such tale is your expectation you will be disappointed, for I have drawn my subject mildly. Prisoners of war are loath to tell the story of privation endured unless it be to those who have had similar experience, as then it does not fall on doubting ears. It is hard for others to realize that such inhumanity could be practiced as we hear and know of, or even that such fiends as Wirz, Winder, Dick Turner, and others could exist in the light of the nineteenth century.

Should I paint my picture in the darkest shades, but tell the entire truth, I fear I should be regarded as a bigger liar than Eli Perkins—and I should not enjoy the distinction. Early in the summer of 1864 there were confined in a

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prison-pen, known as "Camp Oglethorpe," at Macon, Ga., about 1500, or more, officers of the army and navy, of every shade of rank, from that of brigadier to the humble subaltern.

At this time the Union guns were industriously hammering away at Charleston, the enterprising engineer, General Gilmore, having erected batteries on Morris and adjacent islands at seemingly impossible places, and so close to the city that the "swamp-angel" and huge mortars were raining destruction upon it. The steady fire was galling to the people who had so boastfully inaugurated rebellion. They wanted war,—but not at their very doorsills.

"The bombardment must be stopped," was the universal cry. But how? The remedy soon advanced was original, being none other than to place the captive officers at Macon, in Charleston under the fire of the Union guns. For, reasoned they, the besiegers surely will not fire upon their own people. It is not my purpose to discuss this outrageous proceeding. Suffice it to say that it was contrary to the laws governing civilized warfare, if warfare deserves such distinction, and to humanity, as usually accorded the unfortunate captive. On the 10th day of June, fifty officers of high rank were sent to Charleston; among them Generals Seymour, Shaler, Wessells, Graham and Heckman. We knew not, at that time, their destination, but learned subsequently.

Here allow me to digress for a moment. The one thought, ever uppermost in the mind of the prisoners, was—escape. At Macon this was very difficult, as we were enclosed by a high stockade well guarded, about twenty feet inside of which was the fatal "deal-line." Several officers had been shot down in cold blood when ten or twelve feet distant, so we did not hug it closely. Lieutenant Grierson, of the Forty-fifth New York Volunteers, was thus wantonly

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murdered, and his murderer was—furloughed. Remonstrance was vain; the word of a Yankee availed nothing. One evening, shortly after the officers mentioned left for Charleston, I was visited at my hotel—shed No. 4—by Lieutenant Henry Kendall, adjutant of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania Volunteers, a school-mate and townsman, and was invited to take a walk. We linked arms together, and strolled through the camp to a retired spot, when he suddenly asked if I "wished to escape"; I as quickly replied, "Yes." Then he informed me that he had something in that line he would communicate under an oath of secrecy. Giving the required pledge, I learned that an oath-bound organization was forming for the purpose of escape, and that I could become a member.

Assenting, we met the following night and I was duly made a member of the mystic order. One point strongly impressed was absolute obedience; for instance, if ordered to attack a sentry single-handed, it must be done on penalty of death. There were signs of recognition, a grip and words. For instance, one brother would say, "Ho," the other reply, "Es"; the first would say, "Me," which would bring reply "cape"—these syllables forming the words nearest to mind and heart "Home," "Escape."

The order was known as the "Council of Ten," as it was controlled by ten councillors, of whom Captain McKibbon, U. S. A., was the chief. There was a regimental formation, ten companies of fifty each, regularly officered. I was first sergeant of the Pennsylvania company, Capt. Fox commanding. The digging of tunnels had become a ruling passion, and we burrowed as naturally as does the gopher. At this time ten tunnels were being worked, directed mainly by members of the order, with the view to a general prison delivery.

From shed No. 4, where I slept, was one in which I took

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some part. The opening was under a bunk built low to the ground, and work was done only at night. Two hours' duty was the manner of work, digging, placing the dirt in a bag which was dragged to the opening, and disposed of by some one on the outside. The work was tedious; strict watch was kept at the gate leading into camp, and when the tramp of the patrol was heard, a peculiar low whistle was given, warning of danger, when the digger was called out, boards were quickly placed over the opening, dirt scattered thereon, and in a twinkling a "Yank" or two were fast asleep upon the bunk.

I had just been relieved from duty at the tunnel one night, and had wrapped myself in my blanket, when the patrol came tramping into the pen. The usual alarm had failed, but precaution was quickly taken, keeping a poor fellow penned in the drift panting for air, but fortunately the Rebs did not long remain, and he was released from what might soon have been his tomb.

One tunnel had progressed well; already it extended beyond the stockade, when a cow broke into it and exposed it.

This led to a search for underground railroads, when two more were discovered, and our meagre rations were stopped for two days. Shortly after, the whole tunnel plot was exposed by an officer claiming to belong to a Missouri regiment, who went out of camp one day with Captain Tabbs, the Rebel commandant, gave away the scheme, and the tunnels were destroyed. He was undoubtedly a spy. The existence of the secret order did not become known, however.

On the 27th of July six hundred more officers were counted from the stockade, destined for Charleston, myself among them.

Nearly four hundred were members of the order, and a

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plan was soon formed to capture the train. The chief and four members of the council were of the party. Our company organizations were now broken, but members readily knew each other.

Those on the front part of the train were given instructions to overpower the guards on and near the locomotive, destroy the same and cut telegraph wires. Those in the rear were to overpower the reserve guard, while those intermediate would care for the guards about them.

The attempt was to be made at Pocotaligo, near the coast, and about eighty miles from Charleston.

If made during the day the signal of attack was to be the waving of a red handkerchief from the front of the commander's car; if at night, the cry of "Fire" was to serve.

All was working well, as we thought, when at some distance out from Savannah Junction the train was stopped, and the guard heavily re-inforced, so that the commander deemed it unwise to give the signal; and, in the light of this day, we applaud his action, though he was long blamed and accused of cowardice. Our hope was to overpower the garrison at Pocotaligo, represented as small, and attract the attention of our "blockaders." We afterward learned that the force there had been strengthened in expectation of an attack, and our desperate plan must have ended in dire disaster.

The order of which I have spoken is humorously referred to by ex-prisoners, as the "Knights of the Red Flag, or the Heroes of Pocotaligo."

The following morning we arrived in Charleston; after passing through a howling, jeering mob, we were soon within the walls of the jail yard. The jail we found to be a massive stone structure, octagonal in form, four stories high, the yard enclosed by walls fourteen feet high. Adjoining on the north was the work-house, the windows over-

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looking the jail yard, and there were confined the officers who had preceded us. To the eastward was Roper hospital; southward Marine hospital; these buildings, with the jail, taking up an entire block.

In the corner of the yard was the gallows, and under it, for a time, I slept, but soon crept from under the shadow of suggestion, and found more agreeable quarters against the north wall of the jail, where Captain John Bird and I formed a mess.

Our bill of fare consisted of corn meal and rice. The latter being varied at times with black or cow beans. Cooking utensils were scarce: an occasional skillet or tin pan going the rounds, many waiting turns, which led to frequent quarrels. Yankee ingenuity aided us. Captain Bird found an iron spittoon, which had seen hard service, and was now discarded, and by dint of much scraping and scouring it was made to do duty as our oven or skillet, and in this we baked corn pones or boiled rice. Our mode was rather primitive.

We discarded baking powders as "unwholesome"!!!—and our bread consisted of meal, cob and water. We relished it, too, having appetite for all we had and more.

Surely "there is no sauce like that of hunger." The jail yard was filthy in the extreme, and it was aptly described by a comrade as "the nastiest, dirtiest, filthiest, lousiest, place he was ever in."

Shelter there was none; the earth was our couch, the blue canopy our covering. The ground floor of the jail was occupied by civil convicts; the second by Rebel officers and soldiers under trial for military offences; the third by our colored soldiers; and the fourth by Federal and Rebel deserters. While we found little to commend, we do compliment the authorities in treating deserters from either side with equal severity.

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Many of the colored boys had been captured in the assault on Fort Wagner, and they were especially held for trial by the civic authorities on the charge of being runaway slaves.

Some of them may have been, but the great majority were not. Prospects were not cheering, as they were informed that if found guilty, they would be provided with hempen neckties; yet they enlivened the long hours, particularly those of the evening, by quaint songs of their own composition, simple yet touching.

I quote from one arranged by Sergeant Johnson, Company F, Thirty-fourth Massachusetts Infantry:

"When I enlisted in the army,
Then I thought 'twas grand,
Marching through the streets of Boston
Behind a regimental band.
When at Wagner I was captured,
Then my courage failed,
Now I'm lousy, hungry, naked,
Here in Charleston jail."

While the days passed wearily enough, the monotony was broken by the screaming shells, the winged messengers of death and destruction, falling in the streets, crashing through buildings, and spreading dismay in the proud, doomed city. Shelling was kept up vigorously; from sixty to one-hundred huge, smoking two-hundred-pound shells bringing Federal compliments daily.

The jail tower served an admirable purpose, as it was in plain view of our gunners, the space between the jail and the bay being the "burnt district," a large part of the city destroyed by the great fire of 1861. The gunners, knowing our location, avoided as much as possible throwing shells near us, yet all around, and sometimes bursting over us,

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were Foster's messengers, assuring us that the soldiers of the Union vengefully remembered the city that so boastingly fired the first gun of Secession.

"Lo in the streets thy boast of other days,
Grim silence sits, and rancorous weeds arise,
No joyous mirth, nor hymns of grateful praise,
Greets human ears, nor courts the upper skies,
But deadly pallor, and a fearful looking for
The hand of vengeance and the sword of war,
Thy prayer is answered, and around, above,
The wrath of God and man doth hourly move."

The jail yard was crowded, and in a short time our surroundings became so filthy that an earnest protest was made, when the authorities stated that if we would give our paroles of honor not to attempt escape, we would be placed in Roper Hospital with the privilege of the grounds. Anything was preferable to a living death, and we were escorted to Roper.

To again breathe pure air was a blessing. We now had comfortable quarters with a roof to cover, and the floor proved a good couch. The building was large, three stories high, facing the bay. Porticos covered the entire front, and from that on the third floor we witnessed pyrotechnics which were truly grand. There we listened to the distant boom of the "swamp-angel" or heavy mortar, and plainly saw the burning fuse of the shell marking an angle until it had reached the height of its propulsion, when, describing a fiery curve earthward, it would burst over the city, or linger in its work of destruction to explode in some stately building, or in the deserted street.

More shells were fired at night than during the day, as the lighted city, presumably afforded a better target. In the morning there was silence, as a heavy fog obscured it, but when the mist lifted our gunners would be heard from.

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At times in the darkness, a half dozen shells could be traced, meteor like, wending their way towards the city.

The distant rumbling of a huge gun put all on the alert for the iron messenger, its course was marked; then followed the explosion, when—whiz-z, whiz-z, the fragments were scattered around and about, uncomfortably near us.

"The Burnt district" was inhabited by negroes, who felt reasonably safe; but at times a shell fell short and into this locality, when it was amusing to see them scampering to safer places, only to return upon a cessation of the shelling, as they there occupied the ruined homes of their former masters, free or rent.

Our gunners watched specially for fires, and a conflagration was unfortunate for Charleston, for immediately guns were trained upon it to prevent the firemen from subduing it. They had a happy knack of putting a shell just where they wanted it. One day, about noon, a fire broke out in the block adjoining to the northward, which soon attracted the attention of the Union lookout. The firemen had reached the scene with old fashioned hand engines and were at work, assisted by a score of negroes. A number of us were in the grounds of Roper taking in the fun, having the fire and some of the engines in plain view. The Union batteries had been quiet; not a shell had visited the city that morning, but now was heard a deep, portentous rumbling; the hissing scream of a shell; the loud explosion —an engine and two firemen were disabled and we shouted for joy, crying, "Bully for the Union gunner"—shells followed in quick succession, driving all from the fire, and our party to shelter as well, for the deadly fragments of the monsters fell in the grounds. One piece weighing thirty pounds, went crashing through the roof, passing through three floors, to the cellar of Roper, and there was no longer any fun in it. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt; one

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officer was injured by a splinter from a broken table, while another had a skillet stricken from his hand, laming his arm.

The fire raged furiously, and the firemen, not relishing the danger, abandoned their task, when the troops were called out to hold them to duty and to assist, yet, notwithstanding their efforts, the fire spread and was communicated to other parts of the city and a score or more of buildings were destroyed. The people were panic-stricken, and with the din resounding without, the roaring and crackling of the flames, the crashing and bursting of monster bombs, pandemonium reigned in Charleston all through the night.

Many casualties happened to residents; we knew and heard of them, though the papers ridiculed the bombardment, mainly for effect abroad; coming out with bold headlines similar to this: "65th day of the bombardment"; "a cow killed"; or, "another poor negro killed by the cruel barbarity of the damned Yankees," but no mention was made of white persons killed or injured.

It may interest you to know how we killed time. Well, much of it was passed in killing greybacks, for they abounded within as well as without the prison; those within receiving most attention, not from choice but from necessity. To be clean, at least in a certain sense, it was necessary to "skirmish" at least twice daily, when the black flag was raised and not one of the enemy was spared. It may seem idle to refer to this, but I assure you it received our most serious attention.

The few well worn books at hand went the rounds, so long as they would hold together; classes in fencing and military tactics flourished; cards were played—poker, with cow beans, having preference—there was a class in dancing; prayer meetings were held nightly, and we had preaching

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on the Sabbath. But let some wag start an exchange rumor, and everything was dropped to hear the news.

Outside the fence a few turbaned "aunties" sold "snacks," as they termed them, of chicken or ham, at fabulous prices. Also, shrimp and fruit to those who were blessed with money. Ripe figs fresh from the trees were on sale; they are a delicacy, I know, for a few of us, who did not have the needful, broke through into the private garden of the Marine hospital adjoining, and stripped a tree of the luscious fruit. Stolen fruit is sweet—at least we thought so.

About the middle of September yellow fever broke out in Charleston and many died, among them the commandant of the prison. Soon it visited us, and a number were prostrated. The sisters of charity, those angels of mercy, cared for the sick and dying. Some five or six of our number perished; one morning, in the room where I slept, a comrade was found dead who was not thought to be seriously ill the night before. None knew that the dread scourge was so near.

On the 5th day of October we received the glad order to "pack up"; such news was ever welcome, as escape was the controlling thought, and chances were better when on the move. The Rebels gave out, with great flourish, that we were being removed to escape the plague; but we were not ready to credit them with humanity, in view of the fact that we had been brought there to be exposed to the fire of our own people in the hope that our presence would save them. There was another and more potent reason; when it became known to our Government that we had been placed in Charleston, a like number of Rebel officers were sent to General Foster, who placed them in transports before his works on Morris Island, thus preventing the Rebel batteries firing upon him.

This rather checkmated them, and was the direct cause

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of our removal to Columbia, where we remained at Camp Sorghum and Asylum Camp until late in February, when we were taken to Charlotte, N. C., and paroled for exchange; thence through Raleigh and Goldsboro to a point within six miles of Wilmington, immediately after the capture of that city by General Terry, where we were formally counted into the Union lines and tallied under the dear old flag, on the first day of March, 1865, the happiest day of my life.

I ask you to imagine my condition, to fancy my feelings, if possible, and not depend upon a feeble description. Captured at Gettysburg July 1st, 1863, twenty months had been passed in Libby, Danville, Macon, Charleston and Columbia. Two attempts at escape had proven futile; once I was recaptured after a freedom of five days, owing mainly to a sprained ankle received while passing through a swamp, which delayed travel until the country was aroused looking for escaped "Yanks"; again when Lieutenant Eugene Weeks, Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania Regiment, and myself were "treed" by hounds, in Hollow Creek vicinity, Edgefield District, and carried back to the hated camp at Columbia. Hope and despair alternated during these weary months; "Hope deferred, that maketh the heart sick." News of exchange, oft circulated, buoyed hope, then again, we were in the abyss of despair.

The new situation was hard to realize; were we indeed free and under the protection of the starry flag, or was it but a dream? Stern reality at length put doubt to flight, and we shouted, danced and hugged each other, laughed, while strong men wept in the delirium of joy. The folds of the old banner were rapturously kissed, and the stars and stripes appeared brighter than ever before.

Our dirty, lousy blankets and improvised haversacks were flung aside; no use for them now, yet how we had treasured them.

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The boys in blue were rejoiced to receive us, and kindly, even tenderly, cared for us, while tears coursed down their bronzed cheeks. Haversacks were emptied for us; hard tack was a luxury; it was indeed a joyful day.

In the afternoon we were started for Wilmington, where preparations had been made to receive us, and soon we were partaking of the best that Uncle Sam's larder afforded. The soldier's beverage, good, strong coffee, tasted like unto the nectar of the gods. Surgeons were near to watch and caution us not to eat too much, but to accustom ourselves gradually to the new conditions. Kind friends stood near, to help and to cheer, in strong contrast with our surroundings of but a few short hours before.

After a short stay at Wilmington, we were placed on the staunch steamer "Euterpe," and safely landed at Annapolis, there we received two months' pay, when, by dint of much washing, aided by the barber and a dealer in "sheep cloding," we were prepared to present ourselves to the dear ones at home, who, at times, had considered us as dead to them.

The joy of the meeting must be left solely to your imagination.

To look back to those trying days seems like the memory of a horrid dream, and while I would not stir the embers of the past, nor revive sectional hatred, I never enthuse over the sentiment of "the blue and the grey," knowing the wrong inflicted by the grey,—and though ready to forgive, I cannot forget.

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"A DAY WITH THE CONFEDERATES."

BY LIEUTENANT ELWOOD S. CORSER,

NINETY-THIRD NEW YORK INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 15, 1895.)

Commander and Companions:

Some years since, I wrote a sketch of one day's service in our Civil War, to which I gave the heading "A day with the Confederates." Later, a companion of this Commandery suggested to me that I should make of it a paper for one of the meetings of the Loyal Legion. I hesitated because, first, it was very limited in its scope, being confined to my personal experiences and impressions, and second, because my story of that one day is very brief and barren. Finally, at the suggestion of this comrade, I have prefaced it with a few incidents of personal army experience, covering the period from enlistment to the day in question, and relying upon your tolerant sympathy, now offer it to you.

During the midsummer days of 1861, there came flashing over the wires to my home in western New York the disastrous story of the first Bull Run. The writer had, since the first gun was fired at Sumter in April preceding, been chafing under the surroundings which had prevented an early enlistment, and our defeat at Bull Run brought a white heat of resolve, in which all barriers melted away. As soon as October following all opposing business entanglements were disposed of, and a little squad of six en-

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listed in the United States service under the leadership of a certain Captain Brown of Rochester, N. Y., who was recruiting for the United States Berdan Sharpshooters. Our adventures before we were finally carrying arms in the ranks were somewhat eccentric, and included the desertion of the entire squad. I only name one other of the six, Captain E. A. Pratt of this Commandery, who at that time was an adept with a light target rifle, and from whom I think we all derived our preference for the Berdan service, which was to give us an opportunity to select individual Rebel targets. After enlistment and a rather informal muster in Rochester, we were given a short furlough, which the writer improved by a wedding tour of a fortnight.

Early in November we started for New York to report at Weehawken, N. J., where other Berdan recruits were, as we understood, being equipped and drilled. Arrived in New York we learned that arrangements had been made to transfer us to the command of Captain Hastings of the Berdan organization. I do not know that there existed any good reason why we should have objected to this, but it did not suit us in our capacity of free and independent American citizens. As a result of this information we held a caucus, or a council of war, and determined on a flank movement. Leaving New York we reported to Adjutant-General Hillhouse at Albany. In those days forms were not very closely observed. Governor Morgan was occupied in swelling the contingent of the state, and all fish that came into the net were counted. We were at once gathered in and assigned to a Company of Berdan Sharpshooters, at that time being recruited by Captain Elijah Hobart of Albany, with headquarters with other New York troops, in the Albany Barracks. A few days afterwards we were looked up by Captain Brown, but having meanwhile been again mustered into service and assigned to a command, his requisition for his six recruits was not honored.

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Our Albany muster was on November 9, 1861. This date is officially admitted, for in September of this year I received from the United States Treasury the sum of forty-three cents, wrongfully withheld during thirty-four years, for my first day's military service. I am in doubt whether the payment is not somewhat excessive for that particular day's service, but have given myself the benefit of the doubt.

Our experience in Albany Barracks during the winter of 1861-2 was the ordinary experience of the recruit. As time passed we heard fateful rumors that our company was not to become a part of the regiments forming under Colonel Berdan's command at Washington. The tale reached our ears that repeated orders had come from the Secretary of War at Washington to forward the company of Berdan Sharpshooters from Albany Barracks. Counter influences, however, were potent with Governor Morgan, and these requisitions from Washington found a quiet resting-place in the pigeon-holes of the office of the Adjutant-General at Albany. The probable reason was that the authorities in Albany had the nine points of possession, and were most interested in increasing the number of the New York regiments. Whatever may be the reasons which prevailed, it was our destiny to become Company B of the Ninety-third New York Volunteer Infantry. Meanwhile our special squad of six had been increased by the addition of Luther Osborn, afterward Lieutenant Osborn of the Twenty-second Regiment United States Colored Troops, and now publisher of the Red River Valley News at Glyndon, Minn. In due course of events our regiment reached Washington in the early days of 1862, and after the usual encampment for a short period near Columbia College, found its way to the front in April, forming a part of Palmer's Brigade, of Casey's Division of Keyes' Corps of the Army of the Potomac.

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I was in hospital in Washington when our regiment went to the front but joined it soon after, and when I reached camp I found my comrades Pratt and Osborn sitting down to their dinner. With a generous hospitality which I shall never forget, they invited me to share with them the dish of soup which was the first and only course of this army dinner. It was the joint result of a successful foraging expedition, and of rare culinary ability. Possibly my recent illness had made me fastidious, but the memory of that soup pursues me to this hour.

As our company had a curious experience of mutiny before it, I must return to Albany Barracks to make the story continuous. When our company left the barracks at Albany we were still protesting against our transfer to an infantry regiment, and the ignoring of our enlistment for special service. When in transit to Washington we passed through New York, nine companies of our regiment were armed with Enfield rifled muskets, but Company B declined to receive arms, and maintaining our attitude as independent citizen soldiers, stood for our rights, and reached Washington unarmed. Marching through Washington without arms must have created some comment and question, and various devices were resorted to, with the purpose of inducing us to receive our equipments. Later in the war the actions of those in authority would have been more summary, but at this stage the citizen soldier had not become the mere fighting machine, which is the indispensable requisite for efficiency. Finally, while in camp in Washington a compromise was effected. We were induced to receive the Remington rifle with a sabre bayonet, a heavy and most unwieldy weapon, but distinguishing us from the other companies of our regiment. With this weapon was given us a pledge by Colonel Crocker commanding our regiment that, within sixty days, we should

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be armed with Sharp's rifles, and thereafter serve only as a skirmish company. We understood at the time, and I presume correctly, that this foolish and impossible pledge had the authority of division and corps commanders. However that may be, from it came further trouble of a rather unusual character, involving not only our company but the whole brigade. We were at the front, and formed a part of the left wing of the Army of the Potomac, stretched across the Peninsula confronting the Yorktown lines of the Confederate Army of Northern Virginia. We had been given some glimpses of the enemy's earthworks, and had listened to the unpleasant music of their shells, as they felt at times for our lines, and were expecting daily more serious work. Just at this time, by some unfortunate mistake, Colonel Crocker and Major Cassidy of our regiment found themselves outside of our lines, and within those of the Confederate pickets, and were hurried off to Richmond.

The sixty days were passing, and hearing nothing of the promised "Sharp's Rifles," the citizen soldiers of Company B were dissatisfied. The writer was orderly-sergeant, and was pledged in word and in honor, to stand or fall with the company. On a certain Sunday night in early May the sixty days were ended. After dress parade Company B, or all of its members on parade who insisted on the observance of the pledges made, marched to the Quartermaster's tent, stacked their guns, and the writer turned them over, with a written report, to our captain. This now seems very amusing and ridiculous, but then its purpose and results were serious. An hour or so later the action of Company B had become known at brigade headquarters, and I was escorted by a guard detailed from another company of our regiment to regimental and brigade headquarters. There I was presented to General Palmer and staff. Meanwhile all of Company B who chanced to be off duty, being

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on the invalid list or otherwise, which included Comrade Pratt, were placed under guard, and the balance of the company was guarded inside the lines of one of the regiments of our brigade. After a somewhat prolonged interview with General Palmer, during which arguments, appeals and suggestions of a "drum head court martial" were presented to me, I was given a tent by myself, listening to, and I trust sufficiently impressed by, the orders given to the guard to "Shoot the prisoner if he attempts to escape." Meanwhile it chanced just at this inopportune time, the Confederates were falling back from their Yorktown lines, and orders had already been given for an advance of our troops. During the night a compromise was effected with the men of the company, by which they pledged themselves to take their arms, provided their company officers, commissioned and non-commissioned, were relieved from arrest and restored to duty, and on the following morning Company B was in line, marching toward the Williamsburg battle-field. I remember as a curious incident that Lieutenant-Colonel Butler, commanding our regiment, who had also been placed under arrest, did not seem to be included in the general amnesty, and rode much to his disgust, and to the amusement of the men, in the rear of the regiment.

As this purports to be the story of a single day I will condense the campaigns of 1862-3 into a few lines. Our regiment was on duty during both these years as headquarters and provost-guard, at the general headquarters of the Army of the Potomac. This service was not hazardous, but did not lead to rapid promotion. It kept us within sight or sound of the great battles fought by this army; the seven days fights—Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. It was at the best irksome service, giving us good drill, and with ample opportunity of death

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from disease incident to camp life, but we missed the glory and opportunity for distinction and promotion of the more active service of the fighting regiments. Company B had a reputation for chronic dissatisfaction. Several of our number parted from us by exchanges to the cavalry and signal service, and others by promotion to commands in the colored troops. Among these were my comrades Pratt and Osborn. The first of these was assigned to command of a company in the Eighth United States Colored Troops, and I saw him no more, until I met what was left of him from the battle of Olustee, Florida, and other service in Florida and with the Army of the James in Virginia, after the close of the war.

Meanwhile as by my promotion, and the absence of Captain Swain of our company, in New York, I was in command of Company B I had at last an opportunity of sharing in the hard fighting of the Army of the Potomac. Our depleted regiment during the winter of 1863-4 was brigaded again, and at the beginning of the campaign of 1864 formed a part of General Alexander Hay's Brigade (Second Brigade) of General D. B. Birney's Division (Third Division) of Hancock's Corps (Second Corps). Our regiment was reduced in numbers by its service of the two preceding years, and my company when we began our work in the Wilderness toward the close of May 5, 1864, numbered about thirty-six officers and men. At the close of that day, as we lay down on our arms on the field, four of our number slept the "dreamless sleep," and those disabled by wounds further reduced us to less than a score who responded to the roll-call of the following morning. The succeeding days further thinned our ranks.

I could account for some of the lead which is wasted in engagements. One bullet, looking for its victim, had spoiled my sword scabbard; another, passing through a

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drinking cup attached to my haversack, had left no value in the cup, unless it be as a relic; a third lodging in my over-coat (which was folded and strapped on my back, and so carried through the day, for use in the chilly nights) had dropped harmlessly from the coat when unfolded. These suggestive attentions from the Confederate muskets marked the several days from May 5 to 11 inclusive.

I should be glad to speak of individual instances of courage and soldierly bearing, which I remarked among my comrades during these days while we were alternately attacking, and resisting attacks, but the limits to which I must confine myself will not permit.

Our regiment was reduced to a skeleton, and, as officers were lacking, I had command of companies B and I. These combined formed but a handful, certainly not more than twenty-five or thirty men.

My sketch, which I have named "A day with the Confederates," begins at dawn, on the morning of May 12, 1864; the location Spottsylvania Court House.

We were, after a drizzling night of alternate marching and resting on our arms, drawn up at daybreak in a long line of battle; our corps (the Second) being in front, and the Sixth Corps in a second line in reserve. It was apparent that we were to make an early call on the Confederates, and I seriously doubt if any soldier in that line, as he looked forward through the half light of the morning to the thicket which concealed the Confederate lines, felt any uncontrollable enthusiasm for the "immortal glory" with which we were to be permitted to crown ourselves. At this time, even with a period of more than thirty years elapsed, during which to recall any especially heroic emotions, I fail to remember them as existing, during those few minutes while we stood in line awaiting orders to advance. If we could claim any such enthusiasm, it came a little later. We were

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not long in suspense. The order to advance came soon, and we were at once struggling through thickets, with a mass of fallen timber and a boggy ground checking our advance and breaking our lines. Almost at once I found myself through the woods, and with an advancing mass of our soldiers, we faced the "Bloody Angle." Over the Confederate works we rushed or scrambled and, happily for us, came upon an enemy totally unprepared. If our attack had been met by a resistance in keeping with the strength of the defences, it would have been impossible for us to have gotten inside of the enemy's works. As it was, while we were forcing the Confederate intrenchments, we suffered some loss from the partial fire which met us, but the great bulk of the enemy's force was soon broken, and was rushed to our rear in such numbers, that, although unarmed and surrendered, they might easily have been mistaken by our second line as an attacking force.

At the particular point of the enemy's line of which I have this personal knowledge, the Confederate works were constructed of logs laid about four feet or more high, and supported by traverse logs at intervals, I should judge, of from twenty to thirty feet. Over these the earth had been thrown to the outside, making pits which could be held by well armed and determined infantry against any direct attack.

It was my fortune to be among the first score of men who crossed these defences at the point of our attack. I remember that among these who first entered the Confederate lines, was the gallant color-bearer of one of our regiments. Notwithstanding the absorption of the moment, I noted the state, and the number of this battle-flag, but, unhappily, the events which followed, erased the memory.

Once inside the works the fighting became more serious. The Confederate defences, extending to the left of our point

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of attack, were still crowded with the enemy, and these were bravely struggling to make a suitable defence. We were, however, inside their works, and the Confederates were swept out of the intrenchments and toward our rear in great numbers, and in such bodies that I can recall a feeling of surprise that so many could have been overpowered and have thrown down their arms. Still as we swept along inside their line toward our left, we found ourselves face to face with men who intended to stay.

We hesitated for an instant over a squad, held to their work by a fighting officer who did not choose to yield. The noise of the battle by this time drowned every word of command, but as this Confederate squad were ramming down their cartridges, and neither officer nor men showed the slightest intention to give in, there was only one course for us. Firing full in their faces at arm's length was murderous but had to be done; I turned to the right to the men with me to give an order to fire which was already being anticipated, and at the same instant a volley from the Confederate line on our left, not yet broken by our troops, dropped several of our men by my side. As my turning to our men and the volley from the enemy were at the same instant, a ball, which otherwise would have passed fairly through my body, entered my left hip, and passed out over the spine.

For those who are curious as to the sensation of a gunshot wound, I add that I had a feeling of a hot lightning flash through my hip, and found myself lying on the ground without pain.

Meanwhile the Confederates were swept out of their works near us, and our men moved on to the second Confederate line where the fighting was much more serious.

Later in the day I had an opportunity to see the bodies of several Confederate dead lying in the pit where we were

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held back, and so I judge that some of that squad suffered from their persistent defence. I had leisure now to observe the situation but, lying nearly helpless on the ground, my view was very limited. Two of our men, with some complimentary words which modesty forbids my repeating here, proposed to carry me from the field. I supposed, however, that we should hold the ground we had taken, and sent the men to the hot work going on toward the second line of the Confederate intrenchments. I hope they came out safely, but the chances are not favorable. It was comparatively safe and quiet where I lay. Some general officer with his staff (I thought a brigade commander) rode up, and halted near me, but as there was a pattering of rifle balls, something like the scattering drops of a light hailstorm, one of the staff suggested the unhealthiness of the situation and they rode away. It was a seasonable suggestion, and if our General Hays (commanding our brigade) had been dominated by a similar prudence, he would not have been killed on the skirmish line in the Wilderness. Brigadiers differed as well as other soldiers; some were eminent for pluck, and others for prudence. More of the latter class have lived to be historians of the war, and it is possible that in some instances their observation of engagements was from long range.

I recall the passing, as I lay on the field, of Lieutenant Robert S. Robertson of our regiment, then I believe on division staff duty. He was passing with orders and I hailed him, with the suggestion that although my position was not unfavorable for observation, it was becoming undesirable as a permanent stopping-place; at least I now so recall my words, but later Colonel Robertson's version of my remark was, "For God's sake Rob. do not leave me here." He evidently felt that he had more important matters on hand than further consideration of my case, and we

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parted for twenty years. In 1884, we met again at a G. A. R. reunion in Minneapolis, and resumed the conversation at the point at which it was broken off by the exigencies of the occasion, within the "Bloody Angle." Of late years Colonel Robertson, now of Fort Wayne, Ind., has been a rather successful leader of the forlorn hope of the Republican party in that often doubtful state.

About this time the passing rifle balls were becoming personal in their attention, and seemed to be seeking smaller game than brigadiers, and I, in common with all the wounded who could crawl, both Federal and Confederate, sought protection in the empty rifle pits. Soon after a broken wave of Confederates, without leaders or purpose, came skulking into the pits, few in numbers and apparently uncertain whether they were vanquished or victors. These soon left us as hurriedly as they came, and one of them in going snatched my hat from my head. He has long since been forgiven, for ragged as they were, the Confederates would have been naked except for the spoils of the battle-field. A little later, and a more formidable and organized force of Confederates swept into the works, and held them; those around us were, I learned, mostly Alabama troops. Thereafter, although my position was not of my own choice, it was filled with interest. The Confederates were very courteous, and while they questioned me in various directions, as to the attacking force, etc., when answers were withheld, questions were not pressed. One question I remember was, "How long before General Grant will fall back and await the arrival of fresh troops?" In view of the past campaigns of the Army of the Potomac, this question may have been in the words of Dr. Sevier's, Narcisse, "i'onious." It was evident that the Confederates had not taken the measure of General Grant and his methods.

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I was impressed by the enthusiastic patriotism of one of the younger and newer recruits—a boy of sixteen or eighteen years—who rushed into the works, reciting a monologue through set teeth, "We'll teach these Hessians to invade our soil." Later in the day his enthusiasm was cooled. The Confederates had borrowed (?) my field-glass, and this boy attempted an observation of the Federals in front; as he raised the glass to his eye, he dropped like a log at my feet. Happily his skull was saved by a hair's breadth, but the line traced on his scalp by a minie-ball relieved him of any further curiosity and also, temporarily, of his enthusiastic patriotism. He was pale, quiet and sick during the remainder of the day, and although at this distance it seems more like a joke, I remember that when he fell, killed as I supposed, my only feeling was pity for the brave young fellow.

I was interested in the careful manner with which the Confederates handled their precious ammunition. Cartridges were passed along the line, through the rifle pits, and counted carefully, with a sense of their value very unlike the methods within the Federal lines. Many a Union soldier, burdened on a long march with sixty rounds of ammunition, has lightened his load with a serene confidence that plenty of ammunition could be had when needed. Orders were also passed along from officer to private, and again to an officer, in a very informal manner.

There was a pretty close attention to business among the Confederates, and with very little loss of life to their men, so well protected by their works. The Federal fire was close and continuous, and a fly would hardly have escaped if it alighted on the upper log of the works. Within the works it was as safe for their occupants as it was fatal to the Federals attempting to retake them. The men around me discussed the political situation at the North. The

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presidential campaign of 1864 was felt by them to be as important as the struggle in the field, and the nominations soon to be made were the engrossing topics. All the Confederates were strong partisans of McClellan, and I was a very quiet minority of one. (I remember later, in September of the same year, a test vote was had in the Hospital at Annapolis, Md., Union soldiers voting, and the reversal of the preference of the Confederates was nearly as unanimous.)

This long day wore away slowly. Early in the day we had some dashes of rain, but the latter part, as I recall it, was generally bright. We had no food and very little water, as it was at the price of life that a soldier stirred from the works. The day previous had been stormy and exhausting to the soldiers in the field. My last meal, twenty-four hours before, was a little beef roasted on a ramrod over a smoky fire, and at the time considered food fit for gods, but only its memory remained.

I was drained of blood by my wound and toward sunset dropped into a doze, awaking just at dark, forgetting for an instant all that was past, and attempting to get on my feet, I found that the firing had nearly ceased.

The Confederates, with entire courtesy and even kindness, helped me out from the rifle pits, and placed me with two other wounded; one a Union and one a Confederate (a "Louisiana Tiger"), under a shelter tent. Both these men were badly wounded and I think had a weary night; as for myself, I slept the sleep of the just or of the weary; unbroken and dreamless.

Awakened at daybreak of the 13th by the advancing skirmish line of our troops, I inquired of my companions what had become of the Confederates, and I learned that they had fallen back during the night. Just then I caught a glimpse of the green uniform of an officer of the Berdan

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U. S. Sharpshooters, who were brigaded with us, and were advancing in skirmish line, and learned that my regiment was lying right in front of the empty Confederate works.

Ten minutes later, the boys of my company had me on a stretcher and I bade a willing good-bye to the "Bloody Angle," and the field of Spottsylvania.

Of the thirty-six men who went into the Wilderness with me a week earlier, only six were left to answer the roll-call. The boys who carried me from the field said that the tent under which I passed the night made a conspicuous white target, and they had practiced upon it at intervals through the night.

This is the record of my twenty-four hours with the Confederates. It sounds tame in the telling, but had quite enough of interest to me at the time. I could have made the story more interesting to others, by a little play of fancy, but have preferred photographic fidelity.

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GENERAL U. S. GRANT—HIS MILITARY CHARACTER AND POSITION IN HISTORY.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES H. BAKER,

COLONEL TENTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read January 14, 1896.)

Inexorable time narrows the notable personages of every memorable era in history, to a few men. In the long struggle for the emancipation of the slave on English soil, we now think only of Wilberforce, and perhaps of Clarkson. It has already happened to us that, in viewing the great battle of the anti-slavery forces in our own country and time, we scarcely see or recall any save Sumner, Phillips, and John Brown. Already to the eyes of this generation, we see Washington alone, as the central figure of the Revolution of 1776. And when the finger upon the dial-plate shall have reached the twentieth century, the ordinary American citizen will chiefly behold Lincoln and Grant, as the representative men, in their respective fields, of the great Civil War.

With the impressive life and splendid deeds of Ulysses S. Grant, all are familiar. It is not the object of this address to reproduce them. It is the purpose to consider his military character and career in their larger aspect; to estimate him as a man, and to suggest, if possible, his true and ultimate place in history.

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The spot of his birth was the center of the Republic. His youth and development were all within the lines of his country's influence. In his "Personal Memoirs," in the first paragraph, he states with manifest pride, "My family is American and has been for generations, in all its branches, direct and collateral." He was an American, therefore in every element and fiber. All conditions which he met and touched were American. He belonged to neither the higher nor the lower classes of society, but to that strong middle class which most truly embodies real American life and feeling. Out of Connecticut came the Grant stock, solid as its rocks, and impressed with its Puritanism. His direct ancestors fought at Bunker Hill, throughout the Revolution and were present at Yorktown. The very spirit of liberty was in his lineage, and who will say his blood was not enriched by that ancestral patriotism which spoke in the Continental volunteers? He was not peculiarly biased in either religion or politics. His mind was free and well poised. His western home was plain and good, and breathed the atmosphere of parental kindness.

Tillage, orchards, common schools and horses filled the innocent round of life. Like Alexander he loved horses, and loved them to the end. He was educated at the nation's university, a providence to which we may owe our national existence to-day. He never intended to be wholly a soldier. He was not in love with West Point. Indeed he resigned as an officer, to become a civilian. From the beginning he recognized the rightfulness and wrongfulness of wars, and courageously censured the Mexican War, as unjust and unholy.

At West Point he trod the ground associated with Benidict Arnold's act of treason, which made that arch-rebel infamous. Later on, when 197 officers, out of 820 who were educated at the Academy at the expense of the nation, de-

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serted the flag and the constitution they had sworn to defend and support, and followed their states to dishonor, he saw treason revived upon its ancient ground. But retributive justice followed in its path, for at the end of the bloody contention, a disloyal son of that school surrendered his Rebel followers to a loyal son, and thus was honor vindicated in the halls of the Academy.

The young soldier was further prepared for the great conflict by his varied experiences and observations on the frontier, and through the Mexican War. He was in as many battles from Palo Alto to the City of Mexico as it was possible for one man to engage in. He was acquiring the education necessary to the conquest of Vicksburg, and moulding the future leader of a million of men. He was widened out by his western life, and had fellowship with mountains and prairies. A western man believes in his whole country, while a provincialist thinks only of his section.

When the bugles of war sounded he went immediately to Springfield, and offered his services in any capacity in which he might be useful to his country. Emerging from the obscurity of Galena, he came to the service without prestige, and with no lordly family to procure him a commission. Without expectations, without friends, with no party behind him, with no personal following to befriend him, he stood alone upon his merits. He offered his services to the Adjutant-General of the army, but the communication was pigeon-holed.

He tendered his sword to McClellan, but he could not obtain a hearing. The very reserve of his nature left him alone, with none but genius and his patriotism for his friends.

Before we enter upon the consideration of his military genius, the man himself requires attention, for then we

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shall better understand him and his fitness for his great work. His admirable poise and self-control formed strong elements of his personal character. The whistling of a minie ball, or the scream of a shell, was not able to disturb his complete self-possession. No burst of passion was ever exhibited by him in all his public career, nor was he ever heard to use a profane word. Alexander in a fit of anger killed his best friend; Napoleon often gave way to fury; Frederick the Great was terrible in his rage; Andrew Jackson could make the air sulphurous with oaths, on the slightest provocation. McClellan had a sullen temper; Halleck was splenetic and Hooker could "swear like our army in Flanders." But Grant never for one moment, either in the miscarriage of his purpose or the faithlessness of a supposed friend, gave any sign of a temper. He was the incarnation of calm. He simply bit his cigar tighter, and was silent. He was the embodiment of that Scriptural wisdom which says, "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

His modesty was a conspicuous trait. It amounted quite to bashfulness. Praise made him blush like a woman. His reserve and diffidence, were innate and genuine. He had neither self-conceit nor vanity. Great egotism often mars great talents. Who that has read General McClellan's private letters, as published in his life, is not painfully struck with their egregious egotism? This publication has destroyed much of McClellan's reputation. With Grant there was no ostentation discernible in any act of his life. Even in those grand historic scenes, the surrender at Vicksburg, the victory at Chattanooga, and the final trumph at Appomattox, when pride was pardonable, his unobtrusive ways would not permit him to surround these august events with dramatic pomp.

Loyalty to his friends was one of his endearing qualities.

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Public men are not too conspicuous for devotion to friendship. He never turned his back upon a man once his friend, without the most indubitable evidence of his deceit, and guilt. Sometimes he gave his heart to men who proved unworthy, and even then he seemed to follow them with all the regretful tenderness of a woman. His attachments were uniformly well chosen, with noble and congenial men, some of which are memorable for life-long devotion. He never anticipated that his personal friends could become his enemies.

Our great captain was a man of a tender and sympathetic heart. His pastor told me many of his sweet charities, to the world wholly unknown. For the lives lost in dreadful battle he grieved to the core; but he knew the enemy and fully realized that the slaughter in the Wilderness, was the shortest road to peace. It was more humane to fight it out at once, than to prolong the war through years of battles, wounds, hospitals and sorrows. One of the most sweet and tender pictures of his great life was when struck by mortal disease, and his family was penniless, the hero defied death for months, that he might leave a legacy in his book, for those he loved.

His magnanimity towards his enemies proclaimed the greatness of his soul. Never by word or deed did he humiliate the foe. After the Civil War, Caesar freely forgave all who had borne arms against him. It was his greatest act. So Grant with the moderation and generosity of a great heart, in the final act of the surrender of Lee, made the conditions so honorable, that they met the approval of every loving heart and the admiration of the world. It was strength tempered with sweetness.

The singleness and integrity of his purpose is shown in every act. By what public deed did he ever seek a private advantage? To what use did he ever direct his supreme

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power, except to promote the public welfare? In all his career his personal and official integrity were never questioned. Like Bayard, he was a chevalier "fearless and blameless." The simplicity of his life was the logical accompaniment of his modesty. No great man was ever more unostentatious in all his public and private movements. His manner of living, his home life, his life in camp and at the White House, were free from offensive display. In that memorable event when he accepted Lee's surrender, he came to the meeting in a soldier's blouse, with a felt hat, swordless, and begrimed with travel; while Lee was clothed with all the splendor of a Marshal of the Empire, and a dress-sword of the value of $5,000 at his side.

His kindness and sense of justice were shown when he protected the colored soldiers in his command from indignities put upon some that Lee had captured, by placing them at work in the trenches and under fire; Grant placed an equal number of Confederate soldiers in like situation. He thus compelled Lee to treat our colored troops with equality of respect. His noble conduct when President Johnson announced his intention to arrest Robert E. Lee and try him for high treason, is a conspicuous example of his exalted sense of justice and right. Grant, hearing of the President's purpose, repaired immediately to the White House, and indignantly protested against such a violation of plighted honor. He had paroled the distinguished Confederate General as a prisoner of war, and his act should not be dishonored by his government. The President was constrained to drop the matter. His equanimity of mind and faith in ultimate justice and vindication, carried him safely through all personal difficulties attendant upon his exalted position. There can be no better illustration of this unusual faculty than his great and patriotic submission to what he himself terms his "deprivation of com-

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mand," which was a practical arrest by the two leading generals of the army, in less than two weeks after the victories of Forts Henry and Donelson. There is nothing in all our military history more unjust and infamous in its character, than Grant's treatment by Halleck and McClellan at that time. His "Personal Memoirs" vividly illustrate his traits and character. Simplicity, directness, brevity of statement, nothing superfluous, nothing pedantic, but modest, firm language, and withal, not a trace of egotism.

That book is destined to hold its place in literature, like Caesar's Commentaries, not only for the story so lucidly told, but for the pleasing manner of telling it. His gallery of portraits, characters of generals who served with him during the war, are so fair, so generous, and yet so truthful, that for this alone the book is worthy of a place in our nation's literature. Who would have thought of Grant as a literary man? And yet, of all the memoirs written of the war, his are now conceded by all literary authorities to be the very best. His brevity and lucidity of statement are charming. He tells his stories in such a way, that they at once and forever take their place beside those of Thucydides and Plutarch.

The late Matthew Arnold declares, that the "Memoirs" changed his entire estimate of Grant very greatly for the better, and profoundly impressed the English people with a loftier conception of his character. His military dispatches still further interpret the man. Every dispatch or order from his pen or dictation is absolutely truthful. Not a word for effect, and no fact misrepresented. His dispatches greatly resemble those of Wellington in directness, and integrity of statement. They further exhibit his comprehensive grasp of every salient feature of a campaign, together with the minutest details. His dispatches, orders,

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military letters, and "Memoirs" are a study, and present him in a larger and stronger light, and with far more varied talents than are generally imputed to him.

There was about this military chief a terrible earnestness, which must not be omitted in the estimate of the man. He was intent on destroying the Rebellion. He was the one General who was always in pursuit of the enemy. His real military career began by telegraphing to Halleck, "If permitted, I could take and hold Fort Henry on the Tennessee." That message was the keynote of his character. McClellan dallied, Halleck waited, but Grant hunted for the foe. He tells us that he had a particular superstition from his youth up, and that was, never to turn back when once he started to accomplish any great purpose. After that terrible series of battles at and following the Wilderness, they called him a "butcher." But both his superstition, and his firm, strong under-jaw, came into full play and he moved on, though the dead were unburied. He comprehended the great fact that the Rebellion was to be pounded to pieces. There was no tenderness in the foe. Greek met Greek. War was a trip-hammer utterly without conscience, and as he had to receive so he determined to give blows. He must pulverize the enemy or be pulverized. Amid all the carnage of the Wilderness, he was in the true direction of the economy of life. Turn to those dispatches of his and read, "that the active and continuous operation of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, was necessary to a speedy termination of the war." If he was suffering he would make the enemy suffer worse. He felt that the moral responsibility of all the carnage and all the wreckage of the war, rested with those who shared the responsibility of the Confederate government. With his energy and persistent force, nothing in war seemed impossible to Grant

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but defeat. There were no dilatory delays; the public was not worn out with endless preparation; there were no sluggish and unexplainable movements. Grant did not wait for opportunities, but studied his own convenience for battle. Kindred to this, was the fact that when he came to the Army of the Potomac, he radically altered its objective work. The political generals all shouted, "On to Richmond." And the public mind had become thoroughly imbued with the idea that Richmond was the Confederacy. There had been two governments to serve; and McClellan's chief business was to keep Lee out of Washington, and Lee was to keep McClellan out of Richmond. But Grant held that Lee and the Army of Northern Virginia, "were the Confederacy"; and when he had broken Lee in pieces, the fall of Richmond was a logical sequence. Hence he pursued Lee to the death. As a matter of fact, Grant never went to Richmond, but left the entrance to a deserted capitol to a subaltern officer and colored troops. Compare the conduct of Grant, with that of Napoleon's gorgeous entry into Vienna and Berlin, after the triumph of Austerlitz and Jena.

Till the advent of Grant, every Achilles in the field was quarreling with every Agamemnon. Rivalry, jealousy, and political machinations were ceaselessly at work. There was no ill-feeling between Grant and his important generals.

They implicitly executed his designs and obeyed his orders, as did the marshals of Napoleon. He chose the right men for given lines of action, and seldom misjudged their ability to perform. He charged Sheridan to clear the enemy from the valley of the Shenandoah, and he left it so desolate, that it was said a crow would have to carry rations in passing over it. He ordered Thomas to hold Hood, and then to drive him from Nashville, and firmly

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and grandly was it executed by "The Rock of Chickamauga." He directed Terry to take Fort Fisher, and Fort Fisher fell. He sent Hooker to storm the foe on a mountain top, and the fiery serpent of battle moved up the dreadful slope, and smote the enemy above the clouds. He directed Sherman to cut the Confederacy in twain, and across Georgia and the Carolinas passed those glittering lines of steel which, like a mighty sword, severed the vitals of the Rebellion! The unity and accord of Grant and his own chosen generals, must be ascribed to his kindness, courtesy and conciliatory spirit, his instinctive knowledge of men, and their faith in his military intuitions. They were "brothers of the sword." There were some failures which defeated well matured plans, but such non-performance seldom occurred with officers of his own choosing. It is proper to note, how distinguished officers, who did well when under Grant's eye and direction, failed to meet expectations, when elsewhere wholly in personal command. Note Rosecrans, who did so nobly at Iuka and Corinth, but as an independent chief lost prestige. Hooker regained his lost laurels at Missionary Ridge. Burnside renewed faith and courage in himself in the atmosphere of Grant's command. He taught officers the art of war, and made good and great generals of those obedient to his plans. But Sherman, Sheridan, and Thomas are the only lieutenants that advanced grandly after leaving Grant's parental eye. It is interesting to note how Grant himself was growing in military stature. The Grant of Belmont and the Grant of Missionary Ridge were two very different men. He was not an inspiration, but a development.

WAS GRANT A GREAT MAN? The question is repeated again and again, Was Grant a great man? Greatness is always relative. Men are great upon certain, and generally limited, lines. You can scarcely conceive of a

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Webster commanding a corps, or a Clay conducting a campaign. You cannot imagine Grant sitting in the chair of Marshall and expounding the Constitution, nor Lincoln storming Fort Fisher. Perhaps Julius Caesar "the foremost man of all his world," was the greatest of all men in those talents generally denominated great. But neither in public nor private life, did he possess moral greatness. Grant was essentially great in his military genius, with no moral defects to detract from the measure of his excellence. No man, not a great man, can continuously achieve great things. Grant was thrown into an arena in which his competitors were giants. Competition fled before him. Lincoln from the heights of the presidency, looking over the work of his generals, saw one unfailing gleam of light, and that flashed from the sword of Grant. We may not compare him with Alexander, Scipio Africanus, or Wellington. He stands wrapped in his own individuality; he stands for Grant alone; he followed no precedent; he was original in design and execution. Like Napoleon, he had abiding faith in his own judgment. What higher evidence of genius and self-reliance can be adduced, than that of the campaign of Vicksburg? His plan of cutting loose from the Mississippi and all bases of supplies, and swinging to the rear of the city, was strenuously opposed by every officer in a council of war. Sherman was so apprehensive of its danger, that he filed a written protest against the plan. The whole movement was a masterly, military inspiration, and its glory belongs to Grant alone. In England, it would have given him a ducal coronet, brighter than Marlborough's, and a princely revenue. His subsequent battles around Chattanooga are incontrovertable evidence of the highest military genius. The general plan of the "March to the Sea" originated with Grant, as a part of his great strategic scheme of an anaconda envelopment of the

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vital parts of the Confederacy. General Sherman himself told me that the original idea was Grant's, but the detail was his own. We remember with glowing pride, the last immortal campaign, when the silent, tenacious soldier, forcing his way through the blood-red tangles of the Wilderness, by fiery marches outflanked Lee, as army was never outflanked before; and boldly throwing his whole force over the James, pushed a reluctant enemy back upon his capital. It was the most masterly and daring of all military movements.

If this captain who won the great battles which preserved liberty and union, is not worthy of commemoration as one of the greatest of the world's commanders, tell me who, in all history, has better claims? The chief force in subduing the Rebellion, so far as any one thing was a factor, was the sword of Grant. Success seemed hopeless, until his deeds inspired the nation. From Belmont to Appomattox, amid incalculable obstacles, and against an heroic foe, he pursued an unbroken line of victories. He overcame every Confederate general with whom he came in contact. He destroyed every Rebel army that confronted him. He captured more prisoners and munitions of war than all our other generals combined. To whom, except Grant, was any Rebel army surrendered? He commanded every great army of the Union—the Army of the Mississippi, the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee, and the Potomac. He came to broken and dispirited armies, and gathering up and reorganizing their scattered battalions, carried them from defeat to victory.

Estimate him, therefore, by every standard of military measurement, and we find that his conceptions, method, originality, vigor, and success, announce him the foremost captain in any age, and the true military hero of the Civil War. It is a fact that some men yet dispute whether Wash

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ington was a great man. One of the most noted things ever said of Washington was, "that he changed mankind's ideas of human greatness." We are learning to measure commanding superiority, by the magnitude of services for the good of mankind. Measured by this just and Christian rule, to what heights of renown does not Grant ascend? His battles were victories we did not then see. His sword made operative the emancipation of the slave. Why did England, at Geneva, say, "I permitted the Alabama to escape; I will pay." Because Grant made us a nation stronger than England. Why has the Monroe Doctrine leaped into new and vigorous life? Because his victories consolidated a broken Union, now so puissant, that ten thousand Gatling guns, charged to their utmost, could not persuade a more profound respect. Had Grant failed, European powers might this day be portioning South America among themselves, as they once did Poland, and now do Africa and China. Did they not begin in Mexico, when France sought to impose an Austrian Emperor on American soil?

To realize more completely, the value of the military services of General Grant, suppose we drop him and his deeds out of the war. Take away Fort Henry, Donaldson, Shiloh, Iuka, Corinth, Jackson, Champion Hills, Big Black, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Appomattox; take these away, and by whom may this Union have been restored? Do you answer, that some other great captain might have done equal things. Did not McClellan, Hooker, Pope, Burnside, Halleck, Rosecrans, all fail? They were tasked beyond their power to perform. Nor will the work of Meade stand the test of a close military analysis. Let us not forget the temper of those times, the darkness of those days, the perils which encompassed constant failure. Grant's victories were the sun-bursts of hope. The hour had come

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when they were a necessity to the Union cause. They, they alone held public opinion up to the support of the war. He himself had become a necessity to the American people. If, as is held by Christian philosophers, the Almighty by special providence raises up men for great emergencies, like Washington and Lincoln, then why was not Grant alike called to secure results so momentous to liberty and humanity? Indeed, take Grant out of the war, and chaos was imminent. Like Cincinnatus in Rome's hour of peril, there was no other consul or tribune, who could supply his place.

Reviewing Grant's career, what battle did he actually lose? What plan of campaign would you presume to change? What strategy of his would you dare to amend? The movements and combinations planned and executed for six miles on Missionary Ridge, the apparently impregnable Switzerland of America, was the best directed and the best ordered battle ever fought on American soil, and one of the most remarkable in the history of the world. Recall the fertility of his resources, demanded amid ever changing conditions, new armies, new enemies, new environments. "Criticism of military skill," says Blaine, "is but idle chatter in the face of an unbroken career of victory."

If the ability to control, and the genius efficiently to maneuver great armies in the field, is a good test of military skill, then Grant has no superior. He possessed the power to set in order the varied and complicated machinery of the largest army, so that every detail was ever present to his mind, and each corps, division, and even brigade, should contribute its full share to the desired result. He moved every division of his army like a skillful chess-player, putting knights, bishops, and castles, to the checkmating of the enemy. As commander-in-chief of all the armies of the Union, he successfully brought into harmonious co-opera-

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tion forces thousands of miles distant, and made every scattered column contribute its concurrent power to the destruction of the Rebellion. Compare his army with any in ancient or modern times. Alexander's forces at the notable battle of Arbela were fifty thousand. Hannibal had but fifty thousand men in the famous battle of Cannae. The Roman legions which Caesar commanded at the decisive battle of Pharsalia would not make a corps in the Army of the Potomac. Neither Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, nor Frederick the Great, ever commanded more than fifty thousand men. Napoleon, at the memorable battle of Marengo, had but thirty thousand. At Austerlitz, Jena, and Waterloo, he had about ninety thousand in action, in each contest. When Washington assumed command of the Continental Armies, at Cambridge, he had but fourteen thousand men; at Yorktown the French and Continentals numbered seventeen thousand. A single corps of any of Grant's armies, contained more men than Washington ever commanded. Jackson had but four thousand men at New Orleans, and Taylor had about the same number at Buena Vista. General Harrison had but seven hundred and fifty men at Tippecanoe. One of Grant's corps contained more soldiers than Jackson, Harrison and Taylor ever saw mustered. Grant fought many battles, even the names of which you cannot now recall, greater than those which made Jackson, Harrison, and Taylor presidents. In a single year, he fought more battles than Washington, Jackson, Harison and Taylor ever fought in their whole lives. This grouping exhibits the amazing achievements of our great captain. When Grant entered upon the campaign of Virginia, at the Wilderness, he had 118,000 men on exterior lines; while Lee had 94,000 on interior lines, and so by the rule of aggressive and defensive war, their forces were equalized. When Grant was made Lieutenant-

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General, and Commander-in-Chief, there were about 750,000 men, of all branches of the service in the Union armies, and about 600,000 men of all arms in the Confederate armies. These were more men than were ever before mustered in modern times. There were in the Union Army, at the close of the war about 1700 regiments of infantry, 260 of cavalry, and about 850 batteries of artillery. There were 150 major-generals, and nearly 600 generals of brigade. There were 25 army corps, 75 divisions, and 250 brigades. No man ever before commanded so vast an army, carrying muskets. The range of his military operations covered an area far greater than was traversed by the legions of Caesar, or covered by the movements of Napoleon. For this colossal work, in the military comprehensiveness of his mind, he was never surpassed, if ever equaled.

GRANT AND LEE COMPARED.

There are those, especially in England, who have heretofore put Lee before Grant, particularly the "set" there, who took the Confederate bonds. But since the publication of Grant's "Memoirs," with his military orders and model reports, public opinion in England has greatly changed. The greatest critic of a hundred years, Matthew Arnold himself, since the publication even places Grant before Lincoln. It cannot in any proper or just sense be said, that Lee was the greater captain, when we survey the titanic duel between these two men, from the Wilderness to Appomattox, in the full light of all the published official facts, including the Confederate reports. There was about Lee a certain glamour of courtliness in his bearing, person, and family lineage, which lent strength to the impression that he was a great man, and which imposed on human judgment. Grant was a plain man, careless of

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dress, and with no imposing carriage. But in their graves, dress parade cuts no figure. These giants are now measured by cold and bloodless standards. Bacon in his last will, bequeathed his reputation, to the generation after the next succeeding his death. Grant could better abide this test than any military man of his time. One generation of men must die, before we can clear away mists and doubts which surround great events and great men, in the midst of and following a phenomenal revolution. The time has now arrived when, despite the living or the dead, we can more correctly fix the ultimate position in history of these remarkable men. We are now re-adjusting our judgments of the captains of the war. Lee never commanded any but the trained Army of Northern Virginia, which was constantly recruited with the flower of Confederate veterans. He always operated upon *interior* and shorter lines, at an advantage which more than compensated for any disparity in numbers. He fought only upon ground familiar to him from his childhood. Lee, and his officers were intimate with every road, river-crossing, and mountain-spur in Virginia; even the cow-paths must have been of their familiar knowledge. He never fought outside of his own state, except at fated Gettysburg. His whole range was a contracted circle about Richmond. These facts make him a provincial general, though a very able one. Conversely, Grant commanded all the Union armies, new men and officers falling to his command rapidly, by reason of his swift promotions. He never fought a battle, nor organized a campaign, from Belmont to Appomattox except upon *exterior* lines, in an enemy's country, and at every possible disadvantage.

He never engaged in battle or campaign, except on soil alien to his personal knowledge. He fought in more states than any officer of the war; he battled by swift and sinuous

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rivers, in dangerous swamps, on mountain slopes, and in tangled wildernesses. The theater of his operations was more vast and varied than Napoleon ever experienced. "No pent-up Utica" contracted his movements, or narrowed the possibilities of his genius. He planned and executed a multitude of campaigns, covering the whole theater of the war, while Lee was weighted with but a narrow empire. and a single thought, the defense of Richmond, buttressing and trenching his little principality, as if it was but a single fortress. Grant's problems were multitudinous and colossal; Lee's were circumscribed and restricted. Lee knew but little of aggressive war. He signally failed in his two supreme efforts to invade the North. At Antietam he was checked and driven back, when he had barely touched a border state; and at Gettysburg, where he made the second abortive effort, he was grandly defeated by an improvised army, led by an improvised general. No military man can be invested with high honors, who has not at some time succeeded in the test of aggressive warfare. Grant's whole military career was one of aggressive fighting. He was proved by the severest tests. Lee's alleged victories at Fredricksburg and Chancellorsville, were rather the results of the manifest weakness of the Union commanders, than the genius of the Confederate general. When Lee met Grant he soon found he was encountering a man of genius. The Confederate general at once wrote to Richmond, "that Grant was not a retreating man." Lee ever afterward kept well within his entrenchments, evincing the most profound respect for the new commander. Grant was sagacious, tactically skillful, and above all, strong in that tenacity of purpose, and that inflexibility of will, with which he relentlessly pursued Lee from the tangles of the Wilderness, till he encircled him with his death-grip at Petersburg. When, at last, the hour of fate had come, he

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let loose the Army of the Potomac for the final struggle; Lee had 72,000 veterans, brave and fearless; but Grant with resistless energy, in ten days, annihilated that whole army, and not one man was left who was not either dead or a prisoner. There is no parallel to it in history, except Napoleon smashing the power of Prussia at Jena, and the terrible vigor and energy of his fatal pursuit and destruction of every retreating column. The proud Army of Northern Virginia, at last, had met its master and its destroyer, and with it, the Southern Confederacy fell to rise no more.

Reviewing, therefore, Grant's wonderful plans, their splendid execution and prodigious results, we believe that cold and implacable history will award him the proud position of the first captain of his age and nation.

Nor can Lee ever be made the ideal hero of the Civil War, because he lacked a moral basis. No leader can have more than a transient fame, who allies himself to an unholy cause. Sydney, on the scaffold, was a true hero, because he represented the spirit of real liberty. Lee first signalized his career by forswearing his country, and his flag. Here we must recall to mind the fact that he had not the excuse so flippantly given, that he had only followed his State to secession. He resigned his commission in the Army of the United States, and assumed command of the Confederate troops in the field, days before Virginia voted upon the ordinance of secession. His resignation to General Scott was dated April 20, 1861. He was, upon that very day, appointed a major-general of Confederate troops, and commanded and drilled them prior to Virginia's ordinance of secession, May 6, 1861. He was one of those who gave his name and influence to carry Virginia into secession; he led, he did not follow. The historic facts change his relation to the defense which has been set up. It is to be recalled, also, that Lee's first appearance in behalf of

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slavery, was memorable in history. John Brown had invaded Virginia, had seized Harper's Ferry, captured nineteen men, and "held the fort" in the old engine house. As the State of Virginia seemed unable to depose him, two companies of United States marines were called on by the President, and Lieutenant-Colonel Robert E. Lee, of the United States army, was irregularly placed in command of this naval contingent. The selection of Lee for this peculiar work, was alleged to be his soundness and reliability on the slavery question. He was the only United States officer immediately available, who could be fully trusted upon this vital question. This was Lee's first battle for the Slave Confederacy, and is the key to all his subsequent conduct. Lee thenceforth, with his sword, was the apostle of slavery; but behind him was ever the inexorable avenger of wrong. This it was which broke down his cause, and sapped the foundation of his defences. Had the Southern soldiers been fired by the spirit of genuine liberty, they would have fled to the hills and mountains, and fought through generations to maintain freedom. The traditions which floated in the air, from Runnymede to Yorktown, would have sustained and impelled them forever. When Lee yielded his sword to Grant, it was not alone the surrender of the Army of Virginia; he surrendeed the degrading and hideous monster of human slavery. On that day, an empire based on human chattels died. Lee was its last defender, and stands thus pilloried in the gallery of history, forever. More and more his name will sink to posterity linked with no principle of justice, with no human right maintained, with no irrepressible spirit of liberty,—with nothing which Heaven could protect and preserve. His broken sword was the last defence of slavery. History must forever proclaim that the true hero of the war was he whose intrepid spirit caused the bugles of Liberty to make new melody throughout the world.

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GRANT AND THE PRESIDENCY.

Much unjust and ungenerous criticism has been expended upon Grant's presidential career. It was an office he had not sought, and his nomination, by the convention, but registered the will of the party that chose him. It was not only gratitude for his military services, but a recognition of those qualities of discretion, dignity and sound judgment he had displayed through the turbulent and trying times of Johnson's unhappy administration. His presidential terms were serious years, testing methods of reconstruction. The leaven of victory was slowly working out vital and organic union. Time's "effacing fingers" were erasing asperities and softening bitterness. Johnson had tried reckless precipitancy, and had ignobly failed. Then he forsook his party, Tylerized, followed by bitter dissensions and civic disasters. But slowly, under Grant and by his kindly hand, better days and better feelings prevailed. A review of the great and good work done during Grant's two terms will astonish unthinking and unreading men. Reconstruction became an accomplished fact; constitutional guarantees cemented the work of battle; the KuKlux were baffled; general amnesty was magnanimously granted; the Alabama claims were satisfactorily adjusted; civil service was first established; specie payments provided for; the public credit was strengthened and the country put upon years of prosperity. No administration in our history can show more important problems met and solved, and solved right. As the years recede, and the light of unbiased judgment is thrown upon that restless era following the war, it is the deliberate judgment of enlightened men, that Grant's solid common sense and excellent spirit of conciliation conducted us wisely and safely through the most trying period of our civic history, leaving rich testimonials of honorable state-craft, which will survive as part of his just fame.

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I am not here to eulogize the mortal part of this man, but that which is immortal. Most of his alleged infirmities have been paraded but to perish. He suffered from obloquy and defamation, but not to the extent of some of his presidential predecessors. We learn that Washington had his infirmities; John Adams was often imprudent; Jefferson was not always wise; and Lincoln himself was by no means free from imperfections. But we are proud to remember, that these august personages, with all their human frailties, were yet essentially and eternally great. The time has come in which just and impartial history is re-adjusting the judgments of the actors of the war; righting the wrong, and exposing the arrogance of pretension. But with the fingers of justice, and the heart of truth, it is creating for Grant a serene and planetary glory that will grow brighter and stronger as the years recede. Time will soon efface all knowledge of his petty blemishes, and narrow and partisan criticism will drop into the dust of oblivion; but the great qualities and deeds by which he crushed a mighty rebellion and preserved the Union, thus giving Hope and Liberty a new birth, will decree him statues more royal than those of kings, and his fame will become one of the most illustrious of our national possessions.

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GENERAL ALFRED SULLY'S INDIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1864.

BY LIEUTENANT DAVID L. KINGSBURY,

EIGHTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 10, 1896.)

To many of the companions present, the events connected with the massacre of settlers and others, on the frontier of Minnesota, in the fall of 1862, are familiar, having participated in the several battles and expeditions that followed; and to others as a matter of history. But it would extend this paper far beyond the limits of the time allowed for its reading, to give but a summary of the events prior and leading to the expedition of 1864, an account of which is the subject of this paper.

While the narrative may and will, no doubt, lack in thrilling descriptions of deeds of valor and heroism, and seem tame in comparison with the many highly interesting papers that have been read before the Commandery, of battles between foes of the same degree of civilization, on an equality as to condition, I trust that it will not be wholly uninteresting.

The expedition in 1863 under command of General Henry H. Sibley was successful in driving across the Missouri River those of the Indians who had not surrendered, excepting those who had taken refuge in British territory.

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The object of the expedition led by General Alfred Sully in 1864, designated in official orders as the "Northwestern Indian Expedition," but more commonly called Sully's expedition or campaign, was to further chastise the Sioux who had massacred the white immigrants of Southwestern Minnesota, and, if possible, to compel their complete submission. The Minnesota contingent of this expedition, designated as the Second Brigade, rendezvoused at Fort Ridgely on June 1st, 1864, and was composed of the following Minnesota troops: The Eighth Minnesota Volunteer Infantry, mounted, Lieutenant-Colonel Henry C. Rogers in command; six companies of the Second Minnesota Volunteer Cavalry, Colonel Robert N. McLaren in command; the Third Minnesota Battery, of one section of six-pounder smooth-bore guns, and one section of twelve-pounder mountain howitzers; forty-five scouts; and a train of ninety-three six-mule teams and twelve ambulances. The fighting force consisted of twenty-one hundred men, all mounted. Colonel Minor T. Thomas, of the Eighth Minnesota, was placed in command of the brigade by General Sibley.

Until a short time before the rendezvous at Fort Ridgely, no more than five companies of the Eighth Minnesota (of which the writer was a member) had been together during a service of twenty-one months. The companies were enlisted at Fort Snelling in August, 1862, for service in the Civil War; but none of them were mustered in until three months later. Then, being more needed at home than in the South, as fast as they were ready for service, each company was sent out to the western Minnesota frontier, in citizens' clothes, in most instances only half of the company being armed, and those arms being the old Belgian or Austrian muskets, with very little camp equipage of any sort, while the only means of transportation were teams impressed from farmers and others, the impressment often

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being made under protest and frequently being resisted by force. Vouchers were, in nearly all instances, given for use of teams and for supplies taken. This is a digression, but is related to show the hardships encountered at the outset of our service on the frontier. The murder by the Sioux of citizens at Acton, Meeker County, August 18, 1862, was four days after our enlistment; and that murder was the beginning of the general Indian outbreak and massacre which caused the death of nearly one thousand men, women, and children, in the newly settled western part of Minnesota, besides the destruction of a large amount of property. The massacre also caused a further loss in population by several thousand leaving the state, a large proportion never to return.

The officers and men in the expedition of 1864 were well prepared, by the discipline and experience of nearly two years' service, for the hardships that were to be encountered. This service of the Eighth Minnesota had been of a desultory character, but not void of danger, for a number of our men had been killed by the Sioux. It was the kind of service to make each soldier familiar with the character of the Indians, and with the terrible atrocities perpetrated upon those who fell into their hands. Every soldier had witnessed scenes to arouse the uttermost bitterness toward those who seemed destitute of any sentiment of humanity, and all were filled with an insatiable desire for revenge. Many of the command had had their families murdered, and were instigated to enlist by the wish to avenge themselves upon the perpetrators of those outrages. I know of two instances wherein this was accomplished with compound interest.

The light artillery, Captain Jones, had been in the expedition of 1863, and the other organizations had seen more or less service on the frontier, so that, as a whole, the com-

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mand was well prepared to meet the Indians; and it was hoped to encounter them in so large a body that an engagement with them might be dignified as a battle.

The interval of five days between our arrival at and departure from Fort Ridgely was fully occupied in preparations for our long expedition, which was to extend beyond the Missouri River.

On the 6th of June the command left Fort Ridgely, and I must confess that to me, and no doubt to others, this seemed more like war than anything we had previously experienced. Few of our regiment had before seen so large a body of troops; and I can also say that, during a year's service in the South, after our return from this campaign, I did not see a finer body of men. Further I may add, quite as truthfully, that we looked much finer on the day of our departure than we did on that of our return, four months later. Our wagon train was increased by a hundred and twenty-five teams, with two hundred fifty men, women, and children, and their supplies, bound for Idaho, who were to accompany us to the Yellowstone River. These emigrants, from the start to our parting with them, were an encumbrance, causing delay and hampering all our movements.

Our march to the Missouri was not marked by any especially noticeable occurrence; and after the novelty of travelling through a new country wore off, the day's march became tedious. Soon after leaving Big Stone Lake, the command began to suffer from the lack of good water, and some days from the scarcity of water of any kind. The few small lakes were impregnated with alkali, and nearly all the streams were dried up, except occasional pools which were stagnant and fouled by buffalo. On one occasion, after getting our tents pitched, the camp was struck by a tornado, levelling it instantly and causing considerable dam-

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age, besides stampeding many of the horses and mules, all of which were, however, recovered with considerable difficulty.

After passing the Coteau des Prairies, a few buffaloes and considerable numbers of antelopes were seen; but, as orders had been issued against shooting, only a few of either were secured. Buffalo chips were plentiful, and constituted our fuel until we reached the Missouri River. It was the practice of the soldiers, on nearing the camping location, to collect the chips on their ramrods until they would hold no more, and when the camp was reached to deposit them in a common pile for the cook. These chips made an intense fire and were far preferable to wood, requiring less labor to secure. They were handy, too, when on the march, if one wished to make a cup of coffee, as it required but a moment or two to make a fire. For heating a "bean hole" the chips were also much superior to wood.

On approaching the Coteau du Missouri, the country became more rolling and the scenery less monotonous; and when it was finally reached, an abundance of good water and excellent grazing for the animals were found. The latter had not only suffered from a lack of good water, but the grazing had been very poor, owing to the drouth. The distance from Fort Ridgely to the Missouri Coteau was accomplished in twenty-four days, an average of sixteen miles a day, Sundays not included. Only an occasional Indian had been seen; these evidently watching our progress. But on going into the Missouri valley, the scouts reported seeing several parties, and several fresh trails indicated their presence a short time before.

The scouts also reported that General Sully was one day's march down the river, and the next day we joined his forces. The day before our arrival, a surgeon attached to General Sully's brigade had been shot by the Indians while out hunting.

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On July 2nd the combined commands marched down the Missouri River to a point opposite the mouth of the Cannon Ball River. There we found three steamboats laden with supplies for the command and with material for the post that was to be built on the west bank of the Missouri.

On the 9th of July the command was transferred by the boats to the west side. General Sully's command, now called the First Brigade, was made up of the following troops: Eleven companies of the Sixth Iowa Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Pollock commanding; three companies of the Seventh Iowa Cavalry, Lieutenant-Colonel Pattee commanding; two companies of Dakota Cavalry, Captain Miner in command; the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry, Colonel Dill commanding; Colonel N. Pope's Battery of two sections; and Brackett's Minnesota Battalion of Cavalry.

The Thirtieth Wisconsin was detached to build and garrison the new post, subsequently called Fort Rice.

The Second Brigade comprised the same regiments and companies that formed it when at Fort Ridgely, Colonel Thomas being continued in command by General Sully.

On July 19th, the command, having been supplied with sixty days' rations and leaving behind all surplus baggage, marched up the valley of the Cannon Ball for several days, expecting to find a camp, reported by the scouts, of fifteen or eighteen hundred tepees, near the source of the river; but the Indians did not await our coming, and the evidences of their having been there recently were all that were found.

The command then crossed over to the Heart River, which we followed to its source. We were now in an unexplored country. Trails and other signs, and frequently signals, smoke by day and fires by night, indicated the proximity of the Indians, but no large bodies were seen. The country was rough and barren of vegetation, except large tracts covered with cactus, the only thing left by the locusts which

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had quite lately swarmed over the country. The earth was parched and was soon worked into an impalpable dust, which aggravated our thirst and filled our eyes and nostrils.

Water was scarce, and when found was vile, adding to our own and our animal's sufferings. The water on the east side of the Missouri was a luxury compared with this. One day all the water we had was what could be squeezed out of the mud of an alkali pond, near which we had camped the night previous. The water in this pond was only about eight inches deep. Guards had been placed around it only ten feet apart to prevent its being wasted; but during the night a large number of the horses and mules broke loose from their picket ropes, and, taking possession of the pond, remained in it till morning. The water that could be obtained from the mud was all that we had in the march to our next camp. Water from the streets of St. Paul would have been better, for it would have lacked the alkali. This alkali water was so strong that it would burn the skin from the tongue; and it soon caused dysentery. The poor animals suffered intensely from it, and from lack of forage. Large numbers of them began to give out, soon becoming unable to carry their riders, and many were shot.

On the 24th of July the scouts reported a large village at Ta-ha-kouty (Killdeer) Mountain, near the headwaters of the Heart River. The teams and the emigrant train were corralled, the tents and every article that could be dispensed with were placed within, and enough men of those who were dismounted through the loss of their horses were left to protect this property. The command, provided with eight days' rations, no tents, and only enough wagons to carry ammunition, made a rapid march northward, in the direction of the supposed camp.

On the 28th of July a scout reported the camp only a

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few miles away. In a short time the village could be seen at the base of a high hill heavily wooded. The view of this camp caused considerable excitement. We all felt elated to know that we had at length reached the enemy, whom we had travelled nearly seven hundred miles to find. The Indians were advised of our approach, but so sanguine were they of being able to whip us, that they did not think it necessary to strike their camp. In fact, so sure were they of victory, that the non-combatants (old men, squaws, and children) assembled in front of the camp to witness our annihilation, which their braves led them to believe was certain.

The plain which lay before us was well adapted to Indian fighting, being somewhat uneven and rising gradually on the east and west into broken hills. On the north it was terminated abruptly by the high Killdeer hill or butte, at the base of which was situated the Indian village. Immediately on the camp coming into our view, though still two miles away, great activity among the Indians could be observed. It was not long before the low hills on either flank were swarming with the braves in their war paint and dress (or rather with no dress at all except breech-clout and moccasins), mounted on their ponies, and yelling like demons.

Our forces were soon placed in position; the men were dismounted, every fourth man holding his own horse and three others; and we deployed as skirmishers, forming three sides of a parallelogram, with a rear guard and the batteries in the center. The Indians made repeated charges at the full speed of their ponies, keeping up meanwhile their unearthly yelling. In these charges many of them were killed, while no casualties occurred on our side. They soon learned the range of our small arms, and were careful not to come within it.

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Our lines advanced slowly but steadily, repulsing the repeated charges of the Indians, and when they collected on the hills, as they frequently did, a shell from the batteries would scatter them with considerable loss.

The cannons were a revelation to these Sioux, or at least to most of them. They had probably never seen, much less heard, one before. After several attempts to turn our flanks without success, they massed their forces between our lines and their village, and made one final and desperate charge on our right, which was within a short distance of their camp. This charge was repulsed in a hand-to-hand fight by Brackett's battalion, and the first casualties on our part occurred here.

The Indians now realized that the battle was going against them and that their village was in danger. This was evident in the efforts the squaws were making to move the tents and supplies. But we were too close to them, and their haste to escape was expedited by shells dropped into the village, which caused great consternation. They soon apparently abandoned all hope of carrying off any of their supplies, but endeavored to hide them, together with immense quantities of buffalo robes and furs, by throwing them into the numerous deep ravines in the neighborhood. About sundown we took possession of the camp, when the Indians were seen retreating up and beyond the hills. Four companies of the Eighth Minnesota were ordered to pursue the stragglers and drive them from the top of the hills. This was successfully done.

When we (I was one of the detachment) reached the summit of the hill, after passing through heavy timber and underbrush, we were stopped by a very deep canyon, which the Indians had crossed by some path known only to themselves. Beyond this canyon the Indians, with their squaws, could still be seen retreating, but they were out of reach

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of our guns. Several warriors, who had evidently remained in the canyon to delay our progress, were shot. Our detachment returned to the abandoned camp after dark, and found that the command had bivouacked at some distance back. We were completely fagged out and very hungry, but lay down on our arms and were fairly asleep when we were aroused by the pickets firing; but the camp finally settled down and we were not again disturbed.

At daylight the Indian camp was again occupied, and the trail of the retreating savages was followed until the nature of the country prevented further progress. It was found that two pickets had been killed, being shot with arrows. They had been stripped of their clothing, and their bodies were horribly mutilated. One of these men, La Plant, had eleven arrows in his body. All of our dead were buried where they fell, the command passing over their graves so as to obliterate all signs.

Four companies were detailed to destroy the Indian village and supplies. This was no small task, as there were about sixteen hundred tepees, nearly all standing. A few of the tepees, in the haste to strike them, had been cut around the base, but they remained where they fell. The destruction of this camp and its supplies was a greater blow to the Indians than the loss of the braves who were killed. With few exceptions the tepees were of rawhide. The amount of supplies, including pemmican, jerked buffalo meat, dried berries, and buffalo robes, that was burned could not be estimated,—it was immense. It was their winter village, well situated as to water and wood, and protected on the north by high hills. Indian against Indian, it would have been impregnable; and it had, no doubt, been their winter home for generations.

A pathetic incident occurred in this connection, which indicates the panic and haste in which the camp was va-

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cated. This was the finding of a papoose, a few months old, which had been abandoned or overlooked by its mother, or she may have been killed. The papoose was shot, by or possibly without an order, but it could not be helped.

In this fight, called the battle of Ta-ha-kouty or Killdeer mountain, our force consisted of twenty-two hundred men; that of the Indians was estimated at from five to six thousand. They were superior to us in numbers and knowledge of the country, and the result might have been different, but for the fact that not more than half of them had guns; —such as they had being of an inferior kind. To prove the latter assertion, only six of our force were killed and ten wounded, two being killed by arrows. The Indian loss in killed was supposed to be from one hundred to one hundred and fifty. No estimate was made of the wounded. It is, however, as all Indian fighters know, difficult to determine with any degree of accuracy the actual number killed, because the Indians generally succeed in carrying many of their wounded and dead from the field, while others are dragged off by their ponies to which they are attached by lariats.

To soldiers or others who have not seen or heard an Indian charge, it cannot be described. It is calculated to strike terror into the hearts of the bravest. I have not the command of words to attempt to give any proper description of it, and can make no better comparison (imaginary, of course) than with the imps of hell let loose.

An effort was made to follow the trail of the retreating Indians, but the character of the country and the jaded condition of our animals, together with the fact that our rations were getting short, compelled General Sully to abandon the pursuit, and the command returned to the corral on July 30th. It had accomplished a distance of one hundred seventy-two miles in six days, one of which was occupied in the fight.

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The march was again taken up by the whole command, and at this time it was discovered that a miscalculation had been made by the commissary at Fort Rice, so that we had but six days' rations left. As it was very uncertain when we should reach the Yellowstone River, our hard bread ration was reduced one-third, and that of meat one-half. This insufficiency of food added to our hardships.

On the 5th of August we came to the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri River. General Sully had been told by all the guides, excepting one, that it would be impossible to pass through this tract even if we had no wagons. To go around it would require more days than we had rations for. One of the guides, a young Blackfoot, said that a passage could be made, and it was undertaken. The character of these lands is well known to-day, and it would take too much time to describe them in detail. At the time of our descent into this basin from the level of the surrounding country, we were undoubtedly the first body of white men that had ever seen it, not to speak of attempting to cross it. Those who have since travelled through that wonderful tract, including probably some here present who have looked upon it from the window of a palace car, will appreciate our apprehensions as to the result of the undertaking.

A brief general description will, perhaps, be necessary to enable those who have not seen these Bad Lands, to understand the difficulties and hardships encountered in passing through them. They consist of a depression or basin, covering an extent of about forty miles, having an average depth of some six hundred feet below the level of the surrounding country, interspersed with buttes whose tops reach the level of the table-lands surrounding the depression. There are many deep and narrow canyons, having no

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confirmed general direction and forming a bewildering labyrinth, in which one not familiar with the country must inevitably soon be lost.

General Sully describes these lands in very terse language as "hell with the fires put out." Many of the canyons had to be widened for the wagons and artillery to pass through them. Immediately upon our entering the Bad Lands, the Indians again made their appearance and annoyed our advance from the vantage ground offered by the tops of the buttes, but fortunately without loss on our side, though several of the Indians were picked off.

On arriving at the Little Missouri River, which runs through the Bad Lands, dividing them about equally, we found a narrow valley in which were frequent thickets and meadows. The latter were covered with plentiful grass, and the water in the river was excellent. Altogether this valley seemed to us a veritable paradise, and men and animals made the most of it. However, we were not to enjoy it long, for the Indians, having been reinforced, became more bold and in fact, through the guides, dared us to fight. They confined their operations to endeavors to pick off men who were out grazing their horses, and to stampeding our stock. A few horses were lost.

On our leaving the valley and entering the hills beyond, the Indians made an attack in force, but with the same results as previously, notwithstanding that they had the advantage of position on the buttes above us, while we were often in single file, extending our column for miles. The attacks continued until we were well out of the hills, when the Indians suddenly disappeared and were not seen again. In this fight it was afterward learned from the Indians that there were from seven to eight thousand braves. The number of the Indians killed, as was estimated, exceeded three hundred, with about seven hundred wounded. Our loss was nine killed and one hundred wounded.

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I may venture the opinion here, that, if the Indians had been as well armed at this time, or even at the fight at Ta-ha-kouty, as were those at the Custer fight, the result would have been as disastrous, and even more terrible; for what would have been the fate of the women and children in the emigrant train? If any had been so fortunate as to miss being killed by the savages, they would certainly have perished by starvation. There would have been no possibility of succor, for, with the exception of Fort Union, near the mouth of the Yellowstone, there was no place where white men were living within six hundred miles.

The country between the Bad Lands and the Yellowstone was as barren as that crossed east of the Little Missouri; and this continued to be the case until we reached the Yellowstone valley, on the 13th of August. It was none too soon. Men and animals were nearly exhausted from fatigue, short rations, and bad water or none. I was so weak that, on our last day's march to the river, I fell from my horse twice, and such was the condition of many.

We learned at the river that it was fortunate we took the short route through the Bad Lands; for if the command, taking the longer route, had been able to reach the Braseur House, the objective point of the expedition, on the Yellowstone some eighty miles above where we struck it, we should not have found the three steamboats which had been ordered to meet us there. They had been unable to ascend so far, and indeed we did not know, until the day before we arrived at the river, whether the boats had been able to reach even the point where we struck it. These were the first steamboats to ascend the Yellowstone.

We were put in good spirits, however, by one of the guides bringing to General Sully a chip which he found floating in the river. Ordinarily this small bit of wood found floating in the water would have had little signifi-

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cance, but to us it meant volumes. Although not sufficient to assure us that there were three steamboats above us, or any other number, it was enough to hang our hopes upon. A reconnaissance by the guides soon proved that such hopes were not unfounded. Two boats, the Chippewa Falls and Alone (the third, named Island City, having been sunk below Fort Union), were found two or three miles above, and they soon dropped down to our camp. The arrival of the boats was hailed with cheers and other demonstrations of joy, which under other circumstances might have appeared foolish. We now had plenty to eat. The poor horses and mules, however, had to be content with grass and a very little corn, as much of the forage was lost on the Island City.

Aside from the regular rations, the command had all the fresh meat it needed, and even a surfeit, for the valley abounded with buffaloes, elks, and blacktail deer. There was also an abundance of berries and choke cherries. The cherries were a God-send, as they were better than the doctor's prescriptions for dysentery, which had become prevalent.

After several days' rest, the command was transferred to the northwest bank of the Yellowstone River by the steamboats, and the horses and mules by swimming. A number of the mules were drowned; and, I regret to add, several men of the emigrant contingent were also drowned while swimming their stock across the river. At this point we parted company with the emigrants, they going up the river and our command down.

We reached Fort Union, one of Chouteau's trading posts, located near the confluence of the Yellowstone and Missouri Rivers, about the 18th of August. There were no troops at this post, it being garrisoned by employes only. The quarters were commodious and protected by a stockade.

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The crossing of the Missouri River was accomplished in the same manner as that of the Yellowstone, but it was more hazardous to the animals, owing to the quicksands. However, there were no casualties. The distance accomplished since leaving Fort Rice was four hundred sixty miles, and the time consumed had been thirty days.

Soon after crossing the Missouri, on our return to Fort Rice, we began to see buffaloes, at first in small groups, and later in immense herds of countless numbers. Buffalo rumps, steaks, and tongues were our regular diet. On one evening, after going into camp, over fifty of these animals were killed. In one of these hunts Dr. J. H. Murphy, who was surgeon of the Eighth Minnesota, was unhorsed and severely gored by a buffalo bull. Indeed, the buffalo herds were so great that frequently the command was corralled as a precaution, and on one occasion our train was sadly demoralized by a herd going through it.

When one of those vast herds, often numbering thousands of animals, got started in any given direction, nothing could stop them except a cliff or a river, and then only after hundreds had been killed by being forced over the precipice or into the water. Near Fort Berthold, I saw more buffaloes than I could count, lying dead or dying at the foot of a high bluff, they having been forced over the brink during a stampede; and at another time a sand-bar, evidently quicksand, in the Missouri River, was seen covered with dead buffaloes, the stench from which was terrible.

The march down the Missouri valley was uneventful, except that a short distance below Fort Berthold a fresh trail was struck, indicating a large force of Indians going northeast towards the British possessions. It was made, evidently, by a part, at least, of those with whom we had fought on the west side of the Missouri, who had crossed at this point. This trail was followed to the lime springs,

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and at that point it was found that a very large camp had but recently been abandoned, in fact, so recently that the ashes of their camp fires were not cold. The camp had been warned by their scouts of our coming, but had concluded not to await our arrival. The condition of our animals did not permit the command to pursue them further.

At Fort Berthold we had an opportunity to see the Ree and Mandan villages. The command reached Fort Rice on September 9th. It was there learned that Captain Fisk's Idaho expedition (this is not the train that accompanied our command to the Yellowstone), after leaving Fort Rice with a small escort of troops, had been surrounded about a hundred miles west from Fort Rice by Indians, and had sent for assistance. Two hundred men from the Eighth Minnesota, unmounted, and one hundred of the Second Minnesota Cavalry, were sent to relieve Captain Fisk. The two hundred men detailed from the Eighth Regiment, on their return from Captain Fisk's relief, went down the Missouri on barges to St. Louis, and joined their regiment at Murfreesborough, Tennessee.

After a much needed rest of four days at Fort Rice, the Minnnesota brigade started September 15th on its return, our route being north of our outgoing trail, and comparatively devoid of interest. The command arrived at Fort Wadsworth on September 26th. Companies B, C, D, and H, Second Minnesota Cavalry, Major Robert H. Rose in command, relieved a detachment of the Thirtieth Wisconsin Infantry at this fort, the latter going with our command to Fort Ridgely and thence to Fort Snelling.

The command left Fort Wadsworth on the 29th of September, and arrived at Fort Ridgely on October 8th, after an absence of four months and two days. In that time we had marched sixteen hundred twenty-five miles; had whipped the savages at an estimated loss to them of four

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or five hundred killed, and many wounded; and had foverer settled the Indian question east of the Missouri River. Thus it was made possible for white immigrants to settle and develop a territory equal in area to the New England states. It was believed at that time to be almost a desert, fit only for Indians and buffaloes; but now it supports a large and prosperous population, and is one of the greatest wheat and cattle producing regions of the world.

The success of the campaign was due in a great degree to the character of the officers and men. General Sully was an able and experienced officer, having seen service on the plains and in the South. He and General Minor T. Thomas were each held in high esteem, having the confidence of the whole command.

Thirty-three years have passed since the events presented in this paper. Nearly all of the principal officers, many of the subordinate officers, and many of those who filled the humble but necessary positions of non-commissioned officers and privates, are dead. Some lived long enough to witness the marvelous changes which their bravery and hardships made possible. Those of us still living see what the most visionary never dreamed of, a territory, which at that time contained a population of a few hundreds, now possessing several millions.

As a matter of record of my regiment, and I trust of general interest, I will, in conclusion, quote the words of one who has written its history, that my paper may thus include a slight reference to our later service in the closing part of the great Civil War:

"The Eighth Regiment was fortunate in the character of its material; fortunate in the harmony within; fortunate in the variety of its service, mounted and on foot, railroad and steamship; fortunate in the wide extent of the United States it visited at Uncle Sam's expense—from Fort Snelling, via Montana, Alabama, Wash-

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ington, Fort Fisher, and southwest North Carolina, to Minnesota again; fortunate that in the last year of the war it traveled more miles and saw a greater variety of service and country than any other regiment in the United States army; fortunate that the end of its enlistment saw the end of the Rebellion and a saved country. In a word, the Eighth Minnesota, in that wonderful contest of splendid organizations of men, thinks it honor sufficient to claim only to be the peer of its fellows.

"And now, after twenty-five years, a large part of the regiment are still citizens of Minnesota, and are a full average in character and usefulness of the citizens of the towns where they have since made their homes. When we know how they freely gave three of the best years of their lives to their country, and then, returning poor, went to work with a will to secure an independent position in civil life, and how sturdily, how bravely, they have struggled to overcome the obstacles in their way, it is the crowning glory of the volunteer soldier, and the best guarantee of the future of the republic."

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REMINISCENCES OF THE BLOODY ANGLE.

BY BREVET-MAJOR JOHN D. BLACK,

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT ONE HUNDRED FORTY-FIFTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 14, 1896.)

The campaign of 1864 opened with the Second and Third Corps consolidated.

The First Divisin under command of Brigadier-General Francis C. Barlow, and the Second Division commanded by Brigadier-General John Gibbon were composed of the old Second Corps, and as I write the mournful thought comes to me, that only within the past few weeks these two gallant soldiers have passed to that bourne whence no traveler returns. Brave among the bravest, honorable beyond reproach, their heroic loyalty in many of the bloodiest battles of the war had won for them, not only the love and esteem of the officers and men under their command, but the admiration and commendation of their superiors; while their lofty courage and chivalrous sense of duty did honor even to the old corps of Sumner and Hancock.

The Third and Fourth Divisions were the old divisions of Hooker and Kearny from the Third Corps, and were under the command of Generals David B. Birney and Gershom Mott, the whole under the name of the Second Corps and commanded by our own beloved Winfield Scott Hancock.

The First Division retained its old organization of four brigades commanded respectively by Colonel Nelson A.

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Miles, Colonel Thomas A. Smyth, Colonel Hiram L. Brown and last, but not least, a colonel whom we, in this Commandery, delight to honor now as General John R. Brooke.

We had taken part in the heavy fighting in the Wilderness on the 5th and 6th of May; Todd's Tavern on the 8th; Corbin's Bridge on the 9th and the sharp fight at Po River on the 10th, in the official report of which Hancock says:

"I feel that I cannot speak too highly of the bravery, soldierly conduct, and discipline displayed by Brooke's and Brown's Brigades on this occasion. Attacked by an entire division of the enemy (Heth's), they repeatedly beat him back, holding their ground with unyielding courage, until they were ordered to withdraw, when they retired with such order and steadiness as to merit the highest praise."

I now quote from General Humphrey's Virginia Campaign of 1864, page 89:

"In the afternoon of the 11th General Meade received the following dispatch from General Grant, dated 3 o'clock P. M., 'Move three divisions of the second Corps by the rear of the Fifth and Sixth Corps under cover of night so as to join the Ninth Corps in a vigorous assault on the enemy at 4 o'clock A. M., to-morrow. I will send one or two staff officers over to-night to stay with Burnside and impress him with the importance of a prompt and vigorous attack.'"

The order for the movement of the troops of our command was not received at division headquarters until after dark. Orders were at once issued that strict silence must be maintained throughout the entire command during the march; arms and accoutrements, canteens and haversacks must be so arranged as to make no noise, and no commands given above a whisper. Staff officers informed as to the route were assigned to the brigades and regiments of the command so that none might wander from the line of march, as the night was misty and intensely dark with dashes of rain. The movement was necessarily slow with

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frequent halts, at which time the men, worn out by loss of sleep and the terrible nervous and physical strain they had endured during the past eight days, would drop down for a moment's rest, and be asleep almost as soon as they touched the ground.

During one of these temporary halts occurred one of those incidents that would cause mirth in the presence of the most imminent danger. A darky, leading a pack mule on which were strapped the blankets and cooking utensils of some officers' mess, had stopped some little distance to the right of the command and, darky like, had settled himself for a nap. The mule in feeding around broke away from the darky, who, roused from his sleep and making a spring to catch him, frightened the animal, which broke into a gallop, heading in the direction of the troops. Camp-kettles, frying-pans, coffee-pots and other utensils knocking and banging against each other made as much noise in the deathly stillness of the night as if a brigade of cavalry were making a charge. And, to add to the excitement, the mule commenced his musical exercises and brayed as if his existence depended upon his effort in that direction.

The men startled from their sleep by the horrible din and uproar and, supposing the enemy were upon them, three regiments sprang to their feet and ran as if his Satanic Majesty were after them. Fortunately, in the excitement that followed, no shots were fired, and the stampede was soon checked and the men quickly reformed in line and moved on now thoroughly awake.

Late that night a council of war was called to meet at corps headquarters located at the Brown house at which were present Generals Hancock, Barlow, Gibbon, Birney, Mott, and Colonel Morgan, inspector general, Second Corps.

As aide to General Barlow I accompanied him, and with other members of the various staffs occupied the hall of the

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house out of which opened the room where the conference was held. And it was here that we first learned that the engineer officer on the staff of General Grant, to whom had been assigned the duty, in connnection with members of Hancock's staff, of making a thorough reconnoissance of the ground over which the assaulting party was to pass, had unfortunately lost his way and did not arrive at the Brown house until almost dark. And then it was found from the advanced position of the enemy's pickets that it was impossible to obtain a view of their works or the near approaches thereto.

General Barlow, whose division was to lead the assault, on being informed of this fact asked, "What is the nature of the ground over which I have to pass?" The reply was, "We do not know." "How far is it to the enemy's line?" "Something less than a mile." "What obstructions am I to meet with, if any?" "We do not know." "Well, have I a gulch a thousand feet deep to cross?" And still the answer, "We do not know." "Then I assume the authority to form my division as I please, and that will be in two lines of masses." When the formation was objected to on account of the artillery that might be met within their works, Barlow replied: "If I am to lead this assault I propose to have men enough, when I reach the objective point, to charge through Hell itself and capture all the artillery they can mass in my front." After an extended controversy he carried his point and the formation decided upon was Barlow's Division to form the assaulting column, supported by Birney's Division on the right in two deployed lines, Mott's Division in rear of Birney's, and Gibbon's division in reserve in rear of Barlow and Birney.

I never remember seeing General Barlow so depressed as he was on leaving Hancock's headquarters that night; he acted as if it was indeed a forlorn hope he was to lead.

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His voice was subdued and tender as he issued his orders to the staff, for the formation of the command; very different from the brusque and decided manner usual for him, accompanied by the remark we had heard so many times on similar occasions, "Make your peace with God and mount, gentlemen; I have a hot place picked out for some of you to-day"; or the consoling remark that would sometimes follow, after hearing of some general officer who had particularly distinguished himself and had certain of his staff killed or wounded, "Well, gentlemen, it beats Hell that none of my staff get killed or wounded."

The head of the column arrived a little after midnight at the point designated for the formation, which was a cleared strip of ground, extending from the Brown house in the direction of the Landron house. The formation of the division was: Regiments doubled on the center, closed en masse, five paces between regiments, ten paces between brigades, Colonels Miles' and Brooke's Brigades leading, and Colonels Smyth's and Brown's Brigades following, thus forming the command, composed of twenty-three regiments, into a solid square; arms at a right shoulder, officers leading their men and no commands given above a whisper. The skirmish line was deployed at one pace interval, with instructions to move forward with arms at a right shoulder and under no circumstances to fire, but as soon as they drew the fire of the enemy's pickets, to rush forward and capture every man of them, allowing none to escape to the rear and give the alarm to the main line.

It was almost four o'clock, the hour appointed for the advance, before the men were all in line and the necessary preparations completed, but the order for the forward movement was not given until half past four, owing to the intense darkness that prevailed.

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The Confederate pickets were only a pistol's shot away, and, as they challenged, the low order was passed along our line, "Double-quick," replied to by a scattering volley from them, and then with a mad rush our boys were upon them and a dull thud here and there, as the butt of a musket compelled a more speedy surrender, told how well the order had been obeyed, and the way was open for the attack. And then, in the dim gray light of that early spring morning, with a mist rising from field and thicket, and while the birds were faintly chirping in the bushes and trees as they noted the coming dawn, the grand old First Division moved forward in almost perfect silence. Advancing perhaps half a mile, we passed the Londron house on our left, when a shot from the enemy's picket reserve mortally wounded Lieutenant-Colonel Stryker, a fearless and gallant soldier of the Second Delaware in command of the skirmishers protecting the left flank. A short distance beyond the Landron house our advance was obstructed by dense second-growth timber or thickets, passing through which we came to a cleared space showing a rise of ground or ridge running parallel with our line of battle. The men, taking it for granted that this was the enemy's works, contrary to orders opened the yell that always accompanies a charge and sprang forward, but on mounting this crest, the red earth of a well defined line of works loomed up through the mists on the crest of another ridge, distant about two hundred yards with a shallow ravine between. Order was at once restored in the ranks and we moved quickly forward and, just as the command reached the bottom of the depression, or ravine, there belched forth from the works a volley of shot and shell that would have proved disastrous had we been in range. But, fortunately for us, the guns, in anticipation of a night attack, had been trained on the ridge

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we had just crossed, and so the shells passed over our heads, doing no damage. At once came the order from General Barlow repeated by every officer in the command, "Forward! Double-quick! Charge!" and with cheers and yells which were heard two miles away, they rushed up against the works. Tearing away the abatis with their hands, Miles' and Brooke's Brigades dashed over the entrenchment and with bayonet and clubbed musket beat down everything before them, and before the charges could be rammed home in the smoking guns twenty-two pieces of artillery were in our possession, together with thirty-two stand of colors and over four thousand prisoners, among whom were Major General Edward Johnson, commanding a division, and Brigadier-General George H. Stewart, commanding a brigade. It was reported that General Lee himself would have been captured had not some of his staff seized the bridle of his horse and forced him away from where he had been holding a conference with General Johnson at the time our men opened the first yell.

Glory enough for the old division for one day, for we had captured more men and colors from the enemy than we carried into the fight. But the end was not yet. Colonels Brown and Smyth were at once ordered to advance with their brigade over the captured works, and pursue the enemy running to the rear. These brigades soon struck the second line of works, only to be repulsed and driven back with heavy loss to the line held by the First and Fourth Brigades, losing Colonel H. L. Brown, commanding the Third Brigade, captured.

Now it was Lee's turn, and he did here what he did at Gettysburg, attempted the impossible. For Hancock's veterans were there to meet him as they did on that memorable 3rd day of July, 1863, when,

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"At the brief command of Lee,
Moved out that matchless infantry
With Pickett leading grandly on,
To rush against that phalanx strong
On those dread heights of destiny."

Then was seen the wisdom of Barlow's formation, for we had men enough in the captured works to repulse any attack that might be made against them. Five times within ten hours did Lee hurl masses of troops on our front, but each time they were repulsed with great slaughter. Often the breast works only were between the contending lines, and the men on either side would push the muzzles of their guns over the works and fire directly in the faces of each other, until the dead actually blocked the way. Not when the sun went down, but only at midnight did Lee cease to hurl his gray masses on Hancock's front, and sullenly retire into his lines. And when morning came, and we looked out over the works, we saw what was seen nowhere else during the war, men lying six and eight deep, almost to the top of the works, and, sloping back, hiding the earth from sight, ten to fifteen rods. The captured guns, only twelve of which we had succeeded in getting over the works before their attack, were literally covered with the dead of the enemy. There was not a tree, nor bush, nor twig which was not cut by flying missiles. It was at this point that a red oak tree twenty-two inches in diameter, sixty-seven inches in circumference, was cut down by Minie-balls alone. An account of which, published in the *Richmond Enquirer*, stated that the tree, in falling, killed and wounded several of their own men.

I now quote from a letter written Colonel Nathan Church of the Twenty-sixth Michigan Volunteers under date of December 30, 1895, by Joseph N. Brown, colonel of the Fourteenth South Carolina Regiment, and Commanding Mc-

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Gowan's Brigade of South Carolina troops at the Bloody Angle. In reference to this he says: "Later in the afternoon a hickory tree five or six inches in diameter—in the same traverse and near the Red Oak, was cut down, and about 10 o'clock at night the red oak fell." He further says: "We lost nearly all of our officers and one-half of our men, Lieutenant-Colonel Hunt, two majors and myself were the only field officers left, and that early in the fight. We had three captains and a few lieutenants left in the brigade. All agree that it was the hardest and bloodiest battle on both sides ever fought in modern times."

After the repulse of the Second and Third Brigades, as our lines were being extended General Barlow sent me back to General Hancock asking him for re-enforcements to protect his left flank, and to order up the horses, as we had gone into the charge that morning dismounted. On my way back I was about to pass an officer going to the front, who checked me as if to ask a question. But before he could speak, a shell took off that part of the head above the lower jaw, as smooth as if it had been cut with a knife, and as I passed he fell backward and in looking down at him the tongue was moving in its socket as if in the act of speaking—a horrible sight I can never forget.

I reached corps headquarters as the prisoners were being formed in line preparatory to being marched to the rear, and at the time when Generals Johnson and Stewart were brought up to General Hancock, who at once stepped forward, and in that graceful and courtly manner of his extended his hand as if meeting an old comrade (which in fact he was) and exclaimed: "General Johnson, I am glad to see you." General Johnson took his hand and with tears coursing down his face, replied: "General Hancock, this is worse than death to me." With a kindly smile General Hancock answered: "This is the fate of war, General, and you

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must not forget that you are a soldier." He then turned and cordially offered his hand to General Stewart who drew back and remarked, "Under existing circumstances, Sir, I cannot take your hand." Quickly came that soldierly bearing and manner that had won for Hancock the title of "The Superb," and as quickly the retort, "Under any other circumstances, Sir, it would not have been offered." He turned his back on Stewart and entered into conversation with General Johnson, shortly after ordering Captain Mitchell, one of his Aides, to supply General Johnson with a horse and accompany him to General Meade's headquarters.

I again quote from the letter of the Confederate Colonel Brown above referred to: "As to the general you saw who surrendered his command, he was Major-General Edward Johnson of Ewell's Corps. I knew him well, and he related in my presence, with other officers, the incident to which you refer. He was a West Pointer, was there at West Point with General Hancock, and, I think, in the same class. He said a large number of his men were killed and wounded after they surrendered; but he blamed no one, attributing it to the mist and rain, with the excitement incident to battle. When carried to your rear saw General Hancock and shook hands with him, which General George H. Stewart, who was also captured, refused. General Edward Johnson was one of Stonewall Jackson's generals, on whom, next to Ewell, he greatly relied. He was much of a gentleman as well as a brave soldier, and died in Richmond in 1880."

To the request for troops to protect our flank, General Hancock's reply was: "Give my compliments to General Barlow, and say to him he has done splendidly, to hold what he has captured at all hazards, protect his flank as best he can, and I will send him re-enforcements as soon as I can get them from the Sixth Corps. Also direct him

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to give my compliments to Miles and Brooke and assure them that they may consider themselves brigadier-generals from to-day." That his words were prophetic I quote from the History of the Second Corps, page 479: "Among the changes in the personnel of the corps were the promotions of Colonels Miles, Brook and Carroll to be brigadier-generals of volunteers. Three finer examples of fiery valor in battle, of the steady and faithful performance of duty, even to the dreariest work of routine in camp and on the march, could not have been found in one group in all of the armies of the United States. Generals Miles and Brooke had been conspicuous on every battle-field since Sunday morning at Fair Oaks, not more for their indomitable valor than for their command over men; their calm intelligence over which the smoke of battle never cast a cloud; their resistless energy in assault; their ready wit and abounding resources amid disaster."

On making my report to General Barlow I was ordered to ride to General Burnside's headquarters as quickly as possible, explain the situation, and ask him to establish connections with the left of our command, with his skirmish line, if he could not with his line of battle. I will not soon forget the closing part of my order in the following words: "Captain Black, I wish you to be careful and not expose yourself needlessly to be killed, but in all probability you will be captured, but remember, if you are, it is by my order." As I turned to ride away, Major Marlin, my tent-mate, gave me a cordial clasp of the hand accompanied with the remark, "Look out for yourself, my boy; that order will be cold comfort for you in Old Libby."

I was fortunate in finding General Burnside speedily, who sent a staff officer with me to General Potter, commanding the right of his line, with instructions to at once advance his skirmish line, and form connections with the left of the

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Second Corps, and establish connections with his line of battle, if possible. General Potter went with us in person, and gave the orders to the officer in command of his skirmish line, and the movement was commenced. I returned to General Potter's headquarters for my horse and followed parallel with and near the skirmish line, thinking it would be the quickest way to find our own line so that I might move that portion that had been refused, forward, to complete the connection. As I was riding along I must have dropped asleep, for the first thing I heard was, "Come in you Yankee Son of ———." I had passed the extension of General Potter's line and ridden up to a Rebel skirmish line, but a short distance in advance of entrenchments fully manned. I whirled my horse and gave him the spur, as they fired a scattering volley; he made a few leaps and fell. I struck the ground running and am positive a shell from a thirty-two pounder would not have dented my coat tails for the next two hundred yards. Shortly after I fell in with General Burnside's headquarters and, reporting my mishap, he dismounted one of his escort and gave me a mount to return to my own command.

In the early morning, just as our line reached the works, Captain Lincoln of the Sixty-fourth New York and another officer, whose face I did not see, sprang upon the works cheering their men on, when a shot struck the officer, whose face was turned away from me, killing him instantly.

Jackson, a boy from my own company and regiment, not over seventeen years of age, mounting the works at the same time and seeing the shot fired, turned his gun (it being unloaded) bayonet down, and threw it spear fashion with "Take that you Rebel Son of a ——," striking the man who had fired the shot just above the heart. The force with which he threw it drove the bayonet entirely through his chest, burying at least four inches of the muzzle of the gun in the breast

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of the Confederate, who uttered the most unearthly yell I ever heard from human lips, as he fell over backward with the gun sticking in him.

About one o'clock it rained heavily and wounded men dragged themselves about drinking out of the pools and hollows. Those who were so disabled as to be helpless lay with open mouths to cool their parched tongues by catching the few drops as they fell. Back of the salient was a sink-hole; into this rain and blood collected until it was full of red water, and around this were a hundred wounded men drinking and groaning.

A schoolmate and intimate friend of Major Church, both belonging to the Twenty-sixth Michigan, fell on the top of the works that morning. He was an only son of wealthy and indulgent parents and, like many other boys, had become quite dissipated. When volunteers were called for in the hour of the nation's need, he was among the first to step forward and put his name down, saying he was going as a private and try to make a man of himself. The Christmas before his father and mother had presented him with an elegant gold watch and chain. The chain was a long neck chain, as was the fashion at that time, composed of fine links closely woven together. When urged to leave it at home, his reply was, "It is a present from my parents and I am going to carry it through the war." His request to Major Church was, if he fell, to secure the watch and chain, if possible, and send them to his father. The morning following the battle I accompanied Major Church on his mournful errand. We found the remains where they fell. There had been no time to remove them, and they had lain on the top of the works during the entire engagement, and, had it not been for some of his comrades who had seen him fall and identified the place, we would never have recognized it as having been a soldier. There was no sem-

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blance of humanity about the mass that was lying before us. The only thing I could liken it to was a sponge, I presume five thousands bullets had passed through it; and after a careful search the largest piece we could find was three links of the chain, not to exceed one-quarter of an inch in length; the watch was entirely shot away.

That night after the firing had ceased the lines were so close together it was found impossible to post the usual picket line, and, as the duty was extra hazardous, volunteers were called for from the different regiments to crawl out over the breast works as near the enemies lines as possible to watch their movements. We could hear the axes at work all through the night, and the videttes reported the enemy busy with pick and shovel throwing up a new line of works, and by morning they were too strongly entrenched and protected by an abatis, to hazard another attack.

I will now ask you to pass over a year's time. Lee's veterans had stacked arms for the last time, at Appomattox. And the victorious Army of the Potomac had taken up its line of march for Washington and home. On the 10th day of May, one year lacking two days of the anniversary of the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, the old division under command of Major-General Nelson A. Miles camped on the ground we had charged over on that memorable morning. The general, accompanied by many of the staff, at once started to ride over the field. On reaching the Angle we discovered that some one had removed the stump of the red oak tree above referred to. The part that had fallen still lay there and was then being converted into mementoes by the boys, one of which, with a bullet imbedded, I have with me to-night. In extending our ride, we came to the little hamlet of Spottsylvania Court House and ordered dinner at the hotel, still kept by the man who was proprietor during the fight. Inquiries were at once insti-

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tuted as to who had taken the stump, but mine host had no knowledge of what became of it, or anything connected with it that might lead to its recovery, while at dinner the missing stump was the principal topic of conversation. On returning to the porch in front of the hotel Perry Lewis, my old orderly came from the rear of the house and informed the general that he had overheard the colored waiter remark to the cook, "Specks I could tell Mars General sometings bout dat dar tree." He was at once sent for, and reported that the missing stump was at that time locked up in the smoke-house belonging to the hotel. The key being refused, an ax was brought into requisition, and, as the darky expressed it, "done broke the lock all into mash," and the stump taken, and shortly after our arrival in Washington it was presented by General Miles to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War. It was mounted on a pedestal and remained several years at the entrance of the War Department on the front facing Pennsylvania Avenue. The last time I saw it, it was in the Ordnance Department of the Government Building at the World's Fair in Chicago. On our return I started alone to look up certain points of interest to me. The earthworks were still well defined, but the ground elsewhere was covered with an undergrowth of brush and vines so dense in places that I could not force my horse through them; so, dismounting, I was making my way as best I could in the direction of the enemy's new line of entrenchment, when, in stooping to pass an obstruction, I was attracted by a bright scarlet object on a dark background, the peculiar shape of which aroused my curiosity. On reaching the object I found it to be a soldier's fatigue cap, hanging on a twig or stub of brush that had been cut off in the fight five or six inches from the ground. Beside it lay the form of a Union Soldier. The red trefoil, the badge of our division and corps, on his cap identi-

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fied him as one of the videttes sent out the night after the battle to watch while his weary comrades slept. A bullet-hole just below the badge told the simple tale. The blue uniform which enclosed his remains, washed by the dews and rains of heaven during the year that had passed, was as clean and bright as the day it was first worn. The rusty gun and tarnished brasses and equipments, however, bore silent testimony that the hands of the soldier had long lain at rest.

"Dead at his post of duty,
'Tis enough, what finer eulogy,
All the boast of pomp and glory,
Seems but idle breath,
Beside the quiet dignity of Death,
Where Death and Duty blend—solution most complete of all life's problems.
Dead and at his post."

No one had seen him fall—no one knew his fate, and so in the list of casualties reported after the battle another soldier was simply—missing. Who can tell of the weary waiting and watching—watching and waiting of the loved and loving ones at home for tidings of the absent soldier boy. But could those loving ones have stood by his side on that beautiful May day, as I did, they would have been comforted by the thought that, "God knows each hero's grave, and He will not forget." Neither had He forgotten this one but, as if anticipating the beautiful ceremony of our Memorial Day, had literally surrounded the resting place of this unknown hero with the greatest profusion of beautiful flowers.

Companions, I have in my possession a relic of this battle as well as many others, that I take pleasure in showing you tonight. It is the headquarter's flag of the First Division, Second Army Corps, that followed General Barlow through

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the wilderness from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and under whose folds went down, from the 5th day of May to the 1st day of November inclusive, 10,225 officers and men, in killed, wounded and taken prisoners. This is the flag of the division that closed its career in the year 1865 with the proud, though melancholy record of 2,237 men killed, and 11,724 men wounded in battle and has gone into history as the Division of Sunday Morning at Fair Oaks, of the Sunken Road at Antietam, of the Stone Wall at Fredericksburg, of the Wheat Field at Gettysburg, of the Salient at Spottsylvania, of the closing fight at Farmville; as the division which had been commanded by five such soldiers as Edwin V. Sumner, Israel B. Richardson, Winfield S. Hancock, Francis C. Barlow and Nelson A. Miles.

Grand Old Division, the wealth of the Rothschilds could not purchase the honor that is mine in having been a member of that famous command.

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FORT DONELSON.

BY BREVET-MAJOR HENRY G. HICKS,

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT NINETY-THIRD ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 13, 1896.)

Commander and Companions:—

The surrender of Fort Donelson on the 16th day of February, 1862, was the first substantial victory achieved by the Union Army in the War of the Rebellion.

The year 1861 had closed somewhat unfavorably to the Union cause. The first great battle of the war in Virginia had resulted in defeat to the Union arms. There had beeen an occasional success in West Virginia and Missouri, but every state south of the Ohio and the Potomac Rivers, save the western part of Virginia and the State of Kentucky, had formally given its adhesion to the "Confederate States of America." The states of Missouri, Kentucky and Virginia were the theatre of war, with a very large percentage of their population favorably inclined to the South. Halleck was in command of the Department of the Missouri, with headquarters at St. Louis; Grant, at Cairo, was in the command of the District of Cairo, which included the camps at Bird's Point, Mo., Fort Holt, Paducah and Smithland, Ky.; while Buell was in command of the Department of the Cumberland with headquarters at Louisville.

When actual hostilities were commenced by the Rebels on the 12th day of April, 1861, by firing upon Fort Sumter,

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the South was somewhat prepared for war. Its people had, for four months prior thereto, anticipated it and were fully determined upon it. The North was practically unprepared for such an emergency. They had felt that the differences would somehow be peaceably adjusted.

At the beginning of the year 1862, the United States had an army of 640,000 volunteers, 20,000 regular soldiers, and about 20,000 men in its navy; a total of about 680,000 men, largely untried as yet in war, but out of whom were to come the victors of Gettysburg, Vicksburg, Atlanta, Five Forks and Appomattox.

The Rebel armies were ranged along the northern border of the Confederate States, from the Missouri River to the Atlantic Ocean, and also occupied portions of Kentucky and Missouri. Columbus, Ky., was well fortified; Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the Western Department of the Confederate Army at Bowling Green. To protect his lines of communication two fortifications were erected; one, Fort Henry on the east, or right bank of the Tennessee River; the other, Fort Donelson, on the left or west bank of the Cumberland. They were a little more than twelve miles apart, near the Kentucky state line, but in the State of Tennessee. Before the days of railroads, and even as late as 1861, these rivers were important waterways to the commerce of the South. To prevent them from becoming an avenue for the transportation of Union soldiers into the heart of the Confederacy, as well as to save them to the South, these two forts, Donelson and Henry, were built.

The year 1862 opened somewhat more auspiciously for the Union arms. On the 19th day of January, in the Department of Kentucky, at Logan's Cross Roads, near Mill's Springs, five Union regiments were attacked by the Rebel force under command of Generals Zollicoffer and Chittenden but the

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Rebels found a general in command of those five Union regiments, who knew how to encourage his men to stand against great odds; afterwards at Chickamauga the same valiant general proved himself worthy of the highest rank by firmly holding the veterans of his immediate command against the repeated assaults of an enemy overwhelming in numbers and flushed with success. So heroically did his brave men stem the tide of disaster that his comrades ever after loved to call George H. Thomas "The Rock of Chickamauga."

Nine days after the victory at Logan's Cross Roads, or Mill's Springs, Ky., the general in command of the District of Cairo, sent the following laconic and modest dispatch to the commander of the Department of the Missouri:

"Cairo, January 28th, 1862. With permission I will take Fort Henry on the Tennessee and establish and hold a large camp there. U. S. Grant, Brigadier General." "A."

Two days later he received the following answer to his dispatch:

"St. Louis, January 30th, 1862. Brigadier General U. S. Grant, Cairo, Illinois. Make your preparations to take and hold Fort Henry; I will send you written instructions by mail."

Evidently General Grant made his preparations promptly, for on the 6th day of February following, Fort Henry had surrendered to Flag Officer Foote, of the navy, and Grant's soldiers were in possession of it. But Grant knew by intuition then, as well as from experience thereafter, that the capture of a fort was only an item in the great tragedy of war; that it was not forts merely that must be captured, but armies; hence he at once took measures to attack the Rebel army in and around Fort Donelson, and this was done without the approval or disapproval of Halleck ("B").

"A"—War of the Rebellion official records, vol. 7, p. 121.
"B"—Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, vol. 1, p. 296. Rebellion Records, vol. 7, p. 124.

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Six days were spent in sending the gunboats and transports down the Tennessee and up the Cumberland Rivers. Some reconnoitering and skirmishing was done by the Union cavalry in the meantime in preparation for the attack by land, and on Tuesday, the 12th of February, 1862, the army under Grant at Fort Henry, commenced its march towards Fort Donelson, two brigades of McClernand's Division having marched three miles and bivouacked the evening before; Wallace's Brigade on the telegraph road, and Oglesby's on the more southerly road, to Fort Henry which led by the way of the Peytonia furnace.

The writer of this paper was, at the time, adjutant of the Second Illinois Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Silas Noble, only two companies of which, A and B, together with Company C of the Second and Company I of the Fourth Regular Cavalry, constituted his command during the battle. On the morning of the 12th Colonel Noble's command, pursuant to orders, broke camp about daylight and marched to the right (front) of Colonel Oglesby's Brigade. We passed the infantry about sunrise. Looking back over the long column in full view there was an army with banners marching to battle. This was no uncommon sight later in the war, but it was to me a most inspiring scene. The burnished arms glistened in the morning sunlight which seemed to make ruddy the faces, and rugged the forms, of the men in column. All were in the best of spirits. The air was balmy and betokened spring. Before noon of that day many an overcoat was thrown away as a useless burden, which two days later would have prevented suffering and preserved life. Soldiers were then, like generals, only learners in the science of war. Some two miles beyond the Peytonia furnace and shortly after noon our advance guard, consisting of Lieutenant Bennett with six men with whom I had obtained permission to ride, came

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upon the Rebel pickets who as soon as they saw us fired one volley and incontinently fled. About a mile further on, after crossing a little stream which, as near as I can now remember, must have been the headwaters of Hickman's Creek, our vanguard—the Eighth Illinois Infantry and Companies A and B of the Second Illinois Cavalry—was attacked very vigorously for about fifteen minutes, until Dick Oglesby ordered forward Lieutenant Gumbart with one piece of artillery who sent two or three rounds of grape and canister into the enemy; thereupon they followed the example of their picket.

While we were waiting here, after this short skirmish, I went over the ground from which the attack had been made, and finding one poor fellow wounded I took a lively interest in him, as he was the first Rebel I had had an opportunity of conversing with upon the battle-field. He told me his name was W. W. Payne, and that he belonged to Forrest's "Alabama Rangers." He wanted water which I brought him from a pool near by, not having any in my canteen. The poor fellow at first did not seem disposed to talk, but directly told me that he was seriously wounded through the body. I sent word to our surgeon who ordered an ambulance to take him to our hospital. He died twenty-three hours afterwards. In this skirmish the Union troops lost one man killed and three wounded.

I allude to these incidents largely because they are facts within my personal knowledge; facts which stand out vividly in my memory, as I peer back through the mists of thirty-five years for my recollections of that battle. I understand these papers are for the express purpose of giving the individual experience of the writer; facts which may not be known to many, or which may not be considered important enough for general history. However, all facts are important; and the great historical artist who shall here-

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after truly paint the picture of any battle-field of our Civil War must delineate not only the graceful form of the general commanding and the prancing horse on which he is mounted, but as well must picture the common soldier with his musket on his shoulder, his canteen, haversack, frying pan and cup at his back, his bayonet-scabbard at his side, and that longing look upon his face which tells that he thinks of home and mother. This paper, however, will not be filled exclusively with personal experiences.

Colonel Oglesby's Brigade met with no further resistance that day; but shortly after nightfall formed a line nearly parallel with and opposite to the left centre of the Rebel line and about one mile distant therefrom.

I well remember there was much confusion among the troops before getting into position that evening. One Union regiment fired into another killing one or two and wounding several others and for a few seconds the infantry came rushing back upon the cavalry, frightening our horses and threatening a general stampede. Quiet, however, was soon restored and the men bivouacked for the night. The troops had no tents, nothing with which to cover themselves except what they had providently carried on their persons during the very warm day; a day such as we sometimes have in the month of May in Minnesota. I suffered no discomfort that night, sleeping in the open air without a blanket; in fact I slept sitting with my back to a tree, the bridle rein of my horse thrown over my arm and, as I now recollect, had a very comfortable night's lodging.

The next morning broke bright and warm; Grant's Army around Fort Donelson was during the day disposed as follows: The First Division under command of General John A. McClernand occupied the right of our line, its right resting on Wynne's ferry road south of Dover. This division was composed of three brigades; the first commanded by Colonel

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Richard J. Oglesby, consisting of the Eighth Illinois under Lieutenant-Colonel Rhodes, the Eighteenth Illinois, Colonel M. K. Lawler; the Twenty-ninth Illinois, Colonel J. S. Rearden; the Thirtieth Illinois, Colonel E. S. Dennis; the Thirty-first Illinois, Colonel John A. Logan; Schwartz's and Dresser's Batteries of Light Artillery; Colonel Noble's Companies A and B Second Illinois Cavalry and Company C of the Second and I of the Fourth United States Cavalry, with four independent companies of cavalry commanded by Captains Stewart, Carmichael, Dollins and O'Harnett; the Second Brigade commanded by Colonel William H. L. Wallace, consisting of the Eleventh Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel T. E. G. Ransom; Twentieth Illinois, Colonel C. C. Marsh; Forty-fifth Illinois, Colonel John E. Smith; Forty-eighth Illinois, Colonel Isham N. Haynie; Fourth Regiment Illinois Cavalry, Colonel T. Lyle Dickey; and Taylor's and Mc Allister's Batteries; the Third Brigade commanded by Colonel William R. Morrison consisting of the Seventeenth Illinois, Major Frances M. Smith; the Forty-ninth Illinois, Lieutenant-Colonel Phineas Pease, making in this division eleven regiments of infantry, four batteries of artillery, one regiment of cavalry, besides Colonel Noble's four companies, and four other independent companies of cavalry, all Illinois troops.

The Second Division under command of Brigadier-General Charles F. Smith occupied the extreme left of our line, its left resting on Hickman's Creek. It was composed of four brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels John McArthur, John Cook, Jacob G. Lauman and Morgan L. Smith. The Ninth, Twelfth and Forty-first Illinois Regiments composed the First Brigade: the Seventh and Fiftieth Illinois, Fifty-second Indiana, Fourteenth Iowa and Thirteenth Missouri Infantry, and Batteries D, H and K First Missouri Light Artillery, the Second Brigade; the

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Twenty-fifth Indiana, Second, Seventh and Fourteenth Iowa Infantry and Birge's Sharp-shooters, the Third Brigade; the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana (zouaves), the Fourth Brigade, comprising a total of fourteen regiments of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and one battalion of sharp-shooters.

The Third Division under command of Brigadier-General Lewis Wallace formed the centre of our line and consisted of two brigades, commanded respectively by Colonels Charles Cruft and John M. Thayer, comprising eleven regiments of infantry, one battery of light artillery, and one company of cavalry, the Thirty-first and Forty-fourth Indiana, Seventeenth and Twenty-fifth Kentucky, composed Colonel Cruft's Brigade, while the First Nebraska, Fifty-eighth, Sixty-eighth and Seventy-sixth Ohio made up Colonel Thayer's Brigade, to which was assigned during the battle on the 15th, as they arrived, the Forty-sixth, Fifty-seventh and Fifty-eighth Illinois Infantry.

On Tuesday morning early Colonel Noble's command was assigned a position in rear of the extreme right of General McClernand's Division.

John A. Hotaling, captain of Company A, afterwards General Logan's chief-of-staff at Atlanta, suggested to me that we two should make an individual reconnoisance of the enemy's position. He had been a sergeant in the Mexican war and was the captain of the company in which I enlisted; I therefore cheerfully assented.

Going about two hundred and fifty yards to the front we came to an elevation of ground, on which was a cleared spot of perhaps an eighth of an acre, surrounded on nearly all sides with young timber. We had crawled to this point on our hands and knees, and when we reached it were rewarded with a view of a Rebel flag, flying from the Dover court house, which was in a northeasterly direction from

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us, and not more than three-quarters of a mile distant; while to our right, at an angle of thirty degrees with the line between us and the court house, we had a clear view of the Cumberland River. Captain Hotaling suggested this as a most excellent place for a battery.

Very cautiously we crept back to our lines and at once reported what we had seen to General McClernand. He invited us to ride with him to meet General Grant, to whom the information was communicated. General Grant was very attentive to what was said, but made little or no reply. General McClernand, shortly afterwards, sent for the two companies of the Second Illinois Cavalry and ordered them to occupy the cleared place we had described to him; scarcely had they reached the spot, when within short musket range, a Rebel regiment or what seemed a regiment arose and delivered a volley at us. Like other cavalrymen at that period of the war, we faced about and returned promptly without orders to our former position, strange to say, not a single man and only one horse having received a scratch. I was not present when the verbal report of this reconnoisance was made.

At this time the extreme right of our investing forces was the Eighteenth Illinois, commanded by Colonel M. K. Lawler, and the right of his regiment rested on the left of the Wynne's Ferry Road, as I remember, about three-quarters of a mile from the Cumberland River. There was another road nearer the river which led from Dover towards Clarksville, but at this time that road was covered by backwater from the Cumberland to the depth of two and one-half feet, and was impassable for ordinary travel.

During the forenoon of this day, Wednesday, the 13th, there was some fine artillery practice by Captain Dresser's and Captain Taylor's Batteries upon the Rebels; the pickets were continually exchanging shots, but nothing of note oc-

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curred until about one o'clock in the afternoon, when an attack was made in front of the left of General McClernand's Division, by a brigade composed of the Seventeenth, Forty-eighth and Forty-ninth Illinois Volunteers, under the command of Colonels William R. Morrison and Isham N. Haynie. This attack was made near the Rebel center, our troops moving in a northeasterly direction to the attack.

After reaching a point near the Rebel rifle-pits, the troops maintained themselves there for nearly an hour, but were unable to make any break in the enemy's lines, and after losing a large number of officers and men, killed and wounded, they retired in good order, having accomplished nothing. I watched this attack and repulse from a point near the centre of McClernand's Division, and why that small portion of our army was sent forward to be slaughtered without proper support, I could never clearly understand. To a subaltern, unused to war, it seemed as needless a sacrifice of human life as did the charge by Colonel Boomer's Brigade against the fortifications at Vicksburg on the 22nd day of May, 1863. The official records do not state that this attack was ordered by General Grant. The General in his "Memoirs" says it was made without orders, or authority. ("a").

Toward evening of this day, the 13th, it commenced to rain and grew cold; the night was certainly one of the most inclement that I ever experienced out of doors. The next morning the snow, to a depth of about three inches, covered the frozen ground. I deemed myself most lucky that night in having a corn crib for shelter; but even with such luxurious quarters, I was inclined to grumble. Our whole army without the shelter of tents in such inclement weather, suffered greatly. No soldier in either army will ever forget that night.

"a"—Personal Memoirs U. S. Grant, vol. 1, p. 390.

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There was little activity along our lines on Friday morning, the 14th. About noon the gunboats made their attack on the Rebel water-batteries and Fort Donelson proper. It should here be stated that "Fort Donelson" was an earthwork near the Cumberland about two miles north of the village of Dover, which is the county seat of Stewart County, Tenn. It was constructed principally to command the river; there were two water-batteries erected below the fort and near the river, manned by guns which did the most effective work in preventing our gunboats from passing up to and beyond Dover. The Rebel lines attacked by our land forces on the 13th, 14th and 15th of February were protected by rifle-pits thrown up from a point on Hickman's Creek, about a mile and a half north of Dover, not far from Fort Donelson, thence extending southerly in three consecutive lines for a distance of over two miles to a point near the Cumberland River a mile south of Dover; the center of the Rebel rifle-pits being farthest from the river, nearly two miles therefrom. As I before stated the gunboats commenced their fight about noon. Their success at Fort Henry had made us all hopeful.

During this engagement every gun along our lines was silent; the pickets of both sides paid deference to the magnificent fight between our gunboats and the Rebel batteries. After a little more than an hour of continuous firing, suddenly the roar of artillery ceased. Men spoke to each other quietly, almost in whispers, wondering what the ominous silence meant. After a few minutes of such silence, a yell burst from the throats of thousands, ringing from one end of the Rebel line to the other, and the mystery was solved. Our gunboats which had been victorious at Fort Henry, had evidently been defeated at Fort Donelson. We learned subsequently that two of our gunboats had been completely disabled and the others, somewhat crippled, were obliged to withdraw from the contest.

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It cannot be denied but that our land forces were somewhat discouraged. Our soldiers had hoped that the gunboats might pass the water-batteries and compel the surrender of the Fort, as they had that of Fort Henry. Our disappointment was great; the Rebels were exultant.

Night closed in, cold, cheerless and most uncomfortable, with great scarcity of provisions in our haversacks, as our commissary trains had not arrived.

Saturday morning, February 15th, at about a quarter before six o'clock, we heard heavy firing immediately in our front. The Rebels were evidently attempting to cut their way through our lines on the Wynne's Ferry Road and thus make a passage for their army towards Clarksville. Our pickets were driven in, and in less than twenty minutes the right of McClernand's command was actively engaged. It was one of those fierce onslaughts which the Rebels made so often during the war, gallant, desperate, but unavailing; it lasted from a quarter of six in the morning until nearly eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

The Ninth, Twelfth and Forty-first Regiments commanded by Colonel McArthur had been transferred to General McClernand's Division and assigned to the extreme right.

Soldiers never fought more gallantly than did ours during that long forenoon; but the Rebels were persistent and our men were obliged continually to fall back, although they did so deliberately and in good order.

At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the right of our line had been driven in toward its center, fully three-quarters of a mile. General McClernand sent to General Grant for reinforcements, but his messenger found on arriving at General Grant's headquarters that the commanding general had gone to consult Flag Officer Foote on the gunboats.

General McClernand, in his report, says that he appealed to General Lew Wallace, commanding the center, and to

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General Charles F. Smith, commanding the right, for support. Both generals, as McClernand says, responded by saying that they had orders from the commanding general to hold their own positions at all hazards; they therefore declined to forward reinforcements. When the Rebels had driven McClernand's Division back from the ground he occupied in the morning, General Wallace, whose right was then threatened, sent Thayer's Brigade to his relief. The Rebel onslaught had been checked before General Grant arrived on the ground. If it was the purpose of the Rebels to cut their way out of Fort Donelson, they signally failed. Be that as it may, at eleven o'clock they retired within their entrenchments; their pickets, however, held the line they had taken from our troops during the forenoon.

About two o'clock in the afternoon we heard heavy firing on the extreme left, and within an hour came the glad tidings that General Charles F. Smith, at the head of the Second and Seventh Iowa, with his cap on his sword, led the men of those two regiments inside of the Rebel intrenchments. Our left had captured the rifle-pits of the enemy's right, and were in a position threatening their right flank. Our right, General McClernand's Division, had regained most of the ground lost in the morning. In this position both armies again slept on their arms, the Union army being under orders to make a general attack along the whole line the next morning.

At a very early hour on Sunday morning, the 16th of February, General John B. Floyd, commanding the forces at Fort Donelson, turned the command over to Gideon J. Pillow, second in command, who immediately transferred it to Simon B. Buckner, a man who had led the left of the Rebel attack against our troops on Saturday morning. General Buckner at once proposed to General Grant the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitu-

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lation, suggesting an armistice until twelve o'clock noon. General Grant replied in a dispatch which made him famous, as follows:

"Sir: Yours of this date proposing armistice and appointment of commissioners to settle terms of capitulation is just received. No terms, except unconditional and immediate surrender, can be accepted. I propose to move immediately upon your works."

General Buckner at once accepted what he called the "Ungenerous and unchivalrous" terms proposed by General Grant.

At sunrise, white flags floated from Fort Donelson and along the entire Rebel line. Within two hours thereafter "Old Glory" floated from the top of the court house at Dover. Fort Donelson was ours.

We took twelve thousand prisoners, forty pieces of artillery, several thousand stands of small arms and a large amount of public property. In the water-batteries there were one ten-inch Columbiad, eight thirty-two pounders, one six and a half-inch rifle gun, and two thirty-two pound carronades. These batteries had an elevation of thirty-two feet above the water in the river at the time of the attack by the gunboats, which gave them an excellent command of the river.

Floyd had escaped Sunday morning with a few Virginia regiments, on two steamboats which had been sent down from Nashville the evening before. Pillow went with him. Colonel Forrest, with his regiment of cavalry, escaped by fording the backwater covering the river road to Clarksville.

I have been unable to find, from the official records, the exact number of prisoners taken at Fort Donelson. The official report of General Grant states the number to be from twelve to fifteen thousand. I have always seriously doubted whether more than half the larger number were

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ever actually moved north of the Ohio River; for on the Sunday after Fort Donelson had surrendered the utmost confusion prevailed among our entire troops; if several thousand Rebel prisoners did not escape during the next three days it was not owing to the discipline of our troops, but it was the fault of the prisoners themselves. A year and a half later, after the surrender of Vicksburg, the situation was quite different.

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, I obtained permission to ride over the lines where the fight of Saturday morning had occurred. I rode at once to the point of attack, which was distinctly marked by the dead, both in blue and gray uniforms, who lay upon the field unburied. Knowing the position, I went to a log-house at the right of our lines, in which I found some twelve or fifteen bodies,—some dead, some with life not yet extinct. Calling to my aid an officer, whom I found to be the chaplain of the Forty-first Illinois, we carried out the dead bodies, straightened the wounded with their feet toward the fire-place, sent a colored man near by for water for which the wounded were asking, built a fire, sent for the surgeon of the Forty-first, and then I went out to view the field.

The sickening sight, in that log-cabin, of men who had lain for twenty-eight hours without food, aid or medical attendance, or attention of any kind, is one which will never fade from memory. Afterwards as I rode along between the two rows of dead, the gray on the right and the blue on the left,—as well marked as any two windrows of grain in a harvest field,—silently but fervently I prayed that war might never come near my home.

When I reached the point where the Eleventh Illinois had stood manfully for two hours, fighting against desperate odds but implicitly obeying orders to hold its posi-

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tion at all hazards, I found among the unburied dead two, who only five years before had, as boys, attended a school taught by myself in Northern Illinois.

In riding along that entire line I met but one living person. I need not tell you, Companions, it was a solemn ride, and often as I rode along, these lines of Moore forced themselves upon my memory:

"Tho' foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles 'midst the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be on this earthly sphere
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation that Liberty draws
From the heart that breaks and bleeds in her cause!"

One further incident of the battle: Colonel Noble had appropriated for his headquarters the red brick school-house in Dover, one story in height, about forty feet long and twenty feet wide, with a large double door on one side, opposite to which was a large fireplace. A blazing fire had been built therein, our cook had just commenced the preparation of an evening meal of hardtack, coffee and bacon when I saw three Rebel officers standing not far away looking dejected and forlorn. Suggesting their homeless appearance to Colonel Noble he said to me, "Adjutant, go to those gentlemen, give them my compliments and ask them to come and take such supper with us as we have." In obeying this order I found one of the officers to be Colonel Simonton of the First Mississippi (that is my best recollection), another to be the Surgeon of the Third Mississippi, and the third the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Arkansas. The names of the Surgeon and Lieutenant-Colonel I have forgotten; in vain have I searched the

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Rebellion records for them. They accepted the invitation of Colonel Noble and remained our guests, sharing with us our blankets on the floor and seats at our table until the Wednesday following, when Colonel Noble was ordered to Paducah, Ky., to relieve General Sherman from the command of that post. We parted with these Rebel officers with sincere regret, and I believe as personal friends. I distinctly remember that just before parting the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth Arkansas, who had customarily been my partner in the game of euchre which occupied our leisure hours, gave me a most cordial invitation to come down to "Arkansaw" after the war was over and play euchre and hunt "bar" with him. I have never had the opportunity to accept his invitation, but I was, ever after that, satisfied that the men who fought the battles during the War of the Rebellion were not thereby disqualified from fraternizing as citizens of a common country.

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THE BOYS IN BLUE GROWN GRAY.

BY CAPTAIN HENRY A. CASTLE,

ONE HUNDRED THIRTY-SEVENTH ILLINOIS INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 15, 1896.)

There were no giants in those days that tried men's souls, and stored their bodies with unpensionable ailments. Giants, mostly apochryphal, fought battles single-handed, in periods of antiquity now remote and malodorous. The last samples perished some centuries ago, painfully regretted. Their spears were rust, their clubs were dust, their souls were with the saints (we trust) long prior to 1861.

The men who put down the slaveholders' Rebellion were mostly boys. It is estimated that the soldiers of the Union averaged only nineteen years old when the roar of that first cannon broke on Sumter's walls and echoed down the aisles of time, besides shattering a large invoice of miscellaneous crockery. No such burden ever fell on the youth of any era; no such imperial manhood was ever developed in a single generation. Greece moulded countless heroes of her own, and has thrust her hand into every mass of mortal clay that has been fashioned into beauty or power or glory since the days of the demi-gods. But Greece can boast no more perfect heroism than that which made our golden age illustrious, conspicuous, lurid as a trolley car in a thunder storm, for all ensuing ages.

The recruit of 1861 was of the human various species so

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dear to the articulating frenzy of Mr. Venus. He was intensely human, yet various as life's multiform phases in this resplendent hemisphere. He was a farm boy perhaps, fresh from the white sheets and fried chicken and sweet cream and angel cake of his ancestral roof, with no experiences more thrilling than that of the local press and pulpit arising as the voice of one man to celebrate the production of some abnormal cucumber; he went to town to see the parade, and, vowing he would ne'er enlist—enlisted. He was a store clerk skilled in pounds, pints and prints, with a thin top dressing of Latin, and a silvery, Minnehaha gush of gaiety in every motion. He was a student with columns of logarithms in his head and a theodolite in his stomach, conscientious as a juryman sworn to bring in a verdict according to the law and the lawyer's speeches. He was a mechanic swart and grim with steps so energized with mobility that when he walked the pavements rolled and rocked beneath him like waves of the sea. But the prophecy of Appomattox was written on his brow. In the alembic of stern discipline and relentless strife, he and his comrades were fused into that homogeneous, glorious host which, on five hundred crimsoned fields from Wilson's Creek to Bentonville, at a salary of thirteen munificent dollars a month in depreciated greenbacks (that like the Israelites were the issue of Father Abraham waiting long for a redeemer), put the love of life's joys behind them and, throwing their souls into their bayonets, rushed to the flaming front, careless of wounds or death if only they might help to final victory.

These volunteers aggregated nearly two million units of fervid, unquestioning patriotism, cancelling the mercenaries, drafted and substitutes from the roll of absolute worth and perennial honor. They gave six million years of hard, perilous service, each year a cycle, an aeon of high purpose and broad experience. Human annals hold no parallel to

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the tremendous exploit, but its very magnitude shut out due appreciation. Had only a thousand youth gone out to battle, and half of them returned in triumph, the nation would have bowed in homage at their feet; hailed them with immortal song, flowing crystal clear like ripples of harmony from winged seraphim, and set their statues on pedestals of gold attesting name by name their imperishable renown. But when a million heroes came marching home victorious and the flags shook out their tattered blazonry of five hundred bloody conflicts won, the mind was powerless to grasp the grand totality of doing and daring. They melted silently into the ranks of citizenship as rain melts into thirsting meadows when the storm-clouds have rolled by.

Not all returned. The hill-slopes and valleys of the South contain what is more precious to the nation than all the mines of its mountains or fleecy flocks of its plains—the sacred dust of ardent young patriots who gave their lives freely, rapturously, for the Union and the flag. 67,000 were killed in battle; 60,000 died in dismal prisons; 350,000 in all perished from wounds, disease, exposure and privation during the four-years' conflict. The colossal proportions of this loss indicate the toils and dangers of the service. And honors paid to those who died are in equal measure due to those who, side by side with them, testified an equal readiness to die. All were offered; some were taken and the others left. It was an idyllic army of martyrs and heroes. Its objective was embattled barbarism; its skirmish line was a cohort of school-boys; its right and left flanks were squadrons of cherubim; its ordnance stores were thunderbolts of Almighty wrath; its base of operations was the aroused intelligence and conscience of mankind.

They were unconscious actors, these farm lads illustrious and apprentices majestic, in the most magnificent drama ever unfolded to human vision. When the crimson curtain

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was drawn back the world beheld a million men in arms, their camp-fires kindling up an abatis of flame from the central prairies to the eastern sea. The mighty arena was thronged with eager participants, each versed in his part and waiting for the cue. The drama shifted from the pastorals of home, with its anguish of parting and bereavement, to the comedies of camp and march and garrison, and the tremendous tragedies of battle. The guns were shotted; the blood was real; the maddening fury of the charge was hot and earnest; the agony of wounds and the fierce, sharp ghastliness of hideous death were true as terrible. Freshly and tearfully we recall the scenes. But already we discern that men were only puppets in the play. "While we were spinning threads to patch a sail, God took our puny policies for the strands of his eternal purpose, and twisted them together in a cable that should hold the ship at anchor while it offered rescue to a race." With bowed head reverently we saw the curtain fall on such a splendid consummation as no boldest prophet had forecast. And the players who lived through it all found themselves inheritors of a preserved and enhanced patrimony far richer than could be compassed by their fondest dreams.

What we call 1861 was not a year. It was history changing front; a cycle dying; an era born. Ignorance was still shaking himself by the hand pompously, after the manner of his species, and saying to himself: "Go to! I am lord of the bailiwick as aforetime; I will bind and stack and thresh as of hoariest yore." But knowledge was looming; information was coming to the front with a sea-faring hitch to his trousers as one who had travelled far; even the professional reformer who talks dialectics while his wife toils sixteen hours a day to nourish his soaring soul, found auditors. But knowledge did not loom to an adequate altitude or permeate to a sufficient degree of prevalence. Else

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had no Southron dared promise himself to whip the people who had invented and built up and managed the great material enterprises of the nation—or desired to whip them. Ignorance fluttered around recklessly, until he singed his ostentatious whiskers in the flames of the pit; yea, more: until he was blistered to the eyebrows with scorchings of the everlasting bonfire. Whereupon knowledge achieved a popularity unprecedented since the royalties of the philosopher era, one hundred years before, Frederick, Catharine and Joseph, made fashionable such jargon as then usurped that proud and potent appellation; unrivalled, in truth, since our first ancestress risked for its acquisition, the fairest prospects of her distant and inconceivably multitudinous posterity.

It is a veracious affirmation of the Talmud that he who has been legally deprived of his ill-gotten garment should go his way rejoicing. They who comply are few. But our friends, the recent enemy, having thus shed off the incubus of human chattelism, as nearly meet the maxim's hard requirement as any derelict whereof the yawning years perpetuate a record. Stupidity sometimes takes astronomical lessons from a mule's heels, with astonishing success; repetitions of the experiment are infrequently recommended. Bravado occasionally touches the same versatile servitor with a spur; he will do the rest. The ignorance dissipated by these several methods is usually relegated to a safe remoteness; the knowledge thus acquired is reasonably certain to abide. Like the figment of Senatorial courtesy, or the distressful tan-shoe habit, it is perennial, immutable, immortal. Bonaparte walked through the convulsed world like a devouring earthquake, leaving desolation and despair. The grand army of the Union marched through a land seriously threatened with rottenness, rainholes and noisome marasmus, the gospels in its battle cries and healing in its

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hands. It was a phalanx of patriots; touch it anywhere and you evoked an electric spark of its animating spirit, that sent the swift thrills flying through your nerves like song-notes from the bowers of bliss supernal.

During ten years next succeeding the war, its loyal survivors were habitually called, half in affection, half in honor: "Our Boys in Blue." Even those who had hated their cause and mourned their success, conceded the fitness of a soubriquet which exalted their uniform to the dignity of a moral attribute, and tinged their classification with the hue of their trousers. It was Plato who said: "The brave shall be crowned. He shall wed the fair. He shall be honored at the sacrifice and the banquet." This was the era of the wedding, the barbecue, the present arms to a phalanx of angels—as was eminently fitting. The women of '61 were not the wailing watchers and tearful lint-scrapers of a too current tradition. They were soulful, heart-strong heroines, the swordless soldiers of the Union. Lint-scraping and bandage winding were minor episodes. Their work was many-sided as a prism, with every angle reflecting a radiant intensity. And all the ladders of grace that led from bloodiest battle-fields straight to the bending heavens, were built up round by round from the piety and devotion of intrepid womanhood. The boys in blue were rapidly and happily and most appropriately mated to the noble girls they left behind them. One of Napoleon's marshals exclaimed, when dying, "I have dreamed a beautiful dream." To the boy in blue, suffused with blushes as the compliments rained on him, both war and peace were crysanthemum visions, soft, rosy and spicy. The compliments were well earned and welcome; welcome and wholesome as a thoughtful surgeon's timely prescription in the cold drizzle of a night march, when he proffers his flask with, "Gentlemen, you need a tonic; leave a drop for me!" Even the

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chastened Copperhead hissed no expostulation; he simply folded his Nessus shirt around him and lay down in baffled schemes, his only punishment enforced allegiance to the proudest flag and grandest country the world has ever seen.

When ten years more had lent distinction and distance to receding perspectives, the title changed to "Our Gallant Veterans." The asperity of opposition had softened; the respect of friends had deepened. There was tenderness in the accent which pronounced the words and in the sentiment which inspired them. All recognized that wherever a surviving soldier stood, there was a sentinel of Liberty. Then was daily illustrated in every American village a splendid paraphrase of Macaulay's notable tribute to Cromwell's veterans: "In a few months there remained not a trace indicating that the most formidable army in the world had just been absorbed into the mass of the community. The Royalists themselves confessed that in every department of honest industry the discharged warriors prospered beyond other men; that none were charged with any theft or robbery; that none were heard to ask alms; and that if a baker, a mason or a wagoner attracted notice by his diligence and sobriety he was in all probability one of Oliver's old soldiers." In both cases the sacredness of the cause seems to have left on the heads of its defenders a consecrating benediction. When the Union armies were disbanding, the great War Secretary was urged by some apprehensive, timid governors to retain troops for the preservation of order in the North. He replied with a sublime faith and keen discernment that if we could not trust as citizens the soldiers who had subdued rebellion, the Republic was scarcely worth saving. His prescience and confidence were royally justified. The veterans came to the front in every sphere of activity, with the nerve that stakes a royal flush against a marble synagogue. They performed their full

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share of everyday work and they rose to high positions in the state. They generously divided the honors, even turning out early in the morning to give the devil his dew. This was comparatively easy, as the exposure of the crime of 1873 had not then upset nearly everything, nor the new woman come, constantly provoking controversies with the antagonistic sex.

The veterans moved on the savage borderland and conquered it. They transferred sandy deserts into radiant farmsteads, festooned with clematis and enameled with gladiolus. Hated by men with stinging consciences or none, they retaliated never—or hardly ever. Though poor they were not discouraged; sockless they were not ashamed. When bedizzened with frontier fringes, even Doctor Mary Walker with all her trowsers was not arrayed like one of them. Many of them went South, where they were greeted with black looks from white men and white smiles from black men; a few remained and outgrew both. Gleefully as the beefsteak sings on the gridiron the ring of their axes sounded through Northern forests; their hearts and heads were solid to the innermost core, like the stumps they left behind them. Broad prairies in the West blossomed with their Chinchilla moustache and their alfalfa whisker. They opened mines, subdued vast wildernesses, tunnelled mountains for railways and syphoned them for irrigation. They equipoised some of that surplus gravity which has at times caused the country to tip up on its Eastern edge. They did not wear tooth-pick shoes, lemon-colored or otherwise; these they left to the weak and vicious elements of an effete civilization. With the army shoe, the army bean, the army mule and the unfailing army nerve, they marched on to new and noble conquests. They organized commonwealths; founded cities; edited newspapers; captured judgeships, governorships, senatorships, the presidency; administering

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the multiform functions to their own eternal honor and with benefit to all. Office-holding had charms for them recondite as the link between beans and bluestockings, inscrutible as the dynamics of a cucumber which has concealed its aggressiveness until 3 a. m. Should the demon of fillibuster raise his crest from opposition benches in any one of a score of legislative assemblies, you might readily count a full quorum of them, each busily tying knots with his tongue which no agility of his teeth could undo; each kindly instructing novices how to work a tennis racket or advising experts how to extract honey from Celtic groundapples. Their arguments might be loose in the joints like a Plaisance camel, but they unerringly arrived at an available conclusion.

Let no one despair of the Republic! A nation which can draw from its farms and schools and factories such soldiers as they were when any threatening calamity takes occasion to occur, can bid defiance to all the furies of fate. The debate as to whether newspapers are the power that moves the world, or the world is the power that moves newspapers, goes on apace, incessant and inconclusive. But as to the grand record of Union soldiers since the war there can be no room for discussion or controversy. The picture of a boy seventeen years old, perforated with rebel shotholes like a skimmer, cheering with his shrill voice for the dear old flag as he is carried from the field on a stretcher, is a pathetic reminiscence. But the later achievements of that same boy, recovered and matured, in highest spheres of honorable effort, are to the land of his love an equally precious legacy.

Even where the veterans never went, their influence penetrated and vivified and fructified. Their aromatic, anesthetic codfish, their mackerel stuffed with savor and salinity, have carried freedom's tidings to Borneo's wilds. A Grand

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Army post annually observes Memorial Day in distant Honolulu. Ireland and Poland, lanced spots of a huge European suppuration, have felt the pulsations of our victory. And on the dim frontiers of far off Argentina, sweet girl graduates of Minnesota's normal schools, daughters of veterans, turbaned with haloes and aproned with the flag, are unfolding the mysteries of orthography, chirography, cube roots and syllogisms, to rejoicing grand children of authentic Patagonian cannibals. Whether as a Daniel come to judgment, or a Jonah come to grief the "gallant veteran" adorned his era—an era that is past.

The third decade brought peculiar revelations and some characteristic iconoclasms, wrought by the most Gothic of vandals known to human kind. The deeds of the boy in blue and the gallant veteran have been told and retold in verses so musical that they might almost be punched with holes and performed on the self-playing pianos, automatically, as it were. But the terms are obsolete, and the current period has brought its special designation, tremulous as a phrase from De Senectute and redolent of lean and slippered pantaloon—"The Old Soldier." It came in the days when colored cartoons were growing on the country like a bad habit, and it came to stay. Whether applied in honor and tenderness or in derision and mockery, who can tell? The white crow floats in far off, other skies, not here. This epithet tells a truth, though perhaps emanating from indecent exposure of intellect in a brain whose convolutions are more crooked than the ram's horn that triturated the defenses of Jericho. It tells a truth, though more cruel than that sweeping massacre when the patriarch Cain came within one of slaying all the youth in Asia, or than the edict which collared and cuffed a dilapidated Coxey in the shadow of the Capitol's proud dome.

Whether we like it or not, it has elements of permanence;

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that euphony which is the kernel of fact; that levity which is the soul of wit; that pointedness which is the test of endurance. It has manifestly come to abide. When the lady lacteal artist lactealizes the sober, circumspect cow, the product is harmless as the process and participants; no spirituous or vinous venom from that nourishing fountain e'er exudes. When the lion eats a lamb the lamb becomes lion; when the lamb eats a lion the results can be better imagined than depicted. When the commonweal tourist falls aweary, he wins consolation from a rehearsal of bunion's pilgrims progress, or the trials of a trail, and rises refreshed. When the ex-soldier feels rheumatic twinges clutching at his nerves like an eagle's beak, resistance were vain as kicking at a thunderbolt in crocheted slippers. He is still vigorous, considering all that he has gone through—and all that has gone through him! But he is not invulnerable; some of his elasticity is as deceptive as the hospitality of an alleged park, dotted all over with warnings to keep off the grass. He may profitably display that charity which covers a multitude of sarcasms, and serenely accept the inevitable as a companion piece to tariff reduction, civil service reform, lectures on advanced domesticity by the emancipated female whose family lives on canned goods, and other copyrighted jokes. Yes; the boys in blue have donned the gray. They are no longer young; they will never be younger; they are "old soldiers" now, and will be to the end.

Meanwhile they exist as an active element in society, none the less interested and observant because of their phenomenal experience. A subtile, half-forgotten aroma of schoolboy Latin permeates the back parlors of their minds, but the grand beacon-lights of world history flush all the front windows with a ruddy glow. They lag, superfluous it may be, like lingering aborigines who are chewing salt pork sandwiched with bread of idleness out in the bad lands;

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but they will not linger long. The ribald glee of the society sharp, boasting an aesthetic eclat acquired at Christmas free lunches and other luxurious functions, probes to no sore spots. Honesty is probably the best policy when the amount involved is small, but it is the best principle, always and everywhere. Those who practice it look upon themselves with the pleased astonishment of a man who has made a verified prediction. Those who ignore it look upon themselves with a cold diagonal Japanese stare of non-recognition—while still the wonder grows that average sized consciences can stand so many blows. The old soldier can afford to be honest and admit the hideous imputation of adolesence. Yes! Eleven hundred times yes. It were safer as well as honester to admit, than to join issue and challenge proof. Should he deny it, any unprejudiced tribunal would summarily rule out all evidence for the defense and refuse to note an exception. Only two generations lie between the shirt sleeves of the money-making ancestor and the patched pants of his impoverished great-grand-son. Hence life is too short to be frittered away in vain regrets and useless denials.

The old soldier pleads guilty to those who take toll of yellow meal and neglect the weightier matters of the law. But he does not yet apologize for persistent existence. They who resent his longevity as an economic affront, contradicting all mortuary tables, whist formulas and crap combinations, must abide the result, even though it create an ice gorge in Ohio politics. He braves the feeble wrath of the political dilletanti, with a daily surplus of brains (fried in crumbs) principally solicitous to provide mermaids with divided skirts and get dried insects on the free list. He fully endorses Horace Greeley's theory that snobs are the poorest breed of horned cattle on earth. He does not even excuse himself to the frosty orators of the alumni platform,

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educated beyond the limits of their intellect, who assume to stand high in the councils of their Creator, but neglected to bring their souls with them when they condescended to be born. The Rhode Island colonists defiantly proclaimed, in the midst of a witch-burning era, "There are no witches on this earth, nor devils—excepting Massachusetts ministers, and such as they." Men with paunches and other signs of wealth, men with white neck gear and other signs of piety, men with binocles and other signs of culture, men with unclassifiable crania and faces unfit for publication, have snubbed and jeered the old soldier, but he still survives. An unsullied Americanism vindicates itself always, against the world. When the royal United States berkshire came in competition with the pauper hog of foreign climes, his victory was decisive; he how reigns triumphant, even in Westphala, the home of ham!

Stock exchange piousness, on affectionate terms with itself, and clear, calm, introspective natures, stuffed with binomial theorems, may sneer at compassion and gratitude. Are not small potatoes the raw material of a dignity that is born of starch? The county seat moulder of public opinion who can manage to keep three jumps ahead of the sheriff, and pay for his boiler plate editorial C. O. D., vies with the New York newspaper syndicate backed by indefinite millions of Chicago beef money, in delicate sarcasm. Go to the mule, thou dizzard, and learn from him! From that speechless, untranslatable functionary valuable information may be extracted wholly novel to thy grovelling consciousness; amongst much else surely this: that gratefulness is mate to saintliness. Even in the James brothers' section of darkest America, this is accepted orthodoxism. The statesman with pickerel brow and muscalonge integument may join the ecclesiastical mignonette and journalistic geranium in proclaiming threatened peril to the Re-

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public from the fulfillment of a moiety of her despairing pledge to provide for the disabled. The oblique expostulations of professed friends are less endurable than the open malice of enemies. The one-story man with a gravel roof has no conception of sky-parlors. Let the untranslatable functionary rise up and bray responding echoes in fit, sufficient answer.

They jest at scars who never sniffed saltpetre. They mock at wounds who never confronted a foe more tangible than a Baconian cryptogram. They scoff at gold cure who are salivated with the Bryanide of Populiscum. But the old soldier has learned to contemplate with philosophic tolerance the weak and wicked sides of human nature—the Christian science side, the Tammany tiger side, for example. Bluffs were unknown in his heartsome, wholesome youth; nor were jockeys subsidized to give their backers tips. Undreamed-of was the soft seductive game of flim-flam. No one then suggested a law for the protection of innocent, elderly Congressmen from the wiles of the seminary Miss. The veteran can pity those who hate him, and defy the gurgling giggle of his scorners—in the words of Sam Johnson: "They remember who kicked them last." He who smote with the sword of the Lord and of Abraham safely ignores an effervescence of mouth-vapor. Let those who surrendered to the idols of the uncircumcised and now seek to expunge their records, find merciful oblivion if they can. He tenders no apologies for his motives and invokes no forgetfulness of his deeds. Like the back-woods preacher entangled in an unmanageable sentence, he may have lost his nominative case, but he is bound for the kingdom of Heaven.

The old soldier has learned philosophy, both in war and in peace. He has cultivated divers systems which, in the aggregate have yielded barn-bursting harvests of consola-

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tion. There are several kinds of philosophers. The metaphysical philosopher is hedged in by impassable lines because he cannot rationally substantiate objective existence —he finds it as hard to feed the hungry and clothe the shivering with conclusive demonstrations of the efflorescence of introspection, as to turn the right flank of the universe with a squadron of butterflies. The physical philosopher seeks, by evidence based on a wide range of facts to demonstrate the objective truth of the subjective laws of matter. The materialistic philosopher avers with confidence that man, an animated atom whose self-hood is a "group of psychical states constituting an impulse"; whose thought is "determined and conditioned by phosphorus," and to whose consciousness a mechanical equivalent will one day be affixed; is but a sheaf of molecular groupings, moved by molecular forces, and of course resolvable into its original molecules after the psychological phosphorus shall have been cerebrally oxygenized. The cynical philosopher, in a voice that clanks like a crate of loose castings, asserts that the brain secretes ideas as the liver secretes bile, but that rhetoric and poetry are products of indigestion. The philosopher turned hero loses both legs and one arm in battle; cheerily thanks heaven it is no worse; commutes his artificial limbs; proves up on a tree claim; diversifies his crops, on the theory of the undertaker's bill that profit lies in the minor details; rears a numerous, prosperous family of South Dakota North Americans, and through all the glad category of marvelous achievement is as modestly unconscious of his occult philosophy as of his exalted heroism.

The old soldier, entrenched in his philosophy as in bastioned citadels, rejoices in a redeemed country strong enough to look with forbearance on the foibles of quondam foes. The men who looked bravely into his eyes across the

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frowning ramparts of Vicksburg, or, fed on raw corn and persimmons, fluttered their heroic rags for a year between him and beckoning Richmond only ten miles distant, have been welcomed, as with "sweet, reluctant, amorous delay," they returned to enjoy the privileges, and even to accept the honors, of the rich citizenship he fought to restore to them. He sees them squeezing pure olive oil and genuine creamery butter out of honest old cottonseed, puts his own traditional pride of supremacy in the matter of basswood hams and white oak nutmegs resolutely behind him, and hails them proudly as right worthy fellow Yankees and brethren beloved. Whatever, if anything, the present may withhold of universal consent to the sacredness of his cause or the completeness of his triumph, he exultantly leaves to time, to God and to history. We can all respect the fondness which laments a personal bereavement. But it is a marvelous delusion that inspires our late antagonists to monumentalize their defeat and humiliation. Before the close of the twentieth century three hundred millions of happy Americans will scan with incredulous horror the memorials of a war in defense of human slavery. Descendants, not remote, of the Confederates will break down the marble shafts now rising in the South and grind to tongueless dust these mementoes of confessed and pardoned error. Monuments and statues and immortal fame are only for those who were brave and true and Right. We may brook with patience the mistaken zeal which would consecrate what heaven execrates. Truth and the angels will fight through eternity, to thwart the apotheosis of Wrong.

The old soldier claims no undue meed of praise. Standing in the limpid, lignite incandescence of a momentous epoch, his pardonable pride has only degenerated into boastfulness on the rare and radiant village greens, where self-delusion finds a fertile soil fenced with applauding auditors.

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It was his fortune to have contributed to the preservation of the Union, the emancipation of the slave and the regeneration of the country. But, save and except as aforesaid, he makes no pretense of having done it all. He had mighty and Almighty help. Sometimes the credit for emancipation is ascribed to the heroic agitators, who before the appeal to projectiles had long demanded unconditional abolition. It is error to award the palm of this splendid consummation to any class of men. Slavery perished because its death-doom had been sounded on the celestial chimes; because the nineteenth century had come; because the flying engine and the speaking wire had come; because the steel pen and the postage stamp had come; because the free school, the newspaper and the open Bible had come; because Wilberforce and Garrison and Harriet Stowe had come; because Lincoln and Seward and Stanton had come; because Grant and Sherman and Sheridan had come; because 2,000,000 gallant boys in blue had come; because the great and terrible day of the Lord had come, and not all the powers of evil could longer buttress and bulwark the crowning iniquity of the universe. Give to all the potent factors a full measure of the award. But let the rapture of self-eulogy never eclipse vital historic truth. Slavery succumbed not more to military force than to the eternal verities. And rebellion surrendered not alone to Grant and his legions, but also to the loyal men and women who stood behind them, and to the churches and colleges, the mills and mines and store-houses, the homes and herds and harvests of the mighty North.

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven stand.
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of motherland.
They stood, who saw the future come
On through the war's delirium
They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom.

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The old soldier cherishes for the flag that jealous love which only he can know who has watched its stars amid the roar of battle, and seen its stripes soiled with the shame of disaster as well as blazoned with the glare of victory. He is a patriot and an optimist. He has no patience with the charlatan enveloped in speciosities, who rolls along mumming prophecies of woe; the professional pessimist spouting showers of rhetorical iconoclasm. While grim war reared its horrid front and gnashed its gold filled fangs, the old soldier, consecrated to a holy cause, with the fervor of devotion weltering white hot in his breast, was content to accept its pomp and circumstance. But then and there he drank his fill. Hence in these happy days of peace when you behold a trainband satrap girt with tools of slaughter, spur on heel, boot on leg, sword on thigh, sash on waist, gauntlet on wrist, epaulette on shoulder, badge on chest,—buttoned to the chin, whiskered to the ears and plumed all over aloft to the queen's surfeit, you may with confidence affirm that he represents a later, perhaps a luckier, generation, playing his part in the comedy, not the tragedy of war. When there is no hawk flying around the most impressive thing in the barn-yard is the strut of the smallest rooster. When another crisis comes a fresh mintage of heroism will be ready to meet it. The record of the boys of '61 will be an inspiration, and the by-play of holiday parades will, after all, be no detriment.

In adversity's hard school the old soldier learned transcendent lessons of human brotherhood such as no other school could have taught him, dilute the tincture, water the stock, or inflate the currency of educational methods how we may. Escaping from cruel prison pens, where there was no one to love, none to caress, and with no light to direct but that sun of the sleepless, melancholy star, his hand reached out into the darkness searching for a guide; it was

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grasped by another hand, warm, loyal and true; the hand of a man and a brother; a black hand indeed,—but it was all the same in the dark. He learned respect for authority and order, scorning the malcontents, who, hornet-like always stand sting-end uppermost, stinging their friends to show their independence, their enemies to show their impartiality, and each other to keep in practice; unwholesome whether in conjunction or apogee; a bundle of tinder and rockets, on a raft of smoke-storm, with the sparks wildly flying; each a flask for brittleness, whether decipherable into a nursing bottle or a sulphuric carboy. He learned to value his country more precious for his personal sacrifice, stimulating his just demand that America shall henceforth be reserved for such as are or wish to be Americans; for those to whom her institutions are a birthright or those who bring due appreciation of her blessings; shaking from her skirts the imported vermin of the slums; spurning back from her shores the redhanded apostles of anarchy, who dream of freedom in the death of law, and search for thrift in robbery and violence. He learned magnanimity. It winces perhaps when he is reminded of Northern obstructives who in the supreme crisis sent their overworked consciences on a well-earned vacation, closed their ears to a pentecostal message and veiled their eyes to the dawn of a millennial splendor. But in the imperial plenitude of his victory all minor episodes were merged, as the spots on the sun are effaced in the resplendence of an ineffable glow; as the mellower incidents of battle are lost in the canned hellfire of cannister and the whizzing perdition of grape.

The old soldier is something of a politician. He loves to help save the country again and again, on every convenient occasion. Soon after each and every quadrennial interchange of governmental figure heads, the whole population is prepared to admit that we have narrowly escaped a vast

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hemispherical catastrophe. Even when the election has only been carried by a constitutional majority of three—two Winchesters and a shot gun—the escape is just as grateful. For the campaign torch may then be extinguished; the paroxysm of hysterics illuminated by an aurora borealis vex and vaunt no more. The shout of the torch-bearer, screaming himself into grippe and pneumonia, is quenched. The heeler and the howler are alike silent—they have folded their tepees like Arabs and fled in wild dismay. The candidate no longer inhales the whiff of whiskey sours or clasps hands chiefly notable as rich feeding ground for microbes. The precinct chairman, reveling in his labor of lucre, bow-legged, but full of enthusiasm, has subsided. The able editor, carrying around a head heavily weighted with unpublished matter, can gaze down the flamboyant vista of his victorious career and take a needed rest. The voice of one crying from special trains with a fungus in his throat, to warn mankind against the conspiracy to pass a plugged dollar on his suffering countrymen, is suddenly hushed. The orator whose seductive notes were rainbows melting into song, can now sadly meditate on blindstagger luck in politics; the senatorial aspirant can proceed to gather in votes on a rising market; the triumphant boss can accept from his Chicago admirers the finest banquet their slaughterhouses yield; the average honest partisan can rejoice in the temporary submergence of that specifically, super-righteous element, the "saving five per cent" of voters, who usually keep the country from going to destruction, by serenely, sweetly, holding the balance of power. When the alleged campaign of lungs, larceny and lunacy is thus ended, the wind-weavers and phrase-coiners are dumb, and the country has escaped from the desperate situation of one whose incurable disease is attacked by an infallible remedy. Herr Most, with a string of trans-

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atlantic gutterals foaming from his lips, and Herr Altgeld brandishing his gold-clause lease before our blinking eyes, enter into the very sinew and substance of our recurring nightmares. We scorn them, and our scorn bites—usually. But this time it falls harmless as one of Chauncey Depew's periodical four-track, block-signal presidential booms. The nightmare raves and ravages until the ballots come down like an avalanche and smother it—ballots called "snow-flakes" in the old chestnut, but now each six inches wide, thirty-two inches long and many-hued that wayfarers need not err. We accept the result with a smile that is child-like and grand. The country is safe—again. In fact we begin to suspect that the nightmare was, after all, the fond familiar flea-bite of antiquity. At any rate, the country is safe again—safe as a fire-risk on crude asbestos stored in a vacant lot. And then the resonance of Wyoming's new, bewitching and ladylike female electoral vote, splits fame's brazen trumpet into hair pins, carrying the assurance that henceforth presidents are liable to be nominated by intuition and elected by instinct. Then, also, the men who helped to save it once, if not oftener, before, and are still willing to diffidently confess the fact, rejoice with others at the latest victory. We have recently been told in a magazine article written by the meditative son of a Confederate sire, that the Rebellion was put down chiefly by its own pestiferous, irredeemable paper currency. This startling political warning may well be subjected to searching cross-examination. The old soldier of the Union neither affirms nor denies. He is content with his limited measure of pardonable pride in some of the features of that old, old story of daring and devotion and sacrifice in the days when the country was saved once before—in the days of the deeds that shaped up a country worth saving again, worthy of being saved again and again, as many times as need be, by the generations yet to come.

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The old soldier revels in the felicity of a majestic reminiscence. He has organized numerous associations devoted to a perpetuation of the friendships, memories and principles of a contest which was to him supremely and sublimely sacred. The Grand Army of the Republic is the one universal fraternity within whose ranks are gathered in helpful comradeship all that is worthiest among the surviving veterans. This order prescribes no test of rank or riches or political opinion. All who honorably fought for the flag are sincerely welcomed. The Military Order of the Loyal Legion on a more restricted plane enjoins the same mandates of brotherhood, benevolence and patriotism, ministering to the highest forms of social enjoyment among its congenial companions. Innumerable other army societies have been formed, bringing into pleasurable intercourse men whose community of motive, of experience and of suffering have welded them in a communion of sympathy no other hearts can know. As schools of unpartisan loyalty to the advancing generations, the post, the legion and the regimental reunion are unique and unapproachable. They pour into millions of homes those freshening streams of devotion to the radiant ensign of liberty, which fertilize the loftiest ideals of splendid Americanism. They have made such provision through organized influence on legislation of orphan asylums, homes for the disabled, pensions for the destitute, and land for the industrious, as are the marvel and admiration of mankind. They have established in the tenderly beautiful observances of Memorial Day a new and holy ceremonial which will transmit to our posterity a vivid, significant object lesson of the honor due to those who in holy freedom's cause bravely did and dared and died.

The old soldier is satisfied to have borne an honorable, though inconspicuous, part, on the winning side and the right side of a contest fraught with such tremendous con-

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sequences. In the vast sum total of effort, achievement and sacrifice no man other than the favored and gifted two or three ultimate leaders, did more than an infinitesimal share. The shares of glory are proportionally minute—even our U. S. colonial dame cuts but a sorry figure in contrast with the daughter of seventeen revolutions from Venezuela. Thus the up-to-date woman is coldly antedated! The old soldier claims no undue meed of praise. From corps commander to the man who bore a musket, individuals earned but a fragmentary fraction of the full plenitude of honor. Comrades of the flag were they, and all are equal now. He invites suspicion and ridicule who struts to the front, while his hat-band plays a sweet symphonic tribute to his valor. No genuine old soldier attempts to Weylerize his record. An occasional harmless effervescence of exaggeration is charitably overlooked, but all are comrades and equals. They only rank in priority of encomium who went up in chariots of fire, through sulphurous battle-clouds, to advanced lines in the battalions of the blessed.

Together they marched and camped and fought and conquered. Dying they sealed their sacrifice with martyrdom. Surviving, they proved their willingness to die, and lived to clasp with joy the sweetness of restored affection, pride and hope.

They died amid the battle clangor of five hundred crimson fields; they died in hospitals where nerves were highways for the steps of fever's scorching feet; they died in dismal prison pens, unshorn, unsheltered, hungering, thirsting, desolate, despairing; they died, 400,000 of them died, in the bloom of their beautiful youth, that the slave might be unshackled, freedom apotheosized, the Nation saved.

They lived—a million of them live to-day. They lived to do men's work in building up the land their valor sanctified. They lived to witness development and prosperity be-

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yond the stretches of their fondest dream. They lived to see a prospective disintegration of the too, too solid South, her trusted leaders standing with reluctant feet where politics and finance meet. They lived to see South Carolina, cradle of secession, thoroughly reformed by an application of bi-chloride of Tillmanism for the drink habit, and the entire Southern social system thoroughly rejuvenated by an invasion of graceful young Sophomores from Vassar, each with a cogent thesis on the remedy for punctured tires. They have lived to see the sun of Appomattox flood the planet with its warming, brightening beams. They have lived to know that the war's immortal hero, touring around the earth, penetrated no regions so remote that his fame had not preceded him, visited no populations too ignorant to comprehend the significance of his victories. They have lived to read that in mud hovels in the deepest heart of Africa, in thatched huts on the banks of Ganges, in cabins buried among Siberian snows, portraits of Lincoln are found, venerated by benighted peoples as the saint of a new dispensation. They have lived to see the horizon strewn with wrecks of stricken dynasties—crowns crumbling, thrones trembling, the whole filmy remainder of hoary despotism shrivelling like a gossamer scroll. They have lived to see the flag of our Republic floating resplendent in the zenith, as a token that the Union lives, and that liberty reigneth forever. They will live to see the humblest survivor of the host which fought for that flag, hailed as a priest in the temple of freedom, a prince in the kingdom of glory. And their lifted vision then will meet the glow of gladness in the smile of Justice, as she comes to reign, with a bridal coronet upon her brow and her feet in the dew of the millennial morning.

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THREE FRONTIER BATTLES.

BY W. P. ALLEN,

FIRST LIEUTENANT AND ADJUTANT SIXTY-FIFTH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY, BREVET-CAPTAIN U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read January 12, 1897.)

Wilsons Creek, Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove.

The battles of Wilsons Creek, Pea Ridge, and Prairie Grove, may very properly be considered as minor battles of the war. But they have a strategic importance, entirely out of proportion to the number of combatants or the losses on either side. They witnessed the breaking of three successive waves of rebellion, each rolling northward and bursting a little less advanced than its predecessor, like the billows of an ebbing tide. The first shows at Springfield the high water mark of Confederate attainment in the fight for Missouri; the last marks the downfall of Rebel hopes in Missouri and Arkansas.

Wilsons Creek was a battle forced by the Federal General Lyon for the purpose of holding the State of Missouri in the Union. Though losing both the battle and his life his purpose succeeded. Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove were battles brought on by the Confederates for the purpose of regaining the State of Missouri. In both this purpose failed.

General Sherman, in an article on the "Grand Strategy of the War," published in the Century Magazine in 1888,

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makes this statement: "In the Autumn of 1861, the Federal and Confederate forces stood facing each other, with one of the most difficult problems of the science of war before them. The line of separation was substantially the Potomac, the Ohio, and a line through Southern Missouri. This naturally divided itself into three parts: The east or Potomac (McClellan), the center or Ohio (Buell), and the west or Missouri (Halleck). Confronting them was the Army of Northern Virginia (Johnson-Lee), that of the Cumberland (Albert Sidney Johnson), and that of the Trans-Mississippi (McCulloch-Price)."

So far as the eastern and central divisions are concerned, it is obvious why the Potomac and the Ohio became thus early in the war the line of separation between the Federal and Confederate forces. It is not so obvious however, why the *southern*, instead of the *northern* boundary, of a slaveholding state like Missouri, should have become that line. Its establishment so far south of the Missouri River was the result, neither of a political exigency, such as made possession of the Potomac necessary for the protection of the national capital, nor of a topographical situation, such as made the Ohio River a natural frontier. It was partly due, doubtless, to the position of the State of Missouri, thrust up, as it were, between the loyal states of Illinois and Kansas; partly to the strong Union element in the City of St. Louis. But these elements would have availed little had they not been reinforced and assisted by masterful human influences.

If we may judge from the vote cast by Missouri in 1860 for Abraham Lincoln, the unconditional Union men of that State comprised only about one-tenth of the population. The extreme secessionists were scarcely greater in number, but they had the advantage of having in their ranks the governor and lieutenant-governor of the State, a ma-

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jority of the general assembly and both United States Senators. The great bulk of the people of the State belonged to what was called the conditional Union Party, rather inclined, however, by birth and family connections to the cause of the South. Like all "middle of the road" men in times of storm and stress, these soon found there were only two sides to the question at issue. The political play was, on the one side to precipitate secession, and on the other to prevent it, and the balances hung uncertain for a long time. It cannot be said that the question was settled till Nathaniel Lyon threw his sword into the scale on the side of the Union.

This man was a Regular Army captain of unflinching loyalty and great force of character. He had the shrewdness and devotion to duty derived from his Puritan ancestry, but he was, above all, a soldier, bold, skillful and aggressive. An incident which occurred in June, 1861, illustrates his character. Up to that time, Claiborne Jackson was *de facto* and *de jure* governor of Missouri and the whole machinery of the State government was in the hands of the most rabid secessionists. But they had been unable to force the State out of the Union and had been driven back from point to point until they occupied, what they termed, a position of "armed neutrality" between the United States Government and the seceded states.

Their contention now was, that no Federal troops should be stationed in or moved through the State, no troops to suppress rebellion should be levied in the State and that all troops already enlisted should be disbanded. These demands, in the light of subsequent events, seem sufficiently preposterous. This was before we had begun to spell the word Nation with a big N.

Governor Jackson and General Sterling Price had come down under safe conduct to St. Louis from Jefferson City to

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confer with General Lyon "for the purpose," as they said, "of effecting, if possible, a pacific solution of the troubles of Missouri." At this conference, held at the Planter's House on June 11, 1861, were present Governor Jackson, General Price and a number of other prominent Missouri secessionists on one side, and General Lyon, who had lately succeeded General Harney in command of the Department of Missouri, Francis P. Blair, Jr., then colonel of the First Missouri Infantry, and their aides on the other. Thomas L. Snead, who accompanied Governor Jackson and who afterwards was a member of the Confederate Congress, reports the windup of this conference as follows: "Finally," he says, "when the conference had lasted four or five hours, Lyon closed it, as he had opened it. 'Rather,' said he, (he was still seated and spoke deliberately, slowly and with peculiar emphasis) 'rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into this State whenever it pleases or move troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State; rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one single instant the right to dictate to my government, in any matter however unimportant, I would' (rising, as he said this, and pointing to every one in the room) 'I would see you, and you, and you and you, and you, and every man, woman, and child, in the State, dead and buried.' And then without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned on his heel and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre."

It is not surprising that from that moment the theory of "armed neutrality" fell into innocuous desuetude. Four days after this conference Lyon occupied Jefferson City. Two months afterwards he laid down his life at Wilsons Creek. In the meanwhile he had made the Arkansas line the northern boundary of the Confederacy.

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The battle of Wilsons Creek, the only pitched battle on the soil of Missouri, although followed by the retreat of the Union forces after Lyon's death, was nevertheless a practical victory. The subsequent struggles on the part of the Rebels were to break a line already established. Thenceforth, during the whole war the Missouri contingent in the Southern armies was a band of exiles, longing for home and making fierce raids to regain it. Their blood was to be freely shed at Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove. Price and his Missourians, ranged behind him like the banished Romans behind old Tarquin, were to dash in gallant devotion against the Federal lines at Iuka and Corinth, but so far as Missouri was concerned it was always a forlorn hope.

It is a noteworthy fact that in Lyon's little army of less than five thousand men, were seven men who subsequently became major-generals and thirteen who became brigadier-generals in the Union army. The former were Schofield, Stanley, Steele, Sigel, Granger, Osterhaus, and Herron. Among the latter were Sturgis, Carr, Totten, Plummer, Mitchel, Sweeney, Gilbert, and Powell Clayton. Thus as a school of war, also, this early battle had its uses. Wilsons Creek was fought by three months regiments, some of whose terms had already expired. The First Iowa, the First Kansas and the First Missouri Infantry were all mustered out shortly after the battle.

It was a desperate fight. The men engaged on both sides were the elite of the soldiery of their respective states. Large numbers of them, both rank and file, became the officers of subsequent organizations. The First Kansas lost, actually killed on the field, 103 men and the First Missouri 106. Only four regiments in the entire war exceeded this number of actually killed in one engagement. These were the Fifth New York at Manassas which lost 117 men, the

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Fifteenth New Jersey at Spottsylvania 116 men, the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania also at Spottsylvania lost 109 men and the Fifteenth Massachusetts at Antietam lost 108 men.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, Southern Missouri and the whole of Arkansas were without railroad communication with the outside world. The City of Springfield, then, as now, the most important town in Southern Missouri, was 120 miles from the nearest railroad point at Rolla. Two rivers, the Arkansas and the White, were navigable at seasons of high water to points quite near the Southern boundary of the State, but, until the capture of Little Rock in 1863, the Rebels reaped whatever advantage there was in this, and Rolla remained practically the sole base of supplies, while Springfield, for all operations during the first three years of the war, was the military head-quarters.

Running southwest from Rolla through Springfield, was an old much traveled road, the government trail to the Indian Territory and Sante Fe. It passed through Cassville, Mo., Fayetteville, Ark., and crossed the spurs of the Boston Mountains to Van Buren and Fort Smith at the head of navigation on the Arkansas River, close to the borders of Indian Territory.

Owing to the ease with which troops could be collected at Van Buren by river, the attacks made by the Rebels in 1861 and 1862, to win Missouri, were made by this route, and the three battles, that in each case repelled these attacks, were fought on or near the line of this old government road. These battles, though fought at considerable intervals of time, one in August, 1861, one in May, 1862, and one in December, 1862, and by almost entirely different troops on each occasion, were very much alike in what was attempted and in final results. Thrice the Rebels tried to gain Missouri by the same route and in the same way, and failure resulted in each attempt. A fourth and final at-

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tempt was made in 1864, but this was by a different route and was in the nature of a forlorn hope,—a desperate, daring raid, with scarcely a hope of success and which quickly resolved itself into a running fight.

After the battle of Wilsons Creek and the retreat of General Sigel with the remnant of the Union army to Rolla, Price had a brief career of victory, burning villages and destroying railroads, even north of the Missouri River; but by October the tide had turned and Springfield was reoccupied and, I believe, never again fell into Rebel hands. During the winter of 1861 and 1862, while Grant was preparing to move on Forts Henry and Donelson and McClellan was lying inactive behind the line of the Potomac, the cloud of war again slowly gathered in Northwestern Arkansas.

General Price, falling back to the vicinity of Fayetteville, Ark., was there joined by General Ben. McCulloch with Texas and Arkansas troops. Later, General Albert Pike brought a reinforcement of doubtful value in the shape of 5,000 Creek and Choctaw Indians. These tribes, being largely slaveholders, had cast in their lot with the Confederacy, and I well remember the strange stories we heard in the army of their ferocity and blood-thirstiness. Fortunately for the credit of humanity, they soon proved their uselessness as allies and were hardly heard of afterwards.

General Earl Van Dorn, Confederate commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department, joined the army March 3, 1862, and found himself in command of about 20,000 men.

The Union forces in Southwest Missouri were commanded by General Samuel R. Curtis, a graduate from West Point, colonel of Ohio Volunteers in the Mexican War, and member of Congress from Iowa at the breaking out of the Rebellion. His forces numbered only 10,500 men, but he was especially well provided with artillery, having forty-eight

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heavy guns. His brigade commanders were General Franz Sigel, Colonel Jeff C. Davis, Colonel Eugene A. Carr and Colonel Asboth.

The Battle of Pea Ridge, which covered parts of three days, commenced on March 6 with an attempt by Van Dorn to cut off Sigel's Division, which occupied a position at Bentonville, somewhat to the right and some eight or ten miles in advance of the main Union line. This attack, if successful, would have turned the right flank of Curtis' position at Pea Ridge. Sigel, by skillful fighting and falling back, baffled the flank movement and by four o'clock in the afternoon he had regained the main army, which now extended from Pea Ridge to Elkhorn Tavern, a distance of nearly three miles, through dense timber. The next day, March 7, the fighting was fierce and continuous. Davidson's Battery were taken by Rebels and late in the day recaptured in a desperate charge of the Eighteenth Indiana. Colonel Carr, at Elkhorn Tavern, withstood the onslaught of McCulloch's Texans during seven hours of fierce fighting, himself wounded and one-fourth of his entire command having fallen. The arrival of General Curtis with Asboth's Division relieved Carr at 5 P. M. and night closed in with both armies resting on the battlefield.

Where the advantage lay was not that night apparent. But the loss of the Rebels had been great, especially in officers. General Ben. McCulloch and General McIntosh were dead. Generals Price and Stack were wounded. The Indian contingent was completely demoralized and are said to have taken away as souvenirs of the occasion the scalps of friend and foe alike.

On the morning of the 8th the Union line attacked vigorously, and by ten o'clock the whole Rebel army was in panic retreat towards the Boston Mountains. General Curtis had also lost heavily and, as he had almost no cavalry, made little or no attempt to follow the retreating enemy.

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This victory had apparently opened the way to the occupation of all Arkansas north of the Arkansas River and General Curtis advanced in the direction of Little Rock with a considerable force. But the difficulties in his way proved insurmountable. The country was wild, abounding in extensive swamps and swarming with guerillas. With the utmost difficulty Curtis brought his command to the Mississippi River at Helena, where it was thenceforth employed largely in operations on the eastern side of that river. Meanwhile the Federal troops, left in Northwestern Arkansas, were withdrawn into Missouri and another year was to pass before any further attempt would be made on the capital of Arkansas.

The Rebels also drew a large portion of their troops to the east of the Mississippi. Van Dorn, who lost the battle at Pea Ridge in March, was equally unfortunate at Corinth in October. Price and his Missourians fought both at Iuka and Corinth. It was not till late in the fall of 1862 that the Confederates again began to make head for another advance into Missouri. The new Rebel force was again almost exclusively composed of levies from Missouri, Arkansas and Texas. They mustered at Van Buren on the Arkansas River, once more to force their way over the Boston Mountains, by the old route.

During the summer and early fall of 1862 the Federal forces, scattered over Missouri, most of whom had not taken any part in the Pea Ridge compaign, were gradually concentrated in Southwestern Missouri and organized into brigades and divisions.

The First Iowa Cavalry, in which the writer served at that time, joined the main army near Springfield late in September, 1862. We were informed that we belonged to Totten's Division of the Army of Southwest Missouri, better known, however, as the "Army of the Frontier." The commander

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of the army was General Schofield and the three divisions' commanders were Generals Blunt, Totten and Herron. The department commander was General Curtis, with headquarters at St. Louis.

During October and November the operations of this little army were, to us in the ranks, extremely confusing. Half the time we did not know whether we were in Missouri or Arkansas. I think we must have crossed the line a dozen times, at as many points, without knowing it. Once, however, I recall the location of the state line very distinctly. Amongst our regiments there was a Missouri Militia or "Home Guard" Regiment. This regiment did not consider its terms of enlistment required it to leave Missouri. Probably they were right. At any rate they resolved to test it. So, having located the line in some way, when they came to it they balked and refused to cross into Arkansas. The First Iowa Cavalry was ordered up on one side of them, an infantry regiment with fixed bayonets on the other, and a battery was unlimbered in their rear. All this acted as a powerful "discourager of hesitancy." There was at that time in Missouri a marked distinction between the "Home Guards" and the "Regulars" so called, i. e., between Missourians enlisted for service in the State and those regularly mustered into the United States service. No better troops than the latter ever wore the army blue.

The result of all our marching and countermarching, with occasional skirmishing, was, that the 1st of December, 1862, found two divisions of the army in camp near Springfield. The cavalry division was camped on the actual battlefield of Wilsons Creek, while General Blunt with the other division was one hundred twenty miles away watching the passes of the Boston Mountains below Fayetteville. A short time before this the whole army had been together not far from the old Pea Ridge battlefield in Arkansas.

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To understand this wide separation of the wings of an army not exceeding, when combined, ten or twelve thousand men, it must be remembered that Springfield was the strategic center of the Union line. It was by no means certain that the Rebels would repeat their disastrous experiment of the preceding spring by moving north through the defiles of the Boston Mountains, by the old Santa Fe trail. Another, and what was considered by some a more feasible, route would have been from the base furnished by the White River by way of Batesville. This was actually the route taken by Price and Marmaduke in 1864 in their final desperate dash into Missouri. The Batesville route lay far to the east of Springfield and it would have been as easy in 1862 as in 1864 to have advanced through this unguarded part of the country. Even at Springfield Schofield was none too near the center of his extended and exposed line.

The fates were against Schofield personally, however, and were playing into the hands of his lieutenants. The commanding general had been ill for some time and was finally obliged to leave the army and go to St. Louis for medical treatment. About the same time General Totten was summoned north as a witness in a court-martial. Thus Herron was left in command of both divisions near Springfield, while Blunt, being the ranking officer, had, with characteristic audacity, marched away south into the heart of the mountains, forcing the advance of the enemy back on the Arkansas River.

The Rebel force thus concentrated at Van Buren under Hindman, Marmaduke, Frost and Rains numbered about 15,000 men; while General Blunt with his small division of between four and five thousand men, was less than twenty-five miles distant, at Cane Hill, and his nearest support was one hundred twenty miles away at Wilsons Creek. It was

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seemingly an easy task for General Hindman to fall on Blunt's little army and crush it before help could reach Cane Hill.

That he did not do so was more owing to good luck than good generalship. Blunt was a hearty fighter and seemed to think that it was the height of strategy to get himself surrounded by the enemy and fight his way out. He did not seem to have thought of falling back, but sent swift couriers to Herron for help and held his ground.

The order to move was received at our camp on Wilsons Creek at noon, December 3. Just before midnight of December 6, six regiments of Herron's Cavalry rode into General Blunt's bivouac at Cane Hill. We started with seven regiments, but one fell by the way, as I shall relate further on. I do not mention this march of one hundred twenty miles in three and one-half days as an unusual march for cavalry,—the extraordinary thing was, that General Herron's infantry camped that same night at Fayetteville, only sixteen or seventeen miles behind us.

The battle of Prairie Grove was fought December 7 on ground midway between Fayetteville and Cane Hill—to be exact, ten miles from the former and six or seven miles from the latter place. In point of fact the cavalry divisions had passed the field of the next day's battle in the night march on their way to join Blunt. And thereby hangs a tale. The First Arkansas Cavalry, a regiment just formed from the Union refugees of Arkansas at Springfield, was the one regiment that failed to report to General Blunt at Cane Hill at midnight of the 6th. For some reason,—I never learned if it was authorized or not,—they went into camp on the banks of the stream that borders the field of battle, while the rest of us pushed on through the dark. They had just got their camp fires going and their cans of coffee were merrily bubbling as I splashed through the creek and

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rode on by their bivouac, half dead with fatigue and cold. I remember gently cussing my luck and holding out my oyster can as I rode by for a little coffee, which was generously given. I felt aggrieved that the First Arkansas Cavalry should have such a soft snap that night,—but "oh, how different in the morning." They had bivouacked on the very ground that General Hindman wanted for a battlefield. The First Arkansas, with its new uniforms and new United States horses, made a shining mark for Hindman's army when they debouched on that prairie at daylight the next morning, prepared to intercept Herron's advance.

At Cane Hill, on the morning of December 7, it was early discovered that the enemy had withdrawn from Blunt's front, but it was not until after ten o'clock we were apprised where he had gone.

General Hindman had concluded that it was better to attack Herron on the march than to attack Blunt in his intrenchments. He therefore stole a march on General Blunt, got completely in his rear and intercepted General Herron on a battlefield of his (Hindman's) own choosing. It was a good plan and I never understood why it did not succeed.

Herron's reduced force reached Illinois Creek about nine o'clock in the morning. Along the opposite bank of the stream stretched a small prairie, two or three miles in length east and west, and less than a mile wide. Extending along the southern edge of this prairie rose a high ridge covered with timber and undergrowth, with a church, known as Prairie Grove Church, and farm houses in cleared intervals. Upon this ridge Hindman's army was strongly posted. From nine o'clock to two in the afternoon Herron's force attacked this position without making any impression. As at Pea Ridge, the Union artillery was far su-

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perior to that of the Rebels, both in weight of metal and in the way it was served. But the discrepancy in numbers between the two armies was painfully apparent, as Herron's infantry made charge after charge across the prairie and up the wooded slopes, only to be driven back in confusion. The Rebels were not slow also to take the offensive, and batteries on both sides were taken and retaken in that five hours' fighting. But the short winter afternoon was drawing on and nothing was heard from Blunt. Herron knew that somewhere over behind that serried ridge was Blunt's Division and what might be left of his own cavalry. It was beginning to be a case for "night or Blucher." Suddenly, just after two o'clock, away off to the right, a battery was seen going into position. There were a few moments suspense, a question as to whether this was Blunt or a flank movement of the enemy. The question was quickly answered. The roll of Blunt's guns was soon followed by the rattle of musketry as his infantry and dismounted cavalry rolled up the Rebel flank. From that time till night-fall, the renewed fight continued and, again as at Pea Ridge, both armies lay on their arms on the field that neither could surely claim. But during the night Hindman made a rapid and silent retreat over the mountains.

In this fight Herron had about one-fourth of his entire force disabled before Blunt came to his rescue. The Twentieth Wisconsin lost eighty-eight men actually killed and the Nineteenth Iowa seventy-two men. The Twentieth Indiana had a larger number of wounded and less actually killed, but the entire loss of these three regiments in killed and wounded was over 600 men.

The arrival of Blunt's troops just at the moment when the enemy was executing a flank movement that could hardly have failed to crush Herron, practically settled the fortunes of the day and made a dramatic climax, all the more

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impressive because the whole field was in plain view as we arrived. The rapidity and precision with which the Union batteries, coming up on the run under General Blunt's personal direction, swung into position and got down to business, was as interesting as it was novel to us cavalry men, who had been theretofore accustomed only to the desultory fighting of horsemen.

A few weeks afterwards Van Buren was captured and the steamboats there destroyed, together with a large amount of supplies.

This ended the fight for Missouri. It gave both Blunt and Herron great reputations and made them major-generals. General Herron displayed especial skill and energy. As a captain of the First Iowa Infantry at Wilsons Creek, as colonel of the Tenth Iowa Infantry at Pea Ridge and as commanding general at Prairie Grove, he enjoys the distinction of having participated in all three of the battles that won and preserved Missouri to the Union.

The immediate result of the battle of Prairie Grove was the freeing of Northwestern Arkansas and the Indian Territory from Rebel domination. A more remote result was the easy conquest of the State of Arkansas and the capture of Little Rock in the succeeding year.

General Schofield missed all the laurels in this campaign. One of the traditions of the First Iowa Cavalry is of the swift ride of seventy-five men of that regiment acting as escort to General Schofield who was endeavoring to overtake Blunt and Herron in their advance on Van Buren. They rode thirty-one miles over the mountains in three hours, charging a squad of Rebels on the way. This was fairly fast work for a major-general and ranks for speed with Sheridan's famous ride, but without its dramatic ending, as Schofield merely overtook a successful army. Gen-

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eral Schofield was to win his spurs on a wider field, however, and could well spare to his subordinates the fame won by the "Army of the Frontier."

The year 1862 closed in gloom and disaster to the Union forces generally. Six days after Prairie Grove, on December 13, the heights of Fredericksburg witnessed the repulse of Burnside. On December 20 Van Buren captured Holly Springs. The indecisive battle of Stone River occurred on December 31. The victory of Blunt and Herron, away off on the western frontier, was but a small glow of light in the universal darkness; but it was the harbinger of brighter days, the forerunner of Vicksburg and Gettysburg and Missionary Ridge, in the glorious battle-year about to open.

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GENERAL GEORGE H. THOMAS.

BY LIEUTENANT ELL TORRANCE,

NINETY-SEVENTH PENNSYLVANIA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read March 9, 1897.)

The history of the War of the Rebellion has not yet been written—the historian has probably not yet been born, but the material is ever increasing, with prodigality of wealth, and when the fullness of time shall come, the pages of history will record the truth and do justice to all the actors in that mighty struggle, without respect of persons.

In presenting this paper, I am somewhat embarrassed by the fact that I never saw General Thomas or served in his command, and I am reminded that it is not wise to attempt to oversee a man until you have first seen him; but my growing admiration of the character and career of General Thomas is my apology for paying a tribute to his memory to-night, in the presence of many who knew him personally and participated in the glories of his military achievements. In preparing this sketch of General Thomas I have drawn upon all sources of information available to me, some of the incidents herein recorded having come under the personal observation of members of this Commandery.

In the popular mind, Grant and Sherman have thus far held the highest place in the immortal group of patriots who defended the flag of their country and maintained the

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integrity of the Nation during the late Civil War. They were not more courageous, patriotic or self-sacrificing than thousands of the private soldiers by whose valor and devotion they were enabled to win victories and gain immortality, but they commanded larger armies, conducted more extensive campaigns, fought more battles and received the surrender of larger armies than any other generals of the war. They also lived many years after the war closed, mingling with the people, gaining new honors and securing a stronger hold upon the affections of the people. History will surely award them a pre-eminent place in the galaxy of heroes, but their glory alone will not fill the heavenly dome; and I firmly believe "that the name of George H. Thomas will go down to posterity second to that of no man who ever wore the American uniform."

General Thomas was the idolized commander of the Army of the Cumberland. No man, living or dead, is more kindly remembered or holds a more secure place in the affections of his soldiers than he. Although more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, his memory is held in an ever increasing affection, not only by those who served under him, but by the survivors of all the armies of the Union. Some men dwindle as you approach them; others, who appear great, fade into insignificance as you study their character, and others pass into oblivion with the lapse of time; but not so with General Thomas. By some of his friends he has been classed with the unrewarded heroes of the war; and in a sense this is, or rather *was* true. Promotion came to him slowly, and every recognition of his services was belated. Commands which he had richly earned were conferred upon others. Often he was required to serve under those who were his juniors in rank. His commission as major-general in the regular army was gloriously earned

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at Chickamauga, but it did not reach him until he had annihilated Hood's army at Nashville, more than a year afterwards.

This unjust treatment on the part of the government he so faithfully served was the culminating test of his fidelity and devotion to his country's cause. While others, who were demonstrative in their professions of loyalty, took offense at some real or fancied slight, and refused to longer wield their swords in defense of the flag, Thomas continued steadfast to the end, never departing a single step from the path of duty.

No; General Thomas cannot properly be classed among the unrewarded heroes of the war, for his star of immortality has steadily advanced towards the zenith, until its glory suffers nothing by comparison with those who preceded or shall follow him.

George H. Thomas was born in Southampton County, Virginia, July 31, 1816, and died at San Francisco, Cal., March 28, 1870, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. He was of Welsh Huguenot descent. From his father he inherited the rugged, steadfast traits of the Welsh character, and from his mother that kind, gentle and patient disposition which made him beloved by all who knew him. His father died at the age of forty-five and his mother at sixty, both from accidents. He had three sisters and two brothers, none of whom he saw after the commencement of the war, with the exception of his brother Benjamin.

His fidelity to the cause of the Union caused a permanent separation between him and his family. In remaining loyal to his country he gave up home, kindred and friends, and severed ties which many of us found to be the strongest incentives to duty as soldiers. It is said that his sisters never mentioned his name from the day he refused to join the army of conspirators who sought the overthrow of the government.

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But few incidents have been preserved concerning his early life. At the age of nineteen he became a law student, and shortly thereafter was appointed deputy-clerk of the court of the county in which he lived. In 1836 he entered the military academy, receiving his appointment at the hands of President Jackson. Mr. Mason, the representative from his district, who was instrumental in procuring his appointment, said to him: "No cadet from our district has ever graduated; if you do not, I never want to see your face again." He graduated twelfth in a class of forty-two, among whom were William T. Sherman, George W. Getty and Richard S. Ewell. Seven years later the citizens of his native town, proud of the honors he had won in the Mexican War, presented him with a beautiful sword, as a token of their admiration of his "patience, firmness, fortitude and daring intrepidity." Scarcely a year elapsed after his graduation when he was brevetted first-lieutenant "for gallantry and good conduct" in the Seminole War—the first of all his class to receive such an honor.

During the Mexican War he served in the battery commanded by Captain Bragg, toward whom he afterwards sustained a very different relation, when one fought for the preservation of the country and the other for its overthrow. At the battle of Monterey his conduct was so noteworthy that General Henderson, commanding the Texas volunteers, said: "I beg leave to compliment Lieutenant Thomas for the bold defense and efficient management of the force under his charge. When ordered to retire, he reloaded his piece, fired a farewell shot at the foe and returned under a shower of bullets." This was the first and only time he ever retired in the face of the enemy. In this engagement he won his second brevet, as captain, "for gallant and meritorious conduct."

At Buena Vista he won still further distinction and hon-

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ors, his company losing eighteen men out of a total loss of twenty-five in the two companies of regular artillery engaged. His conduct in this battle was noticed and highly commended by all his superior officers. General Wool attributed the success achieved in that battle to the artillery "to whose services," he said, "we are mainly indebted for the great victory over more than twenty thousand men"; and among the five officers named by him, was that of Thomas, the junior of them all. General Taylor also mentioned Thomas as an officer who "in every station exhibited conspicuous skill and gallantry." For his part in this battle he received another brevet, this time as major, "for gallant and meritorious conduct."

Thus, within a period of about five years, he won three brevets, a distinction attained by very few in the history of the army up to that time.

In April, 1851, he was detailed as instructor of cavalry and artillery at West Point, where he continued the duty three years. While there he became acquainted with Miss Kellogg, of Troy, N. Y., to whom he was married in November, 1852. She survived him almost twenty years, and on Christmas night, 1889, passed away, her death being as sudden and unexpected as was that of her husband.

Among those who came under his instruction at West Point, were McPherson, Sheridan, Slocum, Stanley, Ruger, Hood, Howard and J. E. B. Stuart, all of whom won great distinction as officers during the Civil War. He exerted a commanding influence among those placed under his instruction—tall, well-proportioned, soldierly—the hero of many battles—thrice brevetted for gallantry, he was well calculated to attract notice and inspire the heart with worthy ambition.

In 1855 the army was increased by the addition of two cavalry regiments, and Thomas, then junior captain of ar-

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tillery, was appointed major of the famous Second Cavalry, now known as the Fifth. Both were exceptionally fine regiments. Great care was taken in the selection of the officers. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, was responsible for the most of the appointments. The veteran Sumner, was colonel of the First; Joseph E. Johnston, lieutenant-colonel, and Emory and Sedgwick, majors. Albert Sidney Johnston was made colonel of the Second; Robert E. Lee, lieutenant-colonel, and Hardee and Thomas majors. Two-thirds of the officers were of Southern birth and residence. From the Second Cavalry, twenty-four entered the Confederate army, twelve of whom became general officers, Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee receiving the highest positions, that of general, as early as August, 1861.

When the war commenced, Thomas was 45 years of age. He had reached the full maturity of manhood, and was equipped, by education and experience, for any duty that might be demanded of him. For more than twenty years he had been in the military service of his country, and from his graduation, in 1840, to the fall of 1860, he had had but one leave of absence. In August, 1860, he applied for a second leave of absence, which was granted in November of the same year. He visited his old home, and on his way to Washington was seriously injured in a railroad accident, and for six weeks was unable to travel. While suffering from this injury, and fearing that he would never be able for active service again, the following advertisement came under his notice:

"To the graduates of the U. S. Military Academy: A Commandant of Cadets and Instructor of Tactics is wanted for the Virginia Military Institute. The situation is an eligible one, and should command the best talents and accomplishments. Address the undersigned at Lexington, Va., until the 20th of January, 1861. Francis H. Smith, Superintendent."

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Fearing that his injuries might be permanent, he wrote Colonel Smith, making inquiry as to the salary and allowances pertaining to the situation, and upon this letter is based the charge that Thomas sought a position in the service of his state because he was unwilling to draw his sword "against any state struggling for its constitutional rights." It is also claimed, on the statement of Fitz Hugh Lee, that just before the war Thomas' feelings were strongly Southern; that he expressed his intention to resign, and sent a letter to Governor Letcher, offering his services to Virginia. Such a letter has never been produced, nor can any evidence be produced, written or oral, that would in the slightest degree compromise the loyalty of General Thomas.

What are the facts? During his leave of absence from his regiment, General Twiggs, of wretched memory, who commanded the Department of Texas, availed himself of the first opportunity to surrender his command to the State of Texas, which had passed an ordinance of secession in February, 1861. When Thomas heard of it, he expressed the deepest regret that he had not been with his regiment, and when asked what he would have done, replied: "I would have taken command of the men, marched them north until we reached the loyal states, and the Rebels should not have taken a single prisoner or captured a cannon or a flag." This he doubtless could have done, for it will be remembered that while many of the officers betrayed their trust and deserted their posts of duty, not a single private soldier could be induced to desert the flag and follow their example. While no one deprecated the war between the states more than he, yet he never wavered for a moment in his allegiance to the nation that had educated him; and when asked what he would do if Virginia seceded, his reply was: "I will help to whip her back again."

Although it looked as if the fury of secession would surely

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break the country in twain, and notwithstanding the fact that the governor of his native state called upon "all efficient and worthy Virginians in the army of the United States to withdraw therefrom and enter the service of Virginia;" and notwithstanding the further fact that all his superior officers had resigned and cast their fortunes with the Confederacy, and that out of ninety-seven Virginians whose names were on the army register for January 1st, 1861, ninety had turned their backs upon the flag, still Thomas remained firm, and when asked how he felt over the conduct of his associates in abandoning the service and going south, his answer was: "I have thought it all over, and I shall stand firm in the service of the government." In this heroic and patriotic action of Thomas could be seen the rugged outlines of the "Rock of Chickamauga."

Robert E. Lee was the idol of the Confederate army, and possessed high qualities as a man and soldier, but, in the light of history, how sad and unhappy was his fate. He confessed that secession was both unnecessary and indefensible. He acknowledged his obligations to the government, to which he had registered a solemn oath to defend "against all its enemies and opposers whatsoever." Yet, in a moment of weakness, he utterly surrendered all grounds for the justification of his conduct, and accepted the appointment of major-general and assumed command of the armed enemies of his country, two days before his resignation as colonel in the army of the United States had been accepted.

And let us here pause a moment to hear the defense made in his behalf by his strongest advocate and friend, Jefferson Davis, in a memorial address delivered by Mr. Davis on the 25th of October, 1870:

"The attempt has been made to throw a cloud upon his character, because he left the army of the United States and joined in the

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struggle for the liberty of his state. Virginian born, descended from a family illustrious in the colonial history of Virginia, more illustrious still in her struggle for independence, and most illustrious in her recent effort to maintain the principles declared in '76; given by Virginia to the service of the United States, he represented her in the military academy at West Point. He was not educated by the federal government, but by Virginia; for she paid her full share for the support of that institution, and was entitled to its benefits, as well as to demand in return the services of her sons. When Virginia, therefore—the state to which he owed his first and last allegiance—withdrew from the Union, and thus terminated her relation to it, his sense of honor and duty led him to draw his sword, and, throwing it in the scale, to share her fortunes for good or for evil. He now sleeps in the land he loved so well; and that land is not Virginia alone, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service, for the good of his country, and his heart was as broad as the fifteen states struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the revolution of 1776. He sleeps with the thousands who fought under the same flag—and happiest they who first offered up their lives—that flag which was furled when there was none to bear it."

And is this the highest tribute that can be paid to Lee? Can nothing better be said of him than that he fought in a lost cause—under a flag that is furled forever—and that his heart was not broader than the fifteen states which struggled, not for liberty, but to perpetuate human slavery? Verily, he drew his unhappy sword to share the fortunes of his state for *evil*, not for good.

And what of Thomas? He also sleeps; but as a victor crowned with immortality. His dust reposes under a living flag; a flag which shall never be furled; a flag that will always have an innumerable host to bear it. His life and services are woven into the grandest part of his country's history. As Washington was the first great Virginian of the last century, so history will record that George H. Thomas was the *first* great Virginian of the nineteenth century. "His patriotism was not circumscribed by the

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narrow limits of his state, but was as broad and catholic as his own great nature. Virginia, the mother of states and statesmen, has been the birthplace of many whose fame and virtue are the common heritage of the Republic; but the state of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison and of Marshall never brought forth a nobler son, a better citizen, a truer soldier, or a more unselfish patriot than George H. Thomas." And although we find little recognition of his glorious career by the people of his native state, the time will surely come, and a generation will arise "who will confess that George H. Thomas, when he drew his sword to bar the pathway of her secession, loved her as well and served her better than those who fought under her flag."

April 25, 1861, he was promoted lieutenant-colonel of the Second Cavalry, and on the 3rd of the following month was made colonel. July 1 he crossed the Potomac into his native state in command of a brigade, and took part in the action of Falling Waters July 2, and participated in a skirmish at Martinsburg on the next day, and in a skirmish at Bunker Hill on the 15th of the same month. Upon the recommendation of Generals Robert Anderson and Sherman he received the appointment of brigadier-general August 17, 1861, and was assigned to duty in Kentucky, where he organized at Camp Dick Robinson the nucleus of the Army of the Cumberland, with which his name was forever afterwards inseparably associated.

On the 19th of January, 1862, he fought and won the battle of Mill Spring, Ky. It was the first important military success achieved in the West. This field-fight proved him to be a soldier of great ability, and his troops recognizing his superior qualities as a commander, gave him their fullest confidence. Prior to this battle the Confederate line extended from the Mississippi at Columbus to Cumberland

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Gap. The Rebel authorities early saw the importance, not only of holding, but advancing this line as far north as possible, thus saving Kentucky and Tennessee to the Confederacy and forever closing to the Federal advance the great gateway to the central South by way of Nashville and Chattanooga. Thomas was the first Union commander to successfully assail this line and open up a door of deliverance for East Tennessee, and prepare a way by which the victories at Forts Henry and Donelson, which soon followed, could be made more effective. The battle was fought in the morning of a dark, rainy and forbidding day. Geo. B. Crittenden, the Confederate commander, left his intrenched position the evening before, made a rapid march during the night, and with a vastly superior force suddenly attacked Thomas, only to be broken in pieces and his army so thoroughly dispersed and demoralized that it never came together again as a separate organization. General Albert Sidney Johnson, speaking of Crittenden's defeat, said that "the tide of fugitives from that battlefield filled the country with dismay." It was the sword of Thomas that wrote this first bright page in the history of the Army of the Cumberland, and it was the same sword, in the same steadfast hand, that wrote *finis* on the last page of its glorious history at Nashville.

Time will permit me only to mention his advancement to the command of the right wing of the army at Corinth, composed of his own division and the already famous Army of the Tennessee. Here he practically superceded Grant, which, doubtless, for the time at least, provoked a feeling of jealousy and led Grant afterwards to advance Sherman rather than Thomas.

After the capture of Corinth, Thomas desired to be relieved of the command of the Army of the Tennessee, and at his own request resumed his place in the Army of the

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Cumberland under Buell. September following he was offered the command of the army, but his modesty and fine sense of justice forbade him to supercede an officer whom he deemed worthy of the confidence of the government, and who in fairness should be permitted to carry out and execute his matured plan of campaign against the enemy.

In the closing days of that year we find him at Stone River, holding the center of the line of battle on that memorable field. Buell had been removed from command, Thomas passed by, and General Rosecrans placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland; but to his new commander General Thomas gave his most loyal, efficient and timely support. At the very beginning of the fight at Stone River the right wing was broken and McCook's men driven from the field with heavy loss. The enemy vigorously pressed their advantage, but Thomas, refusing his right, interposed an unyielding line, against which the Confederates assaulted in vain.

Here his qualities as a defensive fighter first became conspicuous. The more critical the moment—the greater the peril and confusion,—the more self-possessed, cool, calm and self-reliant he became. Under such circumstances he always showed himself to be a man of nerve; not a nervous man. At the close of the first day's fighting the condition of Rosecrans' army was indeed critical. The loss in position and men seemed irreparable. During the night a council of war was held, and Thomas was asked if he would be able to cover the retreat. He answered: "This army can't retreat. Its safety consists in remaining and assuming the offensive." The result proved his judgment to be correct, for on the following day the reverses of the preceding day were retrieved, the Army of the Cumberland held possession of the field, and Rosecrans was enabled, "by the skin of his teeth" and the firmness and good generalship of Thomas, to snatch victory out of defeat.

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And now we take our stand on the banks of the Chickamauga—the river of death. It is a Sabbath morning in the autumn of 1863. The preceding day had been one of hard and bitter strife between the men of the Cumberland and the army under Bragg. The battle had gone, under all the circumstances, fairly well for Rosecrans, considering the trap which the wily enemy had set for him. Positions had been taken and lost, and cannons captured and recaptured on both sides, and the dead and dying scattered over the field of conflict attested well the valor of the contestants. The Union army was outnumbered, and during the night General Longstreet, with three brigades of veteran troops from Lee's Army of Virginia, reached the field to make victory sure. The heaviest fighting had been done by Thomas and his men, who were on the extreme left, protecting the roads to Chattanooga, the holding of which was vital to the Union cause. It was a night of great anxiety—of constant moving of troops and shifting of positions; a night of active vigil, with little rest or sleep. The morning dawned peacefully over the quiet valley, and touched with its soft light the overhanging mountains and the upturned faces of the dead. A holy quiet filled the air; the wild flowers, freshened with the dews of night, gave forth their sweetest fragrance. The frightened birds, again seeking their nests, welcomed the morning light with songs of praise. All nature protested against the fratricidal strife; but no power, human or divine, no ties of kindred or home, or even life itself, could stay the cruel storm.

The enemy, conscious of its strength and sure of victory, soon renewed the attack, and the air was again filled and the valley and the mountains again re-echoed and resounded with the roar of battle. With various fortunes the conflict raged until noon, when, under mistaken orders, the soldierly Wood moved his division out of line, leaving a

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gap through which the troops of Longstreet instantly poured, like a resistless flood. The right and center were overwhelmed with disaster, from which there was no effective ralley and the regiments, brigades and divisions of McCook and Crittenden floated away from the field of battle like foam upon the rapid, rushing river.

All was now gone, except the left wing. It alone stood firm and unmoved in this tumultuous flood. General Thomas had always shown himself equal to any emergency. Would he prove himself so now? If he had shown himself to be greater on one occasion than another, it was simply because the occasion was greater and he was equal to this crucial test. Forming his men in a semi-circle on Horseshoe Ridge, he successfully received and repelled, for more than five hours, the repeated assaults of more than 40,000 men, flushed with victory.

On the first day he had done his full duty in trying to destroy an army. Now devolved upon him the greater duty of saving one. "It might be Thermopylae in the hopelessness of victory, but it should be Thermopylae in the grandeur of its resistance." There he stood, among his brave men, the center and soul of that immortal band, inspiring them with his presence and his own indomitable and unconquerable spirit—the ROCK OF CHICKAMAUGA. No troops had ever given up a position to the enemy when fighting in his presence and under his leadership, and when this memorable day closed, the last sounds of battle were the flashing guns and lurid shells of Thomas' batteries bursting among the baffled men of Bragg's army. As Gettysburg marked the high tide of the Confederate cause in the East, so Chickamauga marked the topmost wave of Confederate success in the West, which happily broke in surf and foam at the unmoved feet of General Thomas.

When General Joseph E. Johnston was told that Thomas

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never knew when he was whipped, he replied: "Rather say General Thomas always knows very well when he is *not* whipped."

When Thomas, on the 19th day of October, 1863, superseded Rosecrans as commander of the Army of the Cumberland, it was in a state of siege. Bragg, with a superior force, frowned down upon it from the intrenched and rugged heights of Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge; and with its lines of communication broken, a powerful foe on its front and flanks, and a navigable river at his back, it did seem that irretrievable disaster must, in the end, overtake this devoted army. General Grant had just been appointed to the command of the armies of the West, and his first order was a telegram to Thomas to "hold Chattanooga at all hazards." Instantly the reply went back: "We will hold the town until we starve." And all his men, with starvation written upon their faces, pledged their heroic commander that this promise should be fulfilled to the letter. At last relief came, after two months of heroic endurance. From the distant East the Army of the Potomac sent Hooker's and Howard's men, who had stood on the heights of Gettysburg and seen the Rebel flags wither and go down under their vengeful fire. From the West came the Army of the Tennessee, led by Sherman, its banners resplendent with the glories of Vicksburg, ready and willing to return the opportune aid it had received from the Army of the Cumberland at the battle of Shiloh. It was a grand muster of splendid soldiers. The great armies of the Union were all represented in that magnificent assemblage. Grant was present and in command. Thomas, Sherman, Howard, Blair, Palmer and Gordon Granger were there, and by their side such tried and able soldiers as Cruft, Wood, Sheridan, Harker, Opdycke, Hazen, the two Beattys, Geary, Tyndale, Carlin, Starkweather, Davis, Beard, Johnson, Turchin, Van-

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der Veer, Brannan, Osterhaus, the three Smiths, Corse, Matthies, Willich, and many others. The day of judgment was at hand, and to the Army of the Tennessee was assigned the honor of assailing and turning the right flank of the enemy.

Sherman, in his Memoirs, giving Grant as his authority, says: "The men of Thomas' army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he (Grant) feared that they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive. They had been so long in the trenches that he (Grant) wanted my troops to hurry up and first take the offensive, after which he had no doubt the Cumberland army would fight well."

So the Army of the Tennessee was to show Thomas' men how to fight and encourage them to come out of their entrenchments! The encouragement was not needed, and while the men of Sherman were bravely struggling with ill effect to dislodge the enemy from the northern end of the Ridge, the Army of the Cumberland, impatient of the delay, and without orders from General Grant, and inspired by the presence of Thomas, and determined to write a page on their country's history so luminous that no pen or writer could ever efface it, swept across the valley beyond Orchard Knob to the base of Missionary Ridge, capturing the Rebel rifle-pits, and in the face of fifty cannon hurling grape and canister full in their faces, and the murderous fire of musketry from the enemy intrenched upon its crest, hesitated not a moment, but raised a shout which could be heard above the battle's din: "To the top. Let us take the crest. Forward, boys, to the top;" and up they go, up the rugged side of the mountain six hundred feet against the sky, their backs to the setting sun, their faces toward immortality; up, up they go, commanders and men mingling side by side. "See the flags! More than a hundred banners struggling for the lead! They fall! they rise! they fall, and rise again!

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The crest is almost reached! Will they make it? Will the sun rise tomorrow? They *have* reached it. 1—10—50—all the flags flutter from the crest of the ridge, and it is forever crowned with glory." Night soon comes on, and darkness covers the vanquished, drifting army of Bragg; but no night can dim the glories of that one short hour. or darkness hide the splendor of the achievements of the half-starved men of the Army of the Cumberland.

In the Atlanta campaign Thomas held the center of Sherman's army, and during the more than one hundred days of fighting, led his troops with the greatest judgment and skill. Nothing that he approved of failed, and when he protested against the attack on Kenesaw Mountain it would have been well had his advice been followed.

The March to the Sea was soon to be undertaken, and the story of this march will always be recited with pride and listened to with unfeigned admiration. It will furnish an endless theme for the poet, and the rhythm, grandeur and resistless majesty of its moving columns of dauntless soldiers and splendid captains presents a picture that poet, artist and orator will vainly strive to exhaust. To me, it seems as though they were led by the flaming sword of the Lord; that the marchers were filled with the spirit of old John Brown, as they kept step to the music of the Union, cleaving the Confederacy in twain and giving liberty to a captive race.

But while the men of Sherman *marched*, the men of Thomas *fought*. The battles which made the March to the Sea a success were *fought*, not in Georgia, but on the hills about Nashville, and the success of Thomas made the march of Sherman a success. The fall of Fort McAllister was but the reverberation of the guns of Thomas at Nashville.

The war had now lasted for more than three years. Grant,

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Buell, Halleck, Rosecrans and Sherman had each, at one time or other, conducted campaigns against the Confederate armies of the West, of which Hood's army was the lineal descendant. Victory and defeat, advance and retreat, had marked these long years of strife; yet no crushing blow had been struck, and Hood's army was as dangerous a foe and composed of as brave soldiers and as ably officered as it ever had been. To General Thomas was assigned the grave responsibility and task of destroying this army. General Sherman had little reason to expect any serious resistance in his March to the Sea, for each day's march would take him further away from Hood's army; yet he took with him over 60,000 men, every one of whom was a thoroughly seasoned, tried and effective soldier. He even deprived Thomas of his two largest corps and gave him the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, numbering about 25,000 men. With these troops, and A. J. Smith's men, and such re-enforcements as he might be able to gather from the garrisons and outposts and men on detached duty and convalescents, he was expected, in almost the twinkling of an eye, to gather together an army sufficient in numbers and strength to fight and overthrow Hood. Hood was advancing boldly, spreading dismay on every side; and, to make the situation more perilous, Thomas was without any adequate cavalry force, while Hood had 12,000 well-equipped cavalry under his able lieutenant General Forrest.

While collecting his forces for this battle, General Thomas lost favor with the authorities at Washington, who seemed unwilling to pardon any one's shortcomings except their own. The fact that for more than three years his superiors in rank had failed to crush the Rebel army, notwithstanding their forces often greatly exceeded that of the enemy, seemed to these gentlemen—one thousand miles away from the scene of action—no reason why General

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Thomas should not organize and equip a "patchwork army" within thirty days and exterminate this veteran and persistent enemy that had cost the loss to the Union cause of more than a hundred thousand men and millions of treasure; but the great patriot and soldier bore with patience this impatience in his rear. He would not be dictated to by those who did not know what they were talking about; nor would he be pressed to act against his own best judgment. He said: "You can remove me and place another in my stead, if you wish; but I will never, by any act of mine, wreck or destroy this army;" and so, without complaint, he bore the unjust criticism, the interference and nagging of his superior officers, and proceeded, with marvelous rapidity and success, to collect his scattered forces and set them in battle array. He knew that the conflict must be decisive, and that tremendous interests depended on the result.

Sixty thousand men stood ready to join the Confederate cause if Hood should win a victory and drive the Union forces back to the Ohio River. Sherman, with his army, had disappeared from view, and many doubted if he would ever reach the sea. The country was in great suspense. It was mid-winter. Grant's army lay, helpless and inactive, before the intrenchments around Petersburg. Thomas had never before been intrusted with an important, independent command. The politicians, always cowardly and restless, predicted disaster. Prodding telegrams of complaint came so fast that Thomas could hardly find time to read them, and at the same time properly attend to the many details involved in preparing for the great struggle. Hood drew his lines closer and closer around Nashville, but Thomas was, as Rosecrans said, "getting a good ready," and all the while the storm clouds were gathering thick and dark as around a mountain peak. At last the storm burst, and Hood's army was not only routed, but annihilated; and the war in the West ended.

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The battle of Nashville was General Thomas' battle. He planned it, in its broadest strategy to its smallest details, from beginning to end. "It was the one scientific battle of the war, and, whether considered strategically or tactically, is without a flaw." It was the only field-fight of the war in which an army was destroyed. To the South it was the Waterloo of the four-years' struggle. The victory at Nashville furnished a grave in which the last hope of the Confederacy was buried, and was a fitting close to the glorious day of which Mill Spring was the morning light.

Before his death, General Thomas said that he was content "to leave his case to time and history; that they would do him justice." Never prophet made truer prediction. The jargon of voices which hounded him at Nashville now grate harshly upon the ear, and the tongues of suspicion that assailed his loyalty and honor are forever silent, and the opposition of his detractors is as dead as the buried hopes of the Confederacy.

He was said to be "slow." He was slow—to desert his country's flag—slow to retreat from his country's foes; but no instance can be cited during his entire military career when he was out of harmony with the general operations of the army of which he formed a part. The enemy never gained an advantage by reason of his delays; nor was an advantage ever lost by reason of his slowness. If he moved slowly, he moved with irresistible power; and if he ground slowly, like the mills of the gods, he ground exceeding fine and with surpassing thoroughness.

His life seems destitute of any act for which his friends feel the necessity of apologizing. His career was one of continuous advancement, based on true merit alone. The great disasters of the war can all be rehearsed without the mention of Thomas' name. Serving under Buell, Rosecrans and Sherman, no one has ever been asked to defend his con-

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duct for the mistakes committed at Perryville, Stone River, Chickamauga or Kenesaw Mountain; for they were not the mistakes of George H. Thomas. On the other hand, the honors gathered from most of those bloody fields were won under the flags of Thomas.

It is true that he did not possess the splendid dash and daring of some other commanders, and, as "old slow-trot," he would have made a sorry ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek; but never, day or night, during the four long years of the war, was he twenty miles away from his men, and never, in camp or elsewhere, was his army taken by surprise. He was modest and unostentatious, free from all pretension and display, never boasting of his achievements, great as they were. He did nothing for effect. He issued no orders from "headquarters in the saddle," to be immediately unhorsed on the disastrous field of Bull Run. He never could have been moved by the non-combatant's cry of "on to Richmond," to vainly storm the heights of Fredericksburg and strew its bloody slopes with the bravest of his men. He knew what it cost to make a soldier, and what he was worth after he had been made, and always wanted some positive advantage for every drop of blood shed.

Firm, immovable and tenacious as he was, he would not have been willing to fight it out on one particular line for an entire summer, irrespective of what it might cost; and you will search in vain for one of Thomas' men among the countless slain at Cold Harbor. It was not Thomas that was out-generaled and bewildered at Chancellorsville and compelled to retrace his steps in the presence of an inferior force. The enemy never saw his back; neither did his friends, for he never turned his back upon friend or foe. Numerous indeed were the defeats and disasters suffered by the armies of the Union before the Rebellion was sup-

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pressed, but no failure or reverse can be charged to General Thomas. In all his career he never lost a battle; while he often plucked victory out of the jaws of defeat.

His training as a soldier caused the country that educated him not a single disaster, or the unnecessary sacrifice of a single life. He was a man of deeds, not of words, and behind each of his great deeds was a surplus of power that showed him capable of still greater things. He was a man of pure life, his character unmarred by infirmities so often found and excused in others because their possessor is great.

On the march from Nashville to Murfreesboro, while passing an ambulance train, he noticed some obscene pictures on the inside curtain of one of the ambulances, and immediately sought the officer in charge of the train and directed him to have them removed, saying that "men could be clean and yet good soldiers."

He had a gentle heart, and could not bear the sight of unnecessary suffering in man or beast. During the pursuit of Hood's army, he stopped long enough to direct that some wounded Confederate soldiers, who had been overlooked and left exposed to the inclemency of the weather, should be properly cared for; and also spoke to the wounded men words of personal encouragement.

He never forgot to exact and show the respect due from or to a soldier. After the battle of Nashville the colored troops, which had borne an honorable and distinguished part in that engagement, marching out on the Franklin Pike, met General Thomas, who turned aside, faced towards the pike, and with uncovered head remained in that position until they passed by.

All men praise him now; but what need has he of the praise of men? His highest praise is his consistent, noble and unselfish life. Speaking of Washington, it has been well said that "the true greatness of a man consists, not in

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the preponderance of any one characteristic, but in the poise, adjustment and equal bearing of each and all." General Thomas met these requirements fully. He has been compared to Washington in appearance and character. He has been classed with the greatest generals of ancient or modern times. Points of similarity have been emphasized between him and Grant, and McPherson, and many others, "but his passport to immortality will be in his *own* name, through his *own* transcendent character, and by virtue of his own mighty deeds."

"How seldom, in the lapse of centuries,
There lives a man so great, that when he dies
His record is beyond all eulogies!

"Yet such a one has been with us, simple, grave,
Upright and noble, resolute and brave;
To God and duty he his manhood gave.

"When shall we find us such another man,
So sure in action and so ripe in plan,
So able every moment's need to span?"

As the years recede and the sound of fife and drum fall faintly on memory's ear; as the sorrows, sacrifice and sufferings of those eventful times now add melody and pathos to the songs of peace; and as the prejudices, misunderstandings and hatreds of those wrathful days find oblivion in a common grave, there rises into view the majestic figure of a soldier patriot—one who, at his country's call, reserved nothing for himself, but freely gave his heart and hand to his country's cause—one who was faithful found among the faithless—a man modest, pure, just, brave, unselfish, the incarnation of duty—a face benignant, a form commanding, a character heroic, a memory precious, a name imperishable, George Henry Thomas. And as the years roll on he shall be lifted up, up beyond the reach of criticism, up, up above the clouds of fratricidal strife, until, like the lofty mountain's summit, he shall stand forth forever in the sunlight of liberty, the *friend of freedom* and the *champion of the right*.

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WITH THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE THROUGH THE CAROLINAS.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. DUNCAN,

TENTH ILLINOIS CAVALRY, U. S. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

(Read April 13, 1897.)

Commander and Companions: In my last paper we left the Army of the Tennessee in and around Cheraw, on the Pedee River, S. C. Charleston and Wilmington had been evacuated by the enemy; they were gathering in our front and on our flanks. A great deal of the property that they were trying to take with them fell into the hands of our men. There was a stronger disposition on the part of the enemy to fight and resist our advance, but they were not sufficiently strong, apparently, to offer any organized resistance to the advance of our army.

On the evening of the 10th of March I received orders to take all the available mounted men at our headquarters, and take the advance on the road leading toward Fayetteville. The troops consisted of one company of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry, commanded by John L. King, and my own company, in all about one hundred men.

We had been having a good deal of rain, but on the morning of the 11th of March everything was bright and clear and we had the promise of an ideal spring day; we started early and as the sun rose, it found us well in the advance and on the bank of a clear, running, fordable stream. We

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watered our horses and on proceeding forward we found two roads leading to Fayetteville, diverging but a short distance apart. The country was open.

I ordered Captain King with his company, to take the road on the right and keep a strong advance guard well in front, and my own company to take the left-hand road, with the same orders, and to move carefully and parallel with each other; we were then three or four miles from Fayetteville and I expected to reach a picket post soon. The divergence of the roads caused one of the companies to get a little in the advance of the other which I ordered to trot up into line with the leading company, which thought that it was trying to get the advance into Fayetteville, and it started up. We struck an infantry picket line which had thrown light protections, but we were going so fast by this time, and the men were apparently, so interested in which company was going to come out ahead in the race, that they did not check us, neither did we stop to take any prisoners. We did not stop until we were on the main street in Fayetteville, leading to a fine bridge crossing the Cape Fear River at the lowest end of the street. We halted in front of a hotel on our left, and I soon discovered that Fayetteville was full of detachments of the enemy, excited at our presence but not doing any firing. I thought they were trying to get away, and I ordered Captain King to take possession of the bridge and hold it, if he could not hold it, to burn it.

I, at this time, thought that our army would soon be up and that we would cut off and capture all that were on our side of the river. After Captain King had left to take charge of the bridge, an old colored man came out of the hotel and told me that all of Hampton's and Wheeler's cavalry were on the table-land north of town getting ready to come down on me. I sent one of my scouts, Robert Collins,

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up to ascertain the facts, and he soon returned verifying the old darky's story. I immediately ordered my company to fall back, designating a point outside for them to wait, and said that I would get Captain King and join them. I had passed only one block toward the river when General Hardee's infantry came in sight, marching in platoon front, their guns at a right-shoulder-shift, and no Captain King in sight; he had passed out on a street below, and this left me alone in Fayetteville of all that went in with me.

I turned back to overtake my own company that I had just sent back, but let my horse walk so as not to draw the fire of General Hardee's men, thinking that when I got back to the street that my men passed out on, I would give him the spur and overtake my own men. Just as I reached the corner of the street, I was turned in my saddle taking a last look at General Hardee's troops coming up the street, when five of their cavalry dashed up in my front, ordering me to surrender, in language more forcible than moral. They did not give me time to change my mind, so I put the spur to my horse and started after my men. When General Hampton saw my men going back, he not having time to fall in and mount, his men charged down in detachments after my men and filled the street, in their rear, that I was now attempting to break through in order to reach the company.

I crowded through them using my revolver, first on the right and then on the left. They pulled their heads back as my revolver came too close to their faces, and if any of them tried to shoot me I never knew it; my opinion was, that when they were ready to shoot, too many of their men were between them and me, but I have often wondered why some of them did not drag me off my horse by catching hold of me; but they did not.

I had emptied my revolver in the excitement. I had an-

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other one but was captured by General Hampton before I could draw it. He had followed my men out quite a distance. The road was turnpiked, with board fences on both sides, he threw his horse across the road, had his sabre drawn and called out to me to halt. My horse had done well, but was fatigued; he had been with us at Pittsburg Landing and at Corinth, and now he and I were to go with the Confederacy. General Hampton asked my name. When I told him he said, "You belong to General Howard's headquarters?" I said "Yes, sir." Just then in the field to our left, was one of our infantry boys who had followed us into town. He was passing back towards our lines; General Hampton called to him to halt; he either did not hear or was indifferent. I thought from where I was that he had been wounded in the right breast.

General Hampton left me with one of his staff to receive my arms, and rode over to this young man and cut him down with his sabre. The man did not offer to shoot or show any resistance. I denounced it then as murder, and so reported on my return to our army after my escape, to Colonel L. M. Dayton, adjutant-general, at Sherman's headquarters, and at our own headquarters. I was then taken back a prisoner, through the same crowd that I had so successfully got through. I had some misgivings as to what they might have in store for me, but General Hampton was along, and nothing was done or said until we reached the street corner in front of the hotel. Generals Hampton and Hardee were having a heated discussion. I was called up before them and asked if I found any picket on the road over which we came into town.

I told them there was an infantry picket, but they did not offer resistance sufficient to stop us. If the infantry picket line had rallied and followed us into Fayetteville, they might have prevented us from getting out; but they

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went to the right, and crossed the Cape Fear River south of town, and joined General Hardee's camp, which was across the river, and not far from the bridge that I had sent Captain King to hold or destroy.

I learned then, that at the time of my dash into town and halt in front of this hotel, Generals Hardee, Hampton, Butler, Wheeler and Young were inside at breakfast. They got out the back way while I was sitting on my horse in front of the hotel with one hundred men. If I had known the situation, I would certainly have turned these gentlemen over to General Howard as prisoners of war. But now for the first time in nearly four years' service I was a prisoner of war myself. I had purchased a very nice uniform in New York while on a leave of absence, after running past Fort McAllister to the sea with General Howard's dispatch to the Secretary of War, announcing our arrival before Savannah, Ga. One of my lieutenants, J. A. McQueen, had been severely wounded in a night engagement near Mt. Elon, S. C. We had to leave him, and his personal effects were turned over to me to be sent home. His watch I had on my person. They stripped me of everything, giving me their old clothes in return and leaving me in a sorrowful condition.

I stopped at General Hampton's headquarters that night. In the morning an officer came and conducted me to where they had their horses. Pointing to one, he asked me, "If I had ever seen that horse." I told him that I thought it was General Kilpatrick's horse (a strawberry roan). He then told me how they had ridden into his headquarters and captured nearly everything, General Kilpatrick getting away on foot. It was a nice story for their side, but I was a great admirer of General Kilpatrick, and I thought he might, in telling the story, make it appear better for his side.

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After breakfast four others and myself, with a mounted guard, started for the headquarters of General Hardee, who had passed to the left, and was in front of General Slocum of our army, and near Aversboro.

From the time of my capture I was fully determined to make my escape, but up to this time had been very closely guarded. In crossing from General Hampton's to General Hardee's headquarters, the country was low, with a good many cypress swamps. General Hardee had fallen back farther than our guard had supposed, and at one place we were not far from our lines. We were halted in the road and, while the sergeant in charge of the guard passed back towards our lines, I whispered to the other prisoners and told them if we made a break I did not think we would have far to go to reach our lines. We formed a plan; I was to lead in making the break, and they would follow. The guard that had charge of me was riding a large, yellow mule. On the return of the sergeant we were started forward.

They seemed to be disturbed at the situation. We passed one of those cypress swamps about ten or fifteen rods; they were hurrying us along. I was alongside of my guard on the yellow mule, when I jumped back and in behind the mule, and turned and ran the fastest, I think, I ever did. In my excitement, on reaching the swamp, I jumped too far and landed in roots, mud and water up to my waist, and could not pull myself out. My guard could not turn his mule much faster than you could a canal boat. His head came around all right, but he was doubled up, and it was some time before he could straighten him on the back track.

He was somewhat excited, and, when he got back to me, he fired at me, but it passed over me into the water. I told him that I surrendered, but could not get out. He swore some at the awkwardness of his mule, and said that only

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for that, I would not trouble him any more. I told him if it had not been so soft, he would not have had any trouble with me now. He was going to shoot me, when the sergeant told him that it was my privilege to escape if I could, but that he had no right to use violence after I surrendered. My guard and myself were both dissatisfied with the outcome. The other prisoners made no effort to escape, and, I making such a failure, it was soon settled, and we were hurried along towards Aversboro.

We soon came to some troops commanded by Brigadier-General Rhett. The sergeant of our guard tried to turn us over to him, but he would not receive us, using some vile expressions which I did not hear, but were repeated to me by David Day, one of the prisoners. He was very much excited. I told him they had their innings now, and we would have to submit, but I did not want to stay with them if I could get away.

We were then taken to General Hardee's headquarters at Aversboro, and turned over to his provost-marshal. General Hardee was a very fine appearing officer, and in my opinion at that time, the only gentleman, possibly with the exception of the sergeant in charge of the guard that delivered us to him, that I had met in the Confederacy up to this time. There were twenty-two prisoners in all at General Hardee's headquarters and another officer beside myself.

We were issued two day's rations, consisting of a small piece of pork and some flour. It was noon and I was very hungry. We made a dough out of the flour, and stuck it on a chip of wood near the fire to cook. I ate my piece of pork while I was watching the dough bake, and I soon had my two days' rations inside and still a good appetite left. I began to think if I stayed with them very long, that I would have no strength or energy left to escape with.

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It began to rain quite hard towards evening, and they moved us into a vacant house near by. I was determined to make my escape before we got any farther away from our army, and that night I succeeded, after much hardship and risk. Although my two days' rations had made a very light meal, it was the last one that the Confederacy had to furnish me.

The house we were in was an ordinary Southern structure, set up from the ground about one and a half feet; fireplace in the gable end facing the west, with a small closet on each end of the fire place. The closet on the south side had a small piece of flooring loose at one end. They had established a guard on the porch outside, who walked back and forth; the rest of the guard were inside. The officer in charge was a major, and the three other officers who were with him went up stairs. Before going, however, the major made us a nice short speech, saying that they could not be put to extra vigilance on our account, because of the hard conditions of their men, and that if there was any effort on our part to escape, he would take us out and shoot us.

I had told the officer who was prisoner with us, that I was going to try to escape. He was opposed and alarmed, and remonstrated with me. I finally had to tell him that I would not do anything to endanger the rest, but that I would like to get back to our army. We quieted down to get some rest, and very soon we were all stretched out on the floor, and the most of them sound asleep. One young man who had come with us from General Hampton's headquarters was as anxious to escape as I was, and was ready to take any risk. I had explained to him about the loose board in the closet on the south side of the fire-place. The officer in charge of the guard was a brevet-second lieutenant, something we did not have in our army, and I got to visiting and talking with him.

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The fire burned low; it was dark and chilly. I asked him if he would not let a guard go with some of our men and bring in some wood. He did so, and they broke it up on the floor and made up the fire, but the wood was wet, and did not burn well. I sat up and talked with the officer of the guard for some time, and then told him that I would lie down and get some rest. I lay down by David Day, and he told me that he had removed the board in the closet. We were near this closet, and after a while I succeeded in getting into it, but the board was a piece of six-inch flooring, and after trying my best in every way, I found that I could not get through. I came back and told Day, that if he could loosen the piece next to the one he had taken, not to break it, but spring it up and stand the piece he had taken out under it to hold it up, and I would take care of the room again.

The fire had gone down, and I complained of the cold, and got the boys to break up some more wood and replenish the fire, but the wood was too wet to make a good fire. After this effort and some more visiting we concluded to get some rest. After a while I went into the closet never to return. The camp fires of General Hardee's army dotted the woods all around. I was taking in the situation when David Day came through the hole in the floor on my legs. We moved stealthily from tree to tree, keeping away from the camp fires, and finally came to a plantation house. We woke up some darkies, and I told them who I was, how I was captured, and that we wanted to get back, but could not get through General Hardee's lines. While they were getting us something to eat, one young colored man told us that we could not get out through General Hardee's lines without being captured; but he got ready and took us across the North or Black River on a mill-dam. We hurried along, not knowing much where we were going, but trusting

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to our deliverer. We got very tired, and just before daylight we lay down in the pine opening to wait for day and to rest. We had not been following any road and I did not know there was any road near. We were very tired and fell asleep. I was awakened by a horse neighing, and apparently coming towards us was a small troop of cavalry. I could not see any road near us, and they rode by on a road a little way south of us without seeing us. After they had gone out of sight we went off to the right into a low piece of land covered with a growth of young timber. We heard some firing ahead and kept going toward it; we came to an opening, and about one-fourth of a mile away we could see the men who were shooting, but did not know whether they were friends or foes. We felt, however, that they were not far from our lines, and after watching them awhile we concluded to let our colored man go up to them, and find out. After he had been gone sometime, I spoke up and said that it was not safe to remain there, and immediately got up and went down this little rise of ground to the rear, bearing off to the south.

When we came in sight of the men who were doing the shooting, we saw some of them coming back to where the darky had left us. We were in pine openings, and trying to circle around those men, and in our anxiety to get away, we came near a road leading north to the point where these men were firing. A troop of cavalry came up this road, we lay down and they rode past without seeing us. As we were anxious to get away from the party that was looking for us, as soon as this squad of cavalry passed us, we ran across the road into some heavier timber bearing to the right, which brought us to the river. A large tree had fallen out into the river, reaching nearly two-thirds across.

We started out on the tree as far as we could go and jumped into the water, thinking it was deep, but we must

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cross or be captured. When we jumped into the water, it was only up to our waists, and we were soon on the Union side of the stream. We did not go far before we ran into some of our foragers, and, on finding out who I was, one of the boys let me ride his horse. Just after sundown I reached General Kilpatrick's headquarters. The general was out on the line.

I was completely exhausted. My feet were like puff balls; the uppers of my shoes had separated from the soles; my legs and ankles were as large as they should have been where they joined the body, and no shape to them. We lay down in a house on the floor. There was a good fire, and we rested until morning. General Kilpatrick did not return that night. I tried to get a horse to go to General Sherman's headquarters but failed. I finally found a horse and got onto his bare back, with the halter to guide him, and reached General Sherman's headquarters just as day was breaking.

I found Colonel L. M. Dayton's tent, but he had not gotten up yet. He sat up in his bunk, I took a seat on the foot of it, and I told him of the situation of General Hardee's troops in their front, and the particulars of my capture and escape, practically the same as told in this paper. While I was talking to Colonel Dayton General Sherman came and looked into the tent, and went away; he soon returned and, looking into the tent, asked, "Who are you?" I told him this was Captain Duncan of General Howard's headquarters. He replied, "Well, well, Duncan! I told Howard that he need not worry about you; that you would be back in a day or two." He invited me to breakfast with him. I thanked him, and tried to decline on account of my personal condition, but he would not entertain that for a moment.

General Howard had asked to send a communication

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through the lines to General Hardee, stating that a member of his staff was a prisoner at his headquarters, hoping to get me paroled, or at least make my condition as a prisoner better.

I took breakfast with General Sherman, and after breakfast Colonel Dayton let me take one of his horses. There was a detachment of the Fourth Ohio Cavalry which had brought some dispatches from General Howard to General Sherman, and I accompanied them back to our own headquarters, getting there just as they were going into camp. Generals Howard and Logan were together at a house as I rode up, and, all in all, it was a very happy reunion at the headquarters, and to my men.

General Logan would not let me change my clothes, till after I was taken before some of their officers, whom we had as prisoners of war, telling them the condition in which I left the headquarters a few days before, and calling their attention to my condition on my return. They said that their general officers were not a party to, or aware of such things. I told them that their general officers were having a controversy among themselves near me, while the men who had me were quarreling over my personal effects. They had their uniforms, watches and private mess to themselves at our headquarters. They were neither robbed, starved nor insulted.

I was captured on the 11th day of March, and on the 15th was back at our headquarters and with my men, ready for duty. General Sherman in his Memoirs says that I came to him on the battlefield at Aversboro. I took breakfast with him in the morning, but was at General Howard's headquarters that day, and I never was on the battlefield, only when a prisoner of war at General Hardee's headquarters. Brigadier-General Rhett, the same person that re-

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fused to receive us from the guard that General Hampton had furnished to take us to General Hardee's headquarters, was captured by General Kilpatrick's men.

General Sherman in his Memoirs says that Generals Blair and Rhett took supper with him this day, and that General Slocum furnished him a horse to ride. General Kilpatrick learned through David Day, the young man that escaped with me, of General Rhett's conduct toward us while prisoners and sent for him; they stripped him of horse, boots and coat, and double-quicked him through the woods with a cavalry guard.

He was a dude in style and richly deserved this punishment for his treatment of us.

But, Companions, this paper must close, and, if it has contributed anything to the history of our struggle for the Union, for which we were willing to suffer so much, it is well.

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HOME GUARD BATTLES.

BY CAPTAIN EDGAR S. DUDLEY,

ASSISTANT QUARTERMASTER U. S. ARMY.

(Read May 11, 1897.)

The full history of events occurring at the homes of our soldiers who were in the field during the late war, has never been written. They are recorded, for the most part, only in the memory of those who remained behind and participated in them; and seldom came to public notice beyond the localities in which they occurred. They were outweighed in importance by the events taking place at the front, where armies were meeting in deadly conflict, so that the smaller skirmishes and battles of the Home Guard were seldom, or never, heard of by the general public.

But there were, in fact, battles and skirmishes, and trials, beyond the mere passive endurance of those who, at home, suffered more mentally in anticipation of what might happen to their loved ones in the field than the latter did with all their hardships.

It was not alone the fact that the father, and mother, the sister, brother, sweetheart and wife, were ever watching the reports of each battle, whilst struggling to keep up the ordinary duties of life, but they had, also, foes to meet; those who opposed the war; those sympathizing with the South; and those who preferred peace at any price, even at the cost of the continuance of slavery, of disunion and dishonor.

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There remained behind, whilst the battles for freedom were raging at the front, all those who, having these sentiments, declined to go to the fight, though able, and those who refused to go or to give the war any support; and these persons were, in some places, numerically strong and continually opposing all efforts to raise volunteers or to continue the war, and were making life as bitter as possible for all who, with their hearts in their country's cause, their prayers for Freedom and the Union, were giving their loved ones for the fight, whilst they themselves maintained the home, carried on the manufactures, cultivated the land, and produced the things necessary to support and maintain the armies in the field; helping to cheer up the sorrowful; to heal the sick and wounded; to encourage patriotism and the enlistment of those willing and able to fight.

The enemies of the country, taking advantage of every defeat or repulse of our armies, sought to compel peace at any price; to coerce the President and Congress, even by force, if possible. Their appeals to the passions and fears of the people, particularly in the more ignorant communities, were not always limited to facts, but all methods were, by them, considered legitimate.

I recall a speech made by one of the leaders of the Democracy in my own county, which was remarkable for the fact that, appealing to their sympathies for the great loss of life "in this unholy war," the speaker gave as the number of men called upon to be sacrificed, the total number named under all the different calls for troops by the President; then, picturing the deaths in battle and by disease, he left the impression that all the difference between the aggregate of the calls and the number then in the field were dead or disabled,—a vast number of men whose lives had been uselessly sacrificed. He seemed carefully to abstain from inviting attention to the fact that many who

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had gone out under the first calls, had returned, or re-enlisted under subsequent ones, and, though counted by him as dead or disabled, were actually at the time the best fighters then in the field. His picture of defeat and failure was most disheartening and tending to discouragement, and to impress his hearers with the idea that the war was a failure, and that those who had gone, or those who should go, would be needlessly sacrificed. Such arguments were strongly put forth about the time of the second campaign for Lincoln.

The feeling of opposition to the war was especially bitter at the time of the draft in 1863. It was intensified by the fact that a draft was necessary. The majority of Union men able to do so, had already gone to the front; those remaining were too few in number to fill the ranks under the new calls; the opponents of the war, remaining at home, did not propose to volunteer and had, naturally, most strenuous objections to being drafted, compelled to wear a soldier's uniform, go to the front and endanger the lives of their Southern brethren, as well as their own.

At this time we had some of our darkest days. It was just before the battle of Gettysburg, whilst the draft was being prepared for, when Lee was on Northern soil, in Pennsylvania, and every outlook for the Union cause seemed discouraging. The very fact that a draft was ordered made some people think, and our enemies claim, that the war was, after all, a failure.

Again, at the second election of Lincoln, a most desperate effort to defeat him and the Union cause was made throughout the North.

It is some of my recollections of those times that I have to give you in response to the request of your former recorder[1] to read a paper on this occasion.

1. Major George Q. White, U. S. Army, recently deceased.

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One of the incidents which impressed itself strongly on me at the time, was told me by a preacher whom I knew, belonging, I think, to the United Presbyterian church, who said that while waiting to cross a ferry[1] on the Mohawk River, not far from Schenectady, N. Y., a soldier who had been wounded and was home on furlough, came into the waiting room with two companions, evidently former friends. In conversation he offered to show them his disabled arm, where he had a bullet wound, but the men, instead of sympathizing with him, as he evidently expected, began to abuse him, calling him all sorts of names, for having gone to the abolition war and fighting for "Old Abe Lincoln." The soldier, proud of his record, disabled by an honorable wound, and unable to understand their abuse, turned on them with tears in his eyes and said, in substance, "I went to the war to fight for the Union. I volunteered when the war broke out; I didn't get any bounty, and I have been to the front till now fighting for the country; and then to come back here and be abused by you this way is more than I can stand." The preacher said that, though he had no part in the conversation, he was so mad that he could hardly hold in himself. There was lots of that kind of thing that you, at the front, didn't know of;—more than we will ever know of.

I heard of another incident, more pleasant, a little later. It was said that a soldier with his crutches was sitting in a hotel in Rome, N. Y., when a man came in and, looking at him, asked how he had lost his leg. The injured man replied that he had lost it in a certain battle. The stranger said, "You ought to have lost your damned head; you deserved to be killed for going to this damned Abolition war." Quick as a flash the soldier raised his crutch and struck the man to the floor.

1. Hoffman's Ferry.

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Unfortunately such brutes did not always, as in this case, get their just desert.

There were sections of the country where the feeling of opposition to the war was very strong and more openly expressed than in other sections. One such place was in the neighborhood of where I was born. In early days this village, being located on the "old State road" running from Albany to the West, was of some importance and a prosperous town, but the building of the New York Central railroad along the Mohawk River, about six miles distant, ruined all its prospects, and it decreased in size and importance, my father, with others, leaving for larger fields of work.

A short distance north of this village were several settlements called, generally, the "Irish settlement," in "the backwoods." They were composed largely of woodchoppers; men who were engaged in cutting trees and hauling wood, tan-bark, etc., to the railroad for shipment. They gave but little attention to newspapers and were mostly Democrats and in opposition to the war. This was due entirely to their political convictions and not to their personal qualifications or habits, for they had a reputation for never letting pass an opportunity to fight, and certain of them had local reputations that would equal Corbett's or Fitzsimmons' of to-day. My recollection is that there was never a "dance" in those days that did not end in a general fight, and sometimes other weapons than fists were used.

My grandfather, on my mother's side, was one of the earliest settlers and, having large property interests, remained there. With him was his only son, my uncle, who, on account of his father's age and illness, was compelled to look after all the property and business, which included a country store and the post-office. This uncle was an uncompromising Union man, as his holding position as post-

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master might indicate. He could not leave his father and the family, but he did what he could to raise recruits, forward volunteers, and was appointed the militia captain, or officer to make the enrollment of all able-bodied men in that district, comprising four towns, who were subject to the draft. I assisted him in some of this work, which required a house-to-house visit; and some of the incidents connected with it were very ludicrous, especially the attempt to conceal the men, with such explanations as to their physical decrepitude as were never heard of before, or afterward.

The position of a pronounced Union man was not popular with a large portion of this community, especially about that time. My uncle's property, as well as his person, was more than once threatened, and it has been a wonder to me, as I think of it since, that he was not "burned out." That he was not I attribute to the fact that they knew he would never let up on them, nor rest, till he had brought the offenders to justice. His actions showed him to be "that kind of a man."

At one of my recent visits home he related at dinner one day an incident which I had forgotten. He said that while I was with him, one time he got word that they were coming from the "backwoods" to "clean him out," and was told when to expect them. We went to the store together at the appointed time; I think he carried a gun. A crowd was standing in the roadway a little distance in front of the store. As we went in my uncle threw the door wide open, placed me behind the counter on one side with a revolver, whilst he took the other side similarly armed and with a shot-gun. The appearance of welcome, and wide-open invitation to enter, was apparently too cordial, for the fellows, after a long consultation, disappeared and left us in possession of the field.

This same store was the scene, later, during the second

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campaign for Lincoln, of one "home guard battle" of my own. It was after I had been with my battery in Virginia, and was back on sick leave with chronic diarrhoea, that pest of army life that destroyed so many valuable lives and left others wrecked. I was just enough recovered to be able to walk with a cane, bloated and weak and in no condition to fight with anybody or anything. A Union political meeting had been held, the night before, at the "meeting house"; some of the political speakers, and the Glee Club were from my home, Johnstown, N. Y.; I was visiting my uncle.

During the meeting a man started a ribald song about "Old Abe Lincoln and the Abolition War," with evident purpose of raising a disturbance or getting up a fight. As it happened near the close of the meeting no attention was paid him, very wisely, and the meeting closed, but amidst some excitement. As I came out a man came up behind me and said, "They would have had a fine time if they had tried to put him out," referring to the disturber, and that if they had attempted it he was "prepared to fight." I said I thought not; that it was a Republican meeting and there were, or ought to be, more Republicans than Democrats present; that I knew of one man any way, in the Glee Club, an Englishman, that was able to handle any two they had. He kept up his remarks till we neared the store, by which time he had aggravated me so much that I said, "If I were well I could take care of one of you myself." He went off grumbling.

This man was about forty years of age, I think, a constable, possibly elected on account of his supposed ability to handle fighting men.

The next evening, after a longer walk than usual—longer than any taken since I had been out of bed,—tired and short of breath—I lay on one of the counters of the

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store with my clothes unbuttoned so that I could breathe easier, when this man came in, with some others. He immediately began to talk about the affairs of the night before and said he was "good for six of them," probably meaning that he had carried a revolver, and seemed to try to draw me into the conversation, but I wouldn't be drawn. I lay there listening but made no remark till, finally, he saw that something more was necessary and said, "It is a damned Abolition war any way, and the officers of the Army of the Potomac are a damned lot of cowards," with some other abusive language. That brought me. I raised up from the counter and standing by his side I said, "Don't you repeat that; I'll not listen to it from you or any other man." He looked at me a moment and said, "You come out doors and I'll talk to you." Instead of taking my cane and going for him, as I ought to have done, I laid it down and walked out;—a boy just past my nineteenth birthday, slim in build, sick and feeble against a man nearly forty, in the prime of life, a braggard and a bully.

No one followed us, strange to say, but I noticed one face at the window. The man said something after we got out to the middle of the road and I deliberately slapped his face with my open hand;—another foolish thing,—I ought to have hit him with all my strength. He immediately struck at me with a terrific blow, but I was too quick for him and it went over my shoulder. As he threw his whole strength in the blow, in missing me it threw him forward. I struck at him but missed, just grazing his neck with my right hand, and grabbing him, instinctively, by the throat with my left, I tried to pull him forward and down, but was too weak. I then saw that my arms were a little longer than his and I could hold him off. My family have been noted for strength in their arms and a good grip with the hand, and it was fortunate for me that I inherited it, for I

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hung on to him like grim death, following him up as he tried to get loose and choking him,—wanting to do more but not daring to try on account of my weakness. The man at the window must have seen it and called out, for in a moment or two we were surrounded and I saw my uncle catch up a club prepared for business; but the man dropped his hands from me and as I let him go I said, "I want you to understand that I can lick you, *sick* or *well*." His cowardly spirit then became evident, for he threatened to have me arrested for assault, and wanted me to admit that I had "hit him first." I waited around a few days to be arrested, but the story got out and the following day the constable disappeared in the North woods on business, and I didn't see him; but ever afterward, on my visits there, he has been the most friendly of men. This was for me, and in that locality, one of the "decisive battles of the war."

At the November elections in 1862, in New York, "the soldiers in the field were not counted at the ballot box, and, in a total vote of 72,610 less than cast in 1860, Horatio Seymour was elected governor over General James S. Wadsworth, by a majority of 10,752.[1]

Governor Seymour was a man of fine personal and intellectual character, well liked at his home, and by all who knew him personally, but from the very beginning, he adopted ideas in opposition to the war, and was one of the strongest leaders of that opposition.

He was one of the principal speakers at a meeting in Tweddle Hall, Albany, January 31, 1861, where resolutions were adopted declaring that "Civil War will not restore the Union but will defeat forever its reconstruction."[2] He retarded the draft by raising question as to its constitutionality and wanting the question submitted to the courts;

1. American Commonwealths, New York, Roberts (edited by Horace E. Scudder), vol. 2, p. 669.

2. Ditto, p. 656.

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whilst Lossing, in his "Civil War in America," (vol. 3, page 85), says of Governor Seymour's letter to the Convention of Democrats that met in the city of Albany, N. Y., in May, 1863, that "It was a highly inflammable missile." * * * "By implication, in carefully guarded language, he exhorted the people to resistance."[1] In April following his election he vetoed the bill to permit soldiers in the field to vote.[2]

It was unfortunate for the Union cause that a man who held such views was at the head of the government of the great State of New York.

When the war broke out I was between 15 and 16 years of age, slim, tall and undeveloped, having grown too rapidly for my strength, but, like all other boys of Union parents, I "wanted to go to the war," and made an especial effort to go with the Forty-fourth New York Volunteers, the "Ellsworth Avengers," the name of which particularly appealed to my youthful ardor; but I didn't get there till later.

As I look back now I can understand and appreciate my father's fears on account of my physique, and realize that he made a series of compromises with me that helped to make me believe that I was doing something "to put down the Rebellion." Among the first was allowing me to assist in the enrollment; after the Ellsworth Avenger episode he got me placed as a clerk in the provost-marshal's office of the Eighteenth New York Congressional District, and some of the events occurring there of which I had personal knowledge, may interest you.

This district comprised the counties of Saratoga, Schenectady, Montgomery, Fulton and Hamilton. The provost-marshal was Captain J. P. Butler, of Saratoga; the commis-

1. See note 1, p. 85, vol. 3, Civil War in America, Lossing.

2. See Appleton's Cyclopedia of Biography, "Seymour, Horatio." p. 477; also, N. Y. Session Laws, 1864, chap. 253, whereby an elector in the field could empower any elector in the the town where he "resided" to cast his vote for him; see also N. Y. Session Laws, 1864, chap. 9, and 1865, chap. 570.

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sioner, B. T. Simmons, of Johnstown, Fulton County; the surgeon, Uriah Potter of Fort Plain, Montgomery County.

Schenectady being the largest city in the district, and with railroad facilities, the office was located there, and was established over a store on State Street, within a block or two of the railway station. In it, at this time, had been placed all the original enrollment papers from every town in the district, which it had cost the government large sums of money to procure, and which had not yet been copied. They were therefore of great value, and their preservation a necessity.

All members of the board, and all the clerks, were from points outside the city, and on July 11, 1863, every one of them went home to stay over Sunday, leaving me in charge. There had been rumors of opposition to the draft and threats made, but no one anticipated that anything serious would come of it. However, realizing the value of the papers, I felt a responsibility that caused me to sleep in the office to protect these records from possible danger that night. The next day, Sunday, there appeared to be considerably increased excitement about the draft and threats that it would never come off; the opposition to it organized and took form in the city of New York, and that night I again slept by the records. Monday morning, the 13th, the riot was in full blast in New York City, the wires were cut, the draft stopped and the building in which it was taking place burned, the records destroyed, and terror reigned; crowds thronged the streets of our city, Schenectady, men quit work in the large locomotive works and other places, and threats of attack on our office were openly made.

Schenectady was noted as being one of the strongest centers of opposition to the war. It, always, so far as I know, had elected a Democratic ticket, and has never departed from that habit. Its authorities were, therefore, not in

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sympathy with us or our doings, and we felt as if we had few friends, just then. The following day matters were worse instead of better in New York City; the mob was increasing in numbers and violence; a mob was parading the streets of Troy, a short distance from us; the excitement was rapidly spreading; bodies of men gathered and paraded the streets and we were informed of an organization to resist the draft. That night, though others had returned, I was provided with a navy revolver and again stayed in the office; reinforced in the early hours of the morning by Maus V. V. Smith, a young man, deputy-provost-marshal, living in the city.

I was told that the provost-marshal had applied to the mayor of the city for policemen to protect his records, employees and office, but was refused and advised to take his clerks, records, etc., and leave the city.

To add to the dangers of an attack it happened that there was located nearly opposite the office, in handy throwing distance, a pile of brick from an engine house undergoing repair;—just the material for use of a mob. This I was also told, the mayor refused to remove when requested. We got through the day and night, however, without an attack, though it was a day of terror in New York City, and of anxiety everywhere.

The next day we were informed that the hour had been fixed and the office would be sacked that night. Everybody seemed to be on the streets that ought not to be there; one shop employing over five hundred men had closed entirely and all other work, generally, was suspended. The excitement was so intense that an outbreak at any moment was expected; we were cautioned to keep off the street, to do nothing to bring on discussion, and to avoid all possibility of difficulty. Employes kept closely to the office, being threatened with personal violence, and the greatest anxiety

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prevailed. The chief clerk went to Albany and I understood that Governor Seymour was asked for militia to protect us, but declined to send any.

The mayor having refused policemen, we were left to our own resources. Effort was made to get help from outside, and my recollection is that some men came from Amsterdam; others started from Johnstown, but were too late to catch the train. Application was also made to the assistant-provost-marshal-general in Albany for help. We were without arms except perhaps a revolver or two. My father had passed through in the morning on his way to Albany and I had persuaded him to buy me a revolver; we had looked, but not one was to be found in Schenectady, they had apparently all been bought up. However he got one in Albany, stopped over on his way home, gave it to me and I felt better. The provost-marshal seeing him at this time, invited him to a private conference, which lasted some time. When my father came out he remarked to me that "this was no place for a boy" in the present condition of affairs,—that he had better take me home. There was a small rebellion then and there, which was successful, and I remained. Soon after this Captain Butler called me aside, and, in a whisper, said that there were a couple of boxes at the station, and asked me if I was willing to go down and see if they were all right; I said "Yes, sir," and working my way quietly out and down through the crowd, I found two boxes, looking like coffin cases, and marked "Victims of Gettysburg." I reported back and was then asked if I would go back and watch them. I did so, and remained in their vicinity until, after dark, I saw a spring wagon drawn by two gray horses draw up at the west end of the station, some men come rapidly in through the room at that end, pick up the boxes quietly and quickly, place them in the wagon and drive off at a rapid gait;—too rapidly for me to follow, but I observed the general direction.

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I hastened to report and was told that it was "all right." I found it so later when, between nine and ten o'clock, I helped pass the contents of the boxes, which were fifty guns with ammunition from the U. S. Arsenal at Troy, into the office. They had been taken to a livery stable just back of our office, and were handed in, singly, over a back shed, through the rear windows.

Bodies of men paraded the streets armed with clubs, and about two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the chief clerk who said "They are coming." I heard a drum beating and drawing nearer and nearer. We had many more guns than men, and I had dropped asleep on a pile of blankets, in the third story, near a stack of four or five loaded muskets, tired out and very sleepy. Some way, in my sleepy condition, when I was thus awakened, and the prospect for a fight seemed imminent, the thing didn't seem as pleasant as it might. I wondered whether we could keep them out, for there was no possible retreat from our location.

Fortunately they seemed to be under some control, for this body of men stopped in front of our office, on the opposite side of the street, and seeing all dark and quiet there, went on without attacking. We were told next day that an arrangement had been made for some other forces to join them in the attack, but the plan had miscarried, and they therefore postponed it. They also threatened Union College, and it was said that the students had barricaded the doors and windows with benches, chairs and desks, and were "holding the fort" with such revolvers as they could muster.

The following day, the 17th, the excitement not being allayed, but rather increasing with us, and it being manifest that we were so situated that we could not make a good defence;—there being also too few defenders,—whilst news

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was received that parties were marching the streets and threatening to burn the homes of prominent Union men, not only in Schenectady, but even in the usually quiet villages of Amsterdam and Johnstown, whence our help had come, it was decided by Captain Butler and the board, about 4 o'clock P. M., to remove the records to a place of safety and leave the office, notifying the mayor to protect the building. Many of the records were carried by the commissioner and myself to the house of his brother-in-law, living in the city, whilst Captain Butler, taking some of the most valuable papers, and all others connected with the office, except Captain Lewis Wood, deputy from Saratoga, and myself, went to their homes. No attack was made however, and, it becoming known next day that the mob in New York City was being subdued, and the authorities gaining control, things became more quiet and many another town and city was undoubtedly saved from trouble. Had the resistance extended over another Sunday the uprising would have been more general and blood would have been shed in other places than New York City.

This closed that important event for the time. As a result of my part in it I was surprised to be shown, one day, a paper drawn up and signed by the provost-marshal and members of the board, asking Hon. James M. Marvin of Saratoga, then Congressman from that District, to appoint me to West Point. There was no vacancy at that time, but three years later Mr. Marvin recalled the incident and voluntarily tendered me the appointment, with the result that I am here, though I actually drew lots to see whether I would accept or not.

Soon after these occurrences, on August 6th, a company of the Invalid Corps, Twenty-sixth Michigan, arrived and the draft began the next day, the 7th. The streets again became thronged with excited men, threats were made, and on the

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following day, the 8th, there was rough talk of mobbing us, and a company of militia voluntarily came from Amsterdam, followed on Sunday by others from Johnstown. There being strong indications of trouble the One Hundred Fifty-second Regiment New York Volunteers came in from New York City the same day, direct from the front. As they disembarked from the cars they were hooted at and threatened, but the officer in command soon gave the crowd to understand that they were not to be trifled with.

On Monday the draft was proceeded with; but we were more than once on the verge of trouble. A guard had been placed in front of the office and the rough element seemed to delight in insulting those on duty; they were abused by women as well as men; dared to "come up into the third ward," and showered with vile epithets. At one time, in the evening, they assaulted a sentinel and got his gun, but his comrades immediately recovered it; all troops were under arms, or near them, at all times.

That evening, the 10th of August, the militia from Amsterdam started home. The mob attacked them as they were entering their train, with stones and brick-bats, calling them all sorts of names, and matters looked serious for a while. The One Hundred Fifty-second Regiment "stood to arms," and one company started at double time to the assistance of the militia. I had gone down to see them off and saw fighting going on, but did not fully realize the situation until I stepped up on one of the car platforms and saw the mob, from the other side, trying to force its way into the cars, breaking windows, etc. The side next the station-house whence I had stepped, was comparatively clear, but hearing something, I turned and saw a sergeant posting men at intervals along that side of the train. The sergeant had turned to speak to some one when a crowd of men stepped up to the sentinel near me and, grabbing

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his musket, attempted to take it from him; he retained hold, struggling to recover it, when, quicker than I can tell it, I was pleased to see that sergeant turn, and with his bare fist, drop two of them in succession, freeing the sentinel. I spoke to the latter, to let him know I was a friend, and stepped beside him with my hand on my revolver, but the assailants drew off cursing and swearing, and there was peace on that side. Just then a train came in from the West, cutting off the mob on the other side from that containing the militia, which immediately pulled out, probably having had to wait for the incoming train to get a clear track.

Things had just gotten to that stage where the arrival of that Western train was most fortunate. The company of the One Hundred Fifty-second Regiment sent down in advance was meeting with trouble; men had grabbed their guns, impeded their movements, and were crowding on them until the lieutenant in command had marched one flank up against a high board fence to protect it, and had given the order to load, when the opportune arrival of the train, and perhaps his determined action, stopped the affair. Some men had been hurt, but none very seriously; one man was reported as run through the neck with a bayonet; others as knocked down with a musket, and some injured, but it stopped there, and the draft was completed the next day.

I believe there was an organized attempt, at these times, to arouse the people to resistance, to develop an opposition to the war, and difficulties at home, until the administration would be compelled to admit that the war was a failure;—that there was a conspiracy against the government.

"An anonymous hand-bill was circulated, evidently meant to incite an insurrection on the 4th of July (1863), but the jubilations over the victories at Vicksburg and Gettysburg

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called the loyal multitude into the street and prevented it."[1] "While the draft was the occasion of these dreadful scenes the evidence of plan and leadership was such as to indicate a broader purpose than to check its progress; the murder of the colored people sprang in part also out of the mad prejudice of the foreign-born inhabitants." * * * "The success of such a mob in the chief city of the North would have been a victory for Lee's army, then invading Pennsylvania."[2]

It had compelled the recall of regiments doing duty in the field in Pennsylvania, against the foe, to repress it. "The Seventh Regiment arrived on the 16th and was hailed with delight."[3]

"The discovery of an incendiary plot in New York City and the firing of a number of hotels on the night of November 25, 1864, confirmed the belief that the draft riots were a part of a conspiracy in behalf of the Rebellion."[4] At this time thirteen hotels, Barnum's Museum, some shipping and a large lumber-yard were found to be on fire at almost the same moment.[5]

It was noticed in Schenectady, during the excitement, that barbers were scarce, and then it was discovered that the colored folks thought it safer to sleep in the woods for a while than to stay at their homes. I have no doubt they did the same thing (took to the woods) in other cities.

The Loyal League, a secret patriotic organization, then became active through the North. I became a member of it soon after these events, and know that it played an important part in the second election of Lincoln, for its organization was known, and that its members were ready to turn out for business "at the tap of the bell."

1. American Commonwealths. New York, Roberts (edited by Horace E. Scudder). vol. 2, p 662.
2. Ditto, p. 665.
3. History of City of New York, Martha J. Lamb, vol. 2, p. 775.
4. American Commonwealths, New York, Roberts (edited by Horace E. Scudder), vol. 2, p. 675.
5. History of New York City, Lossing, vol. 2, p. 755.

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The Star Spangled Banner had an important place in its ceremonies of initiation, and I regard it as the predecessor and forerunner of the Grand Army of the Republic, the difference being that the former represented fealty to the government under then present danger, whilst the latter also celebrates past victories and comradeship.

I had opportunity to see the work done by the noble women at home; their efforts, in country places even, to send delicacies to their soldier boys in the field; the organization of the Sanitary Commission, and the Christian Commission; their raising of money through bazaars, fairs, etc., where many a woman came wearing the badge of her patriotism in the black dress and veil of mourning, which told of her sacrifices; sorrowing, but patriotic still, the love of country and freedom was not lessened but increased, and all the more sacred because of their sacrifices.

We will never know the suffering of those tender hearts, because they concealed it to save us distress in parting. It is a part of the incense given up to God with their prayers for their loved ones and their country; for its forgiveness for the sins of past years in the bondage of the slave. The sin of slavery with its attendant evils, and the affliction of thousands of human beings, had to be expiated, and it could only be expiated through the suffering of many who were most innocent of any connection with the wrong. The whole people had sinned, and the Nation, as a whole, must suffer for it.

We cannot sufficiently admire the noble woman of war times; our mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives, who, compelled to remain at home, suffered more than the pangs of death itself whenever news came of a battle where their loved ones were fighting.

They had not the excitement of change of scene, the companionship of comrades always at hand; the pride of bat-

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tle, and the witness of the world upon their actions to sustain them. They had the rather to suffer, to work quietly at home, and to endure.

They formed the real "Home Guard" that sustained those at the front; they fought the battles of the absent ones for them with enemies at home and, struggling with their own fears and weaknesses, at the same time, conquered all.

They well deserve the tribute paid them by Thomas Buchanan Read in his poem,

"THE BRAVE AT HOME."

"The maid who binds her warrior's sash
With smile that well her pain dissembles,
The while beneath her drooping lash
One starry tear drop hangs and trembles,
Though Heaven alone records the tear,
And Fame shall never know her story,
Her heart has shed a drop as dear
As e'er bedewed the field of glory.

"The wife who girds her husband's sword,
Mid little ones who weep or wonder,
And bravely speaks the cheering word,
What though her heart he rent asunder,
Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
The bolts of death around him rattle,
Hath shed as sacred blood as e'er
Was poured upon the field of battle.

"The mother who conceals her grief
While to her breast her son she presses,
Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
Kissing the patriot brow she blesses,
With no one but her secret God
To know the pain that weighs upon her,
Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
Received on Freedom's field of honor."

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IN THE RANKS AT ANTIETAM.

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM H. HARRIES,

THIRD U. S. VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

(Read October 12, 1897.)

Some time ago I presented a paper to the Companions of the Loyal Legion of the Commandery of the State of Minnesota, giving my recollections of the conduct of the Iron Brigade in the first day's battle at Gettysburg.

The paper that I shall read to you to-night will give some of my recollections (and some of these are so dim, after the lapse of thirty-five years that they seem more like a dream than an actual reality) while serving in the ranks as a corporal of that organization at the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862.

My promotion from corporal to first-sergeant of Company B, Second Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry really dates from a period three days before the battle of Antietam, but this was owing to the fact that the vacancies created by the casualties in the company at the battle of South Mountain, September 14, 1862, were not filled until some days thereafter. So that instead of being on the right of the company as first-sergeant, I was in the ranks as corporal, blissfully ignorant of the promotion that was to follow.

What a boy serving in the ranks in a great battle may see of the conflict, is necessarily limited in its scope, and my excuse for the personal matters contained in this paper

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is the fact that the members of this Commandery prefer that one should give his own individual recollections of the events that transpired at the time.

The enlisted man of our army was, as a rule, a soldier of splendid courage, full of vim, energy and perseverance. Those who entered the service in the beginning of the war did so without any incentive except that of patriotic duty. They were young men who did not wait for commissions nor delay until large, pecuniary considerations were offered in the shape of bounties, but at the first call, promptly enrolled their names as private soldiers, resolved to do all in their power to preserve their country "undivided and their flag unsullied."

What a brave lot of men they were, full of vigor and life; how they would cheerfully face and march toward the foe, and how courageously they would die for their country and their flag, is indelibly stamped upon my memory.

I have been told that on the battle-field of Waterloo there is not a single monument to the enlisted man. There will never be a field in America, dotted with monuments, that does not have one to the private soldier, and when the future historian shall build word monuments to our gallant leaders, there will be found plenty of flowers, garlands and wreaths for the enlisted men of the army.

I found such a soldier in the company when I enlisted on the 18th of April, 1861. He was a large, big hearted, brawny, brave young man of Scotch descent by the name of Norman McHardy, and from that time until his death, we were tentmates, companions and friends. He was a type of the enlisted men composing the Second Wisconsin Infantry. He was wounded in the right arm and shoulder about the same time I was, and we were taken from the Keedysville barn in the same ambulance to Frederick where he died. He was subsequently taken and buried in the cemetery at Antietam.

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Five years ago I visited the battle-field and the beautiful cemetery of Antietam, near Sharpsburg. I found a headstone over his grave on which his name was wrongly spelled. After some correspondence, the quarter-master-general of the army assured me that another stone should replace the one over this soldier's grave, with his name correctly spelled thereon. In the center of the cemetery stands a splendid monument, commemorative of the great event and the heroism of those who sleep at its foot and around it. On the pedestal stands the figure of an American soldier, standing guard over the remains of the dead, with this inscription on the die or shaft, "Not for themselves, but for their Country, Sept. 17th, 1862." The soldier stands twenty-two feet in height and the entire monument is forty-seven feet high, weighing in all about two hundred fifty tons. It is entirely of granite from the Westerly granite quarry at Westerly, R. I., and cost $30,000. The whole number of bodies interred in the cemetery is 4,734, of which 2,869 are known and 1,865 unknown. The work of establishing the cemetery was originally done by the State of Maryland, but in 1877 it was transferred to the United States Government and since then has been under its care and maintenance. Congress has also appropriated money to locate and establish, by suitable stones as markers, the positions of the regular troops that took part in the battle. Some of the volunteer organizations have also marked their places on that field, and it is hoped that in time every regiment and battery of both blue and gray will have a suitable marker showing the position it occupied.

The nucleus of many of the companies that were mustered into the United States service in 1861, was the old militia company. This was the case with the Second Wisconsin Infantry. Nearly every company in the regiment

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was originally a militia organization. The company I enlisted in was at first known as the LaCrosse Light Guard, but its designation in the regiment was Company B.

The brigade in which I served at the battle of Antietam was commanded by General John Gibbon; General Abner Doubleday commanded the division and General Jos. Hooker the corps. The casualties in the brigade during the twenty days preceding the battle of Antietam were very large.

The several regiments had the following losses during that period in the battles of Gainsville, Second Bull Run and South Mountain:

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Second Wisconsin	79	214	31	324
Sixth Wisconsin	28	170	11	209
Seventh Wisconsin	42	268	54	364
Nineteenth Indiana	56	205	51	312
	205	857	147	1209

So that the regiments were small at this time, but they showed no signs of demoralization or lack of courage. General Hooker crossed Antietam Creek on the afternoon of the 16th by the bridge in front of Keedysville and the ford below it. The Iron Brigade crossed at the ford. After crossing we turned sharply to the left, feeling our way until the skirmishers became actively engaged, when we halted after dark and bivouacked on the ridge, Doubleday's Division resting with its right upon the turnpike. While getting into position we could hear the commands given by the officers of the enemy's troops. The combatants slept on their arms that night, well knowing that the morning would bring bloody work. I slept very little. The night was misty and chilly, there seemed to be a cold sensation creeping up and down my spinal column. I could not have felt more cold in that region if a chunk of ice had been

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drawn up and down by back. I felt certain that there would be desperate fighting in the morning and that many of my comrades would fail to answer at roll-call when the morning sun had again sunk behind the western hills. I realized that I might be among the killed. When awake I would send up to the Great Throne above, with my face turned to the sky, an inaudible petition that the Good Lord would in the coming contest be on our side and stretch forth his protecting hand over me. I was as earnest as the darky in Charleston, S. C. When the earthquake there, some years ago, gave them such a terrible shaking up, he said, "Oh Lord, come down and help us in this great time of trial; don't send your son but come yourself; this am no place for boys." When we woke up in the morning of the 17th, Doubleday's Division faced south from the Poffenberger farm and beheld a beautiful landscape with gently rolling fields and woods, of which the prominent point appeared to be the little Dunkard church with its brick walls covered with a coating of whitewash, situated on the west side of the Hagerstown turnpike, and backed by the foliage of the west woods.

The corn-field that was soon to be deluged in the blood of blue and gray was on the east side of the turnpike and between Doubleday's troops and the Dunkard church.

It was not daylight when a staff officer came to our brigade and said we must move out of the place we were in, as we were right in range of a Rebel battery.

The brigade moved out just as day was dawning in close column by division, the Sixth Wisconsin leading, followed by the Second Wisconsin, Seventh Wisconsin and Nineteenth Indiana. I was in the first division of the Second Wisconsin. We were hungry, ragged and dirty. Before starting we pulled up our belts a notch or two. As we had very little to eat the day before and no breakfast at all, this

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was an easy thing to do. The brigade marched towards the D. R. Miller house and after proceeding about ten rods and before we were deployed, a battery of the enemy opened fire on us. This battery went into position on an elevation in front and to the right of us. When I saw the battery moving into place, I thought it belonged to our own forces. The first and second shells it threw, exploded above us, but the third, which I think was a percussion shell, struck and exploded in the rear rank of the last division of the Sixth Wisconsin, killing two men and wounding eleven, one of whom had both arms taken off. As I passed to one side to avoid stepping on the killed, the voice of Colonel Bragg of the Sixth Wisconsin rang out, "Steady on the right, Sixth." We then deployed in line of battle, marching steadily forward, and when we reached the corn-field we halted and began firing at the enemy. We had not been firing very long when a Minie bullet struck me in the left breast. I at once dropped my gun and started for the rear, going back as far as the Poffenberger farm where I lay down at the side of the house on this farm which was opposite to that from which the enemy's shots were coming. In a short time the ground about me was covered with wounded. Here the surgeon of our regiment slapped a handful of lint on the wound, cut the shirt and wrapped me with a roll of bandage. While I was lying at this stone house a desperate attempt was made by the enemy to capture Battery B of the Fourth United States Artillery attached to our brigade. This was Gibbon's old battery and was then commanded by Captain J. B. Campbell, who was severely wounded when Lieutenant James Stewart assumed command of the battery. The latter handled his guns so well that when the battle was over, General Gibbon said to him that as long as he had command of the brigade, Stewart should have command of the battery. Stewart was then, and remained

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thereafter for a long time, a second-lieutenant and it was difficult sometimes to find a junior lieutenant to assign to the battery with him, but it was done and Stewart remained in command of the battery. The loss of the battery at Antietam was one captain wounded, and 3 sergeants, 4 corporals and 32 privates killed and wounded. 26 horses of the battery were killed and 7 wounded. One of the pieces had only two men left. It was while the enemy made the attempt to take the guns of the battery that General Gibbon, seeing that one of the guns had recoiled and that the elevating screw had run down, and having failed to make himself heard by the gunner, sprang to the gun, ran up the elevating screw, sighted the piece and directed the firing, which was so effective that the enemy was driven off by the use of canister. I told this incident a few years before the death of General Gibbon to General Harry Heth, who was a classmate of Gibbon, while we were sitting at a table together in the Army and Navy Club room at Washington. General Heth, after I had finished, said to Gibbon, "John, did you leave your brigade during the fight and act as gunner of your old battery? Why, you should have been court-martialed for it." Gibbon replied, "Yes, I did do that. I knew the men of my old brigade would fight without me and just at that particular moment that gun needed looking after to make its fire effective."

From that day the brigade was known as the Iron Brigade, but long before this Gibbon was called by the men of his brigade "Johny, the War Horse." Many a time, by day and by night, have I heard some soldier in the ranks say when the general was making his way to the front while we were on the march, "There's business ahead, here comes Johny, the War Horse"; and this name stuck to him with the men of his old command. General Gibbon tried at one time to make us wear leggings. They were trouble-

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some to keep clean. The Virginia mud would cling to them with a tenacity that would make the soldiers swearing mad. One day just as we were starting out for brigade drill, as the general's horse was brought out to him to mount it was found some one had inclosed his horse's legs in the leggings. When the boys saw this they raised a great shout of laughter. Gibbon tried to find out who it was that played the trick but was unable to do so. About sixteen years after the war, a reunion was held at Boscobel, Wis., of the soldiers living in southwest Wisconsin. Gibbon in citizen's clothing hearing of it as he was passing through the State, stopped off. As soon as he got to the gathering he inquired if there were any members of the Iron Brigade present. They brought him one of the old boys of whom the general inquired if he was a member of the Iron Brigade, and he said he was. "Well," said Gibbon, "I am looking for a man." "What man?" says the soldier. "Why, the man who put the leggings on my horse when we were opposite Fredericksburg." "Geewilikins," shouted the soldier, and motioning to a group of old soldiers standing a short distance away, he said, "Come over here, boys quick, here's Johny, the War Horse." General Gibbon's conduct during the battle was magnificent. For such acts of bravery as he there displayed, Napoleon made men Marshals of France and companions of Ney, Davout and Massena.

When the monument which stands in the Antietam cemetery was unveiled on the anniversary of the battle in 1880, General Gibbon and his brother, who fought on the other side, visited the battle-field together, and as the former was telling the direction the brigade moved, the latter said, "John, did your brigade move along here very early in the morning?" and the general said, "Yes." "Well," says his brother, "Do you recollect a battery that went into posi-

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tion over on that elevation and fired on your brigade?" "Yes," came the reply. "That was my battery," said the brother.

Sometime in the afternoon I was taken from the stone house to a small frame house still farther to the rear, where all the wounded of my company were collected together. I was placed on a blanket with Sergeant Uriel P. Olin, who died some time during the night. He was left by my side until morning when he was taken out and buried.

About an hour before Olin's death the surgeon of our regiment, Dr. A. J. Ward, came to the little frame house and gave us some whiskey. I was informed afterwards that it was considered quite probable that I could be buried in the morning with Sergeant Olin, as I was bleeding frequently from the mouth. The two members of my company who were looking after us felt, I presume, something like the Irishman who went to the undertaker and said he wanted a coffin for Tim McCarty. "What!" says the undertaker, "is Tim, poor fellow, dead?" "No," was the reply, "but the doctor says he can't live 'till morning, and he knows what he has been giving him."

On the 18th we were taken to a barn in Keedysville, every other place in the village that could be used being already occupied, and from there in a few weeks we were taken to Frederick.

The barn that I was in at Keedysville contained about sixty wounded, all but two or three belonged to the Iron Brigade. Until the Sanitary Commission came along we were in a horrible condition. I do not care to describe my own; suffice to say that I felt like a new creature when I got on a clean shirt.

Thus far I have indulged somewhat in personal reminiscences. I will now devote some space to the battle in a general way, and first I desire to call your attention to the finding of Lee's lost order.

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About noon of September 13th, the Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry Volunteers, Colonel Silas Colgrove commanding, went into camp at Frederick, Md. The regiment stacked arms on ground that had recently been occupied by troops of General D. H. Hill's Division of the Confederate army. Within a few minutes after the regiment halted, private B. W. Mitchell of Company F of this regiment found the order of General Lee which was wrapped around three cigars. He at once took it to his colonel who went with it to Colonel S. E. Pittman, the assistant-adjutant-general of A. S. Williams, then in command of the division in which the Twenty-seventh Indiana was serving. The order was signed by Colonel Chilton, General Lee's assistant-adjutant-general, and the signature was at once recognized by Colonel Pittman who had served with Colonel Chilton at Detroit, Mich., before the war, and who was acquainted with his handwriting.

It was at once taken to General McClellan's headquarters by Colonel Pittman and within an hour after finding this order, General McClellan, acting on the information therein contained, had his whole army in motion and the enemy were overtaken next day, the 14th of September, and the battle of South Mountain took place.

The following is a copy of the lost order:

"Headquarters, Army of Northern Virginia,
September 9th, 1862.

"The army will resume its march to-morrow, taking the Hagerstown road. General Jackson's command will form the advance and after passing Middletown, with such portions as he may select, take the route toward Sharpsburgh, cross the Potomac at the most convenient point, and by Friday night take possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, capture such of the enemy as may be at Martinsburg, and intercept such as may attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry. General Longstreet's command will pursue the same road as far as Boonsborough, where it will halt with the reserve

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supply and baggage trains of the army. General McLaws with his own division and that of General R. H. Anderson will follow General Longstreet; on reaching Middletown he will take the route to Harper's Ferry and, by Friday morning, possess himself of the Maryland Heights and endeavor to capture the enemy at Harper's Ferry and vicinity.

"General Walker, with his division, after accomplishing the object in which he is now engaged, will cross the Potomac at Check's Ford, ascend its right bank to Lovettsville, take possession of Louden Heights, if practicable, by Friday morning, Keys Ford on his left and the road between the end of the mountain and the Potomac on his right. He will, as far as practicable, co-operate with General McLaws and General Jackson in intercepting the retreat of the enemy. General D. H. Hill's Division will form the rear guard of the army, pursuing the road taken by the main body. The reserve artillery ordnance and supply trains, etc., will precede General Hill. General Stuart will detach a squadron of cavalry to accompany the commands of Generals Longstreet, Jackson and McLaws and, with the main body of the cavalry, will cover the route of the army and bring up all stragglers that may have been left behind. The commands of Generals Jackson, McLaws and Walker, after accomplishing the objects for which they have been detached, will join the main body of the army at Boonsborough or Hagerstown.

"Each regiment on the march will habitually carry its axes in the regimental ordnance wagons for use of the men at their encampments to procure wood, etc.

"By command of General R. E. Lee.
R. H. CHILTON,
Asst.-Adjt.-General.
"MAJ.-GEN. D. H. HILL,
Commanding Div."

By the finding of the lost dispatch, McClellan was put in possession of Lee's designs.

He then knew that Longstreet was to advance by way of Boonsborough to Hagerstown.

McLaws was to push for Maryland Heights. Walker was to cross back and hasten to Louden Heights. Jackson was then to storm and capture Harper's Ferry hastening

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afterwards to join Longstreet. General John Esten Cook, in his life of General Robert E. Lee, says that Lee's plan of campaign was deep laid and every contingency had been provided for, but he was disappointed in his aim by three causes which he could not foresee.

One was the great diminution of his force, owing to the rapidity of his march and the incessant fighting; another, the failure in obtaining recruits in Maryland; and a third the discovery by General McClellan of the "lost dispatch," as it is called, which revealed Lee's whole plan. In consequence of the finding of the order of march, McClellan advanced with such rapidity that the laggards of the Southern army on the hills north of Leesburg had no opportunity of joining the main body. The gaps in the ranks of the army these made were not filled up by Maryland recruits. Lee fell back and his adversary followed no longer, fearful of advancing too quickly. Thus a concentration of his troops and a battle somewhere near Sharpsburgh were rendered a necessity with General Lee. General McClellan says that his plan for the battle was to attack the enemy's left with the corps of Hooker and Mansfield, supported by Sumner's and, if necessary, by Franklin's; and as soon as matters looked favorable there, to move the corps of Burnside against the enemy's extreme right upon the ridge running to the south and rear of Sharpsburgh, and, having carried their position, to press along the crest towards our right, and, whenever either of these flank movements should be successful, to advance our center with all the forces then disposable. He also says in his article in the Second Volume of the "Century's Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," P. 551, that a few days after he was placed in command of the fortifications of Washington and the troops for the defence of the Capitol, in a conversation with Secretary Seward, he told him that he regarded the arrange-

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ments at Harper's Ferry as exceedingly dangerous. In his opinion the proper course was to abandon the position and unite the garrison (about ten thousand men) to the main army of operations, for the reason that its presence at Harper's Ferry would not hinder the enemy from crossing the Potomac; that if we were unsuccessful in the approaching battle, Harper's Ferry would be of no use and its garrison necessarily would be lost; that if we were successful, we would immediately recover the post without any difficulty, while the addition of ten thousand men to the active army would be an important factor in securing success. And he added that if it were determined to hold the position, the existing arrangements were all wrong, as it would be easy for the enemy to surround and capture the garrison; that the garrison ought, at least, to be withdrawn to the Maryland Heights where they could resist attack and be relieved; that he and Secretary Seward, at the latter's request, went to General Halleck's quarters where General McClellan repeated the statements that he made to Seward, and that Halleck received them with ill concealed contempt, saying that everything was all right as it was, that General McClellan's views were erroneous and bowed them out.

General Miles' shameful surrender of Harper's Ferry after only a slight resistance and within hearing of the guns of General McClellan's army, was one of the great mistakes of the campaign. The other was the failure of Burnside to promptly cross the Antietam and attack Lee's right. The commission, consisting of Major-General D. Hunter U. S. Volunteer, prest., and Colonel J. Holt, judge-advocate-general, called by the government to investigate the conduct of certain officers connected with and the circumstances attending the abandonment of Maryland Heights and the surrender of Harper's Ferry, severely censured General Miles for his disgraceful surrender of Harper's Ferry. Had

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the garrison been slower to surrender, or the Army of the Potomac swifter to march, the enemy would have been forced to raise the siege, or have been taken in detail with the Potomac dividing his forces. The garrison at Harper's Ferry should have been satisfied that relief, however long delayed, would come at last, and that 2000 men killed and wounded in Harper's Ferry would have been a small loss, had the post been secured, and would probably have saved more than 2000 at Antietam.

The Antietam is crossed by four bridges of which that nearest its confluence with the Potomac was not used during the battle, except by the troops of General A. P. Hill, coming from Harper's Ferry to reinforce Lee. The next above this one is known as the "Burnside Bridge," and is the one by which the road from Sharpsburgh to Rohrersville crosses the stream. The next above is the bridge of the Sharpsburgh and Keedysville and Boonsborough turnpike and another two miles and a half higher up is the bridge of the road from Keedysville to Williamsport.

Besides these bridges there were several fords. These are somewhat difficult, but when I visited the place five years ago I could not help feeling provoked and chagrined to think that these fords were not made use of and the enemy flanked and driven from the bridge earlier in the day.

Early on the morning of the 17th McClellan ordered Burnside to hold his men in readiness to assault the bridge and to await furthers orders. McClellan says at eight o'clock an order was sent to Burnside to carry the bridge, gain possession of the heights beyond and to advance along the crest upon Sharpsburgh and its rear. Palfrey, in his work on Antietam says this order did not reach Burnside until nine A. M. After several attempts to carry the bridge had failed it was finally carried at one P. M. by the Fifty-first

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New York and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, and the troops got across by three P. M. This delay was fatal to the success of the movement.

When Napoleon fought at the bridge of Lodi it was for the purpose of making his own personal courage known to his troops. This was in his early Italian campaign and there was an object to be gained. There was no such incentive for Burnside or McClellan at Burnside's bridge. The main object there should have been to get across the Antietam creek as quickly as possible and attack the right of Lee's army, or at least to menace it in such a manner as to prevent his sending troops from his right to reinforce his left.

With the knowledge of all the facts now in our possession, there is not the shadow of a doubt that, had Burnside's troops gone vigorously into action during the forenoon and attacked Lee's right while we were hammering his left, the latter's army would have been shattered, if not destroyed, and we would have gained a complete victory.

Burnside never should have been promoted beyond the rank of colonel.

This battle preceded the issuance of that great paper which will always be associated with the history of Mr. Lincoln's administration.

Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell of Massachusetts says that Mr. Lincoln told him soon after the battle of Antietam how he came to issue his emancipation proclamation at the time he did. The President said:

"When Lee came over the river I made a resolve that when McClellan should drive him back—and I expected he would do it some time or other—I would send the proclamation after him. I worked upon it and got it pretty much prepared before the action.

"The battle of Antietam was fought on Wednesday but I could

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not find out till Saturday whether we had really won a victory or not. It was then too late to issue the proclamation that week and I dressed it over a little on Sunday, and Monday I gave it out."

Colonel Fox, in his book on regimental losses, says that Antietam was the bloodiest battle of the war. This is true, taking into consideration the time the fighting lasted. Spottsylvania, The Wilderness, Chickamauga and Gettysburg exceeded it in the number of killed and wounded, but each of these dragged its bloody tragedy through several days.

The number of Union soldiers killed at Antietam was 2,108, wounded 9,549 and missing 753, aggregate 12,410.

The reports of Lee's corps and division commanders give the following losses.

	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Total.
Longstreet's	964	5,234	1,310	7,508
Jackson's	351	2,030	57	2,438
D. H. Hill's.....	464	1,852	925	3,241
A. P. Hill's.....	63	283		346
	1,842	9,399	2,292	13,533

It will be noticed from this that in the battle the aggregate losses of the Confederate army were over one thousand greater than the Union troops sustained.

The Second Wisconsin had 30 killed and 48 wounded, making together 78. This, out of less than 200 that we went into the fight with, at Antietam shows that the boys stood bravely to their work.

The First Texas, which was opposed to us in the cornfield, had the greatest loss of any regiment in either army. They went into the fight with 226 men and had 45 killed and 141 wounded, a percentage of 82.3, and Lieutenant-Colonel P. A. Work, who commanded the First Texas, apologizes in his report for the loss of the colors of his regiment.

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The fact was that the color bearer, who was killed, fell lengthwise of one of the furrows in the corn field in such a manner as to partially conceal the flag, and that is probably the reason it was not borne from the field.

McClellan had no superior as an organizer. He also had the enthusiastic support and confidence of his soldiers. This ripened into a blind devotion that I cannot at this late day fully comprehend. I know I had it as strongly as any one in his army. The troops under his command would and did fight as bravely as any soldiers ever fought. I was in nearly all the battles of the Army of the Potomac and I never saw troops in any engagement fight with greater courage than they did on the right of our line at Antietam.

The position taken by Lee was an excellent one from which to fight a defensive battle; nevertheless, it seems to me that if the fight had been renewed the next day we would have gained a decisive victory.

Lee went back to Virginia during the night of the 18th and morning of the 19th of September, leaving his dead and wounded in our hands. It was not a complete victory, although the punishment General Lee's army received was such that from that date the cause of the Confederacy began to recede.

Up to that time the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia, by reason of their victories had an artificial stimulant that enabled them to courageously fight against odds with a river in their rear.

Several times during the battle, General Lee's army stood on the brink of utter defeat, and had the troops been sent in on our side more together along the whole line the result, I believe, would have been a great victory to McClellan's army. The men who met about the Dunkard church on that day gathered there not for religious worship but to fight, and there the blue and the gray showed to the world that they were one people in courage and endurance, destined by the providence of God to be one united people as long as the stars in heaven shall last.

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BATTLE OF CORINTH, THE CAMPAIGNS PRECEDING AND LEADING UP TO THIS BATTLE, AND ITS RESULTS.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM B. McCORD,

FIFTY-FIFTH U. S. COLORED INFANTRY.

(Read November 9, 1897.)

In order that no confusion in the minds of my hearers may be had, it must be borne in mind that the siege of Corinth, which is often confounded with the battle, had terminated in its capture, by the forces under the command of Major-General Halleck, May 29, 1862, and that the battle herein described took place more than four months subsequent to its capture by the Union forces.

Retrospectively,—January 1, 1862, the armies of the United States had not succeeded in advancing and maintaining their lines further south than Cairo in the West, and at or near Washington in the East. All Virginia, except that immediately adjacent to Washington and that part now West Virginia, and a large part of Kentucky were occupied by Rebel forces. In West Virginia and Kentucky a desultory warfare had been conducted, without any very decisive results previous to the time mentioned other than creating confidence of success on the part of the Rebels, and demonstrating incapacity on the part of our leading generals.

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In February, 1862, an advance of our extended lines from East to West was attempted, resulting in driving the organized Rebel forces from Kentucky, and by June 10, 1862, the right of the grand armies was resting on the Mississippi River at Memphis, and by August 15th, practically clearing what is now West Virginia and Kentucky of all opposition. The armies commanded by General McClellan, which composed the left wing, had participated in the simultaneous movement, but failed to maintain the advances made, and were, at the date of October 1, 1862, occupying a line but little, if any, in advance of that occupied by the left wing of our grand armies January 1, 1862.

After the capture of Corinth by Major-General Halleck, May 29, 1862, General Beauregard, commanding the Rebel forces retired south and finally moved eastward to northern Alabama and Chattanooga, confronting the weaker and almost unprotected center of our lines running from Memphis to the Potomac. General Halleck was called to Washington and placed in command of all the armies and was the responsible commanding officer when Beauregard moved east. It was necessary to head off what seemed to be his intention, i. e., breaking through our center, and General Don Carlos Buell who had joined General Grant at Shiloh during the progress of that famous battle, and who had participated in the siege of Corinth, and its capture, was dispatched with his forces to prevent the consummation of the seeming designs of Beauregard.

After General Halleck's transfer to Washington, General Grant was left in command of the district of West Tennessee. His command had, since the battle of Fort Donelson, been augmented by a large number of new regimental and battery organizations. His forces had been seriously depleted by sickness and losses in the several battles fought. These forces were scattered, occupying the different impor-

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tant posts of Memphis, Corinth, Jackson, Union City and Columbus, including several other points of minor importance. General Grant's headquarters were at first at Memphis, afterward at Jackson, Tenn. The posts mentioned were all in direct communication by rail, excepting Memphis and Corinth; these two posts communicated by way of Jackson, leaving an opening of something more than one hundred miles, through which raids were frequently made by Rebels under the command of Forrest. As the Union forces at Memphis and Corinth were strong enough at either of these points to meet any Rebel forces then in Northern Mississippi, and as by this time our cavalry forces had been materially increased, these dashes by Forrest were hastily made and resulted in his precipitous retirement without much, if any, fighting. At this time, now the summer of 1862, the Rebel authorities had been promised by the Sons of Liberty, the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Copperhead element, who were especially strong and active in the states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, that if a strong force could cut its way to the Ohio River, an uprising of all these traitorous elements would at once take place, and with their cooperation it would not be a difficult matter to march through to the lakes. General Bragg was therefore placed in command of the larger portion of Beauregard's army, and from Chattanooga, about August 20, 1862, started for Louisville and Cincinnati. Nearing Louisville, Bragg found himself confronted with a strong Union force, and being disappointed in the aid promised by the traitors of the North, turned south again, receiving at Perrysville, Ky., a sound thrashing by the troops under General Buell.

Here it is worth while to quote from Rebel authority as to the disappointment at the non-fulfillment of the promises of aid heretofore mentioned. "His campaign had not

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gained the object for which it was undertaken. He had failed to take Louisville and Cincinnati; he had not gained any important victory. The Northwestern States had not sued for peace, notwithstanding the magnanimous terms which had been offered. Even citizens of Kentucky had not rallied around his standard. The effect of our retreat, along the road, was everywhere sinking and depressing in the extreme. No miniature banners waved, no white 'kerchiefs greeted our troops with approving smiles, from lovely women, and no wild cheer was heard responsive to the greeting which had attended their march into Kentucky. All was sullen, downcast and gloomy." The same writer further says that, "The unfulfilled promises made by friends in the North were not so disappointing as the lack of sympathy and manifest cowardice manifested by those we had reason to count as friends. Indeed, no subject was at once more dispiriting and perplexing to the South, than the cautious and unmanly reception given our armies in Kentucky and Maryland."

The campaign inaugurated by Bragg commenced at a time and was prosecuted when some of our best men began to doubt seriously our ability to overthrow the Rebellion. Our armies had been seriously depleted; new levies had been called and were being rushed to the front, unprepared by experience of any kind for war; a cloud of darkness and distress pervaded the whole land. It was without doubt the darkest days of the war. Yet the devotion of the people was such that the crisis was met heroically. The sacrifices made at this time by mothers, wives and sisters furnish an epoch in our history which should never be forgotten in any attempt to transmit history to future generations. The campaign inaugurated by Bragg was of such serious import as to call forth the best energies of the Union authorities in meeting the onset. General Grant in his Memoirs says: "I had been continually called on to rein-

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force Buell until at this time my force numbered less than 50,000 men of all arms. This included everything from Cairo south, within my jurisdiction."

At this point in history another campaign was inaugurated by the Rebel authorities. General Sterling Price, after being driven from Missouri, was transferred with a large Rebel force taken from the trans-Mississippi department of the Rebel forces to Mississippi. He immediately commenced a movement, either primarily to prevent reinforcements being sent from General Grant to aid General Buell, or, ultimately, to join Bragg in his anticipated victorious campaign through the Northern states. In accordance with this plan, Price on the 13th of September, 1862, occupied Iuka, Miss., Colonel Murphy of the Eighth Wisconsin, who was commanding this outpost, retiring. On the 18th of September General Ord with about 8,000 men moved out from Corinth to Burnsville about twelve miles east. General Grant ordered General Rosecrans to move out to Jacinto, about ten miles southeast from Corinth, to attack Price. On September 19, 1862, Generals Ord and Rosecrans attacked Price, driving him from Iuka, but for some reason Rosecrans did not perform the duties assigned him. General Grant says, "I was disappointed at the results at Iuka, but I had so high an opinion of General Rosecrans that I found no fault at the time." General Price therefore escaped the well-laid trap and fell back south and west to the vicinity of Holly Springs, and there, in conjunction with the forces of Earl, Van Dorn and Villipuge, inaugurated the campaign which culminated in the battle of Corinth, October 3 and 4, 1862.

The climax of our failures had passed, and the genesis of an era of confidence and success is at hand, seemingly led by the Divine Hand accompanied by the most wonderful military combinations and resultant victories, with but few

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exceptions, until the clouds of war were lifted at Appomattox. Lincoln's promise of September 22, 1862, to free the slaves was a bow of promise which led us through the wilderness as if by a cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.

Now as to Corinth, situated four miles south of the northern line of Mississippi, at the crossing of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., and the Memphis & Charlestown R. R., the first mentioned road running almost directly north and south and the latter from east to west generally, but at the crossing at Corinth deflecting several degrees to the north as it runs west, making a wedge-shaped piece of ground between the two railroads, north of the Memphis & Charlestown and west of the Mobile & Ohio and northwest of the crossing.

The Rebel line of earthworks, constructed for their defense, ran from the Memphis & Charlestown R. R. from a point about two miles east of Corinth, crossing the Mobile & Ohio R. R. about three miles north of Corinth, and then deflecting south, striking the Memphis & Charlestown R. R. near Chewalla about six miles a little north of a direct line west from Corinth. After the occupation of Corinth, General Halleck, believing that he was now in possession of the strategic point of the Mississippi valley, built a line of fortifications within the Rebel lines about half-way between the Rebel fortifications and Corinth, and added many strong earthworks south and west, intending, no doubt, to connect all these works by rifle-pits. General Grant says that it would have taken more than 100,000 men to have manned these works, and, notwithstanding these ideas of this brilliant tactician and great strategist, this same general, now in command of the armies of the United States, was forced. in order to meet the strategy of Bragg, to reduce this force to less than 20,000 men, which force at the time of October 3, 1862, after calling in all the available outposts, amounted to less than 23,000 men of all arms.

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After General Grant assumed command of the district of West Tennessee four strong earthworks, known as forts but properly lunettes, were constructed, none of them more than one-half mile from the crossing of the railroads at Corinth. Three of these works were situate west from this crossing, the one on the right, Battery Robinette, on a ridge through which the Memphis & Charlestown R. R. was cut. This and its sister fortification, Battery Williams, situate about 600 feet south of Robinette, were so manned with guns as to rake the country west and north, covering as far as the range of their guns would reach, all the triangular piece of ground between the two railroads west of the Mobile & Ohio R. R., and were enabled to reach from Robinette with the guns on the right of that fortification the open and unprotected ground east of the Mobile & Ohio and immediately North of Corinth. On the 4th it was on and over this ground that the Rebels made the most magnificent charge and met the most terrible slaughter the writer ever witnessed, the guns from Robinette, before mentioned, contributing not a little to this carnage.

The concentration of the forces at Holly Springs and Grand Junction under Generals Price, Villipuge and Van Dorn was well known to General Grant whose headquarters was at this time at Jackson, Tenn. General Grant was unable, however, to determine whether it was the intention on the part of the Rebels to first attack Bolivar where General Ord was in command and then move on Jackson and thence through to Kentucky to co-operate with Bragg, or to attack Corinth. He was therefore compelled to await the movement of these Rebel forces, and because of this uncertainty, could not risk moving troops from any one point to reinforce another. It was not until October 2, that Corinth seemed to be determined upon by the Rebels as the point first to be captured. Large commissary and quar-

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termasters stores, much needed by the Rebels were in the immense warehouses constructed by General Halleck here. The capture of these would have inflicted a terrible loss on our army, and would have been of incalculable value to the Rebels. The incentive was therefore great to the Rebel forces, and no doubt contributed to their almost unparalleled daring assault on the morning of the 4th.

The withdrawal of the forces at the outposts of Rienzi, Jacinto and Burnsville and their concentration at Corinth on the 2nd, indicated preparation to meet an emergency. The movement of troops through Corinth late in the evening of the 2nd to lines west of Corinth continued until quite a late hour.

The forces at Corinth were under the personal command of General Rosecrans and consisted of the Second and Sixth Divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, veterans of Donelson and Shiloh; the Second and Third Divisions of the Army of the Mississippi, fresh from Iuka, had come in from Iuka and Jacinto. General T. A. Davies commanded the Second Division and General Thomas J. McKeane the Sixth Division of the Army of the Tennessee, while Generals David S. Stanley and Chas. S. Hamilton commanded the Second and Third Divisions of the Army of the Mississippi. There was also a brigade of Cavalry and six field batteries. The total effective force under the command of General Rosecrans was on the morning of the 3rd not more than 20,000 men.

On the morning of the 3rd the Rebel forces were known to be advancing on the Chewalla road in strong force, driving before them Colonel Oliver's Brigade of General McKeane's Division, which had taken position the evening previous. At this time it was not clear that an attack was intended in this quarter, or whether this was not a movement to mask an attack in another direction, or to cover

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the enemy's columns while passing to the northward. It will be remembered that this field of operation was densely wooded and with few roads and no clearings; concealment was therefore easy and observation almost impossible.

At about eight o'clock General McArthur reinforced Colonel Oliver with his own brigade and assumed command of both. Later the Third Brigade of Davies' Division was sent to his aid. The fighting was now on. General Hamilton's Division came in on the right, his skirmish line covering all the ground between McArthur's right and the Mobile & Ohio R. R. The Rebels at about eleven o'clock furiously assailed McArthur's lines. General Oglesby with his brigade had come in on McArthur's left and, in order to cover the ground assigned to him, had weakened his line. The Rebels assailed this line with an overwhelming force which after a desperate resistance forced Oglesby back with the loss of two guns. This success on the part of the Rebels uncovered McArthur's left. Our reserves came up at this time and in good order, our line was retired and position was taken up about one and one-half miles west, and extending northwest of Corinth. About two o'clock the enemy appeared in front of this position. The day was excessively warm and the troops were suffering much from want of water.

About two o'clock P. M., General Davies had brought to the assistance of General Oglesby Colonel Baldwin's Brigade of the Second Division. About this time the Rebels attacked Davies' line furiously. Three separate assaults were made. As fast as one line was driven back, another would take its place. These assaults lasted more than two hours. The Second Division with the obstinacy of the veterans they were, maintained their position. Here General Hackleman was killed, General Oglesby wounded, thought to be mortally, and Colonel Baldwin disabled, all

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commanding brigades of Davies' Division. Later Mower's Brigade of Stanley's Division reinforced Davies, and Sullivan's Brigade was sent to his aid. In the last attack on Davies' line about one hundred skirmishers, all Mississippi riflemen, were captured. The fighting now suddenly ceased; Davies and McKeane now withdrew their troops near to the outskirts of Corinth and formed to await the attack of the morrow.

The fighting of the first day, the 3d, was at times terrific, but as the object on the part of General Rosecrans seemed to be to definitely determine the position and forces of the enemy, our fighting troops were gradually drawn in so that their line would be protected by the forts or lunettes heretofore mentioned. The losses to our troops so far as numbers were concerned during this day was comparatively small, although we were seriously crippled by the loss of the three brigade commanders before mentioned. I have not the data at hand, but it has been said that more than one-third of the killed, wounded and missing of this day's fight were commissioned officers, and three-fourths of all these losses fell on Davies' Division. Here attention is called to the fact that south of Fort Williams heretofore described, about half a mile, on college hill was located a lunette manned with eight Napoleon guns, and east of the railroad crossing about one-half a mile on the Memphis & Charlestown R. R. was located in a strong earthen fortification, Mattison's Battery, manned with siege guns which had performed wonders on Sunday evening at Shiloh when the forces under Beauregard made their last grand effort of that day to drive the Union troops into the Tennessee River.

During the night of the 3d, Rosecrans arranged his lines for the anticipated struggle of the morrow. Sullivan posted his brigade on the extreme right, his left resting on a small

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unfinished earthwork occupied by Richardson's Battery. The remaining forces of this division, Hamilton's, were in echelon to the right and rear of this brigade, with their lines extending obliquely to the line of Sullivan's Brigade, running nearly from west to east. This formation was, without doubt, intended for the purpose of meeting any flank movement that might be made on the right of our lines by the enemy. Davies' Division occupied the line next on the left of Sullivan, its left reaching to the Mobile & Ohio R. R.; Stanley's Division was next on Davies' left. McKeane's Division was on the left of Stanley's and reached beyond the college. The lines thus formed ran nearly directly from northeast to southwest, and were about one and a half miles long. All night these lines were preparing temporary fortifications, constructed mostly from logs and timber, and such other temporary defences as could be obtained. The ground between Davies' Division and the Mobile road was open timbered land, but west of the road for nearly half a mile it was covered by a dense growth of brush, very difficult to penetrate. The regiment to which I belonged, the Northwestern sharpshooters, known as the Squirrel Tails, afterward the Sixty-sixth Illinois, was about eleven o'clock that night deployed as skirmishers in front of our division, Davies', the right of our skirmish line resting nearly opposite the center of Sullivan's Brigade and at this point, near one-half mile in front of his line, the skirmishers from Hamilton's Division forming on our right and in a line nearly diagonal to ours and extending round the right of Sullivan's Brigade full a half a mile. The skirmish line of the sharpshooters, the regiment first mentioned, extended, so as to cover Davies' Division, the left resting opposite to and in front of Robinette about two hundred yards. The ground on the west and in front of Robinette had been a dense forest of heavy oak and maple trees, which had been felled and

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formed a strong abattis, leaving the Chewalla road that ran through this forest open. This road was not more than fifty feet wide.

As the results of the first day's fighting were encouraging to the enemy, inspiring them with the idea that Rosecrans was preparing for a retreat, it will be noted that their attack on our right on the morning of the 4th seemed to be made with the hope of preventing our retreat to the north and joining the forces under General McPherson, who had been ordered with his command at Jackson by General Grant to reinforce General Rosecrans.

The Rebels were active all this night and continually moved to positions, their right resting on the Chewalla road and their left extending far to the north of Hamilton's Division, thus outflanking our right. Their lines were heavily massed in front of Davies' Division.

At about four o'clock on the morning of the 4th, the ball was opened. The enemy had succeeded in posting a battery on the Chewalla road on an eminence not more than 500 yards in front of Robinette, from which they opened on that redoubt in splendid style, to which Robinette responded in kind, Battery Williams joining. This contest was a splendid sight and continued without any decisive results for more than one hour. Company B of the sharpshooters, which had worked its way as skirmishers through the abattis before mentioned to within about 200 yards of the Rebel battery awaiting daylight, was in readiness for action, and as the light became clear it was discovered that this battery was preparing to retire. The sharpshooters immediately opened fire, dismounting the riders, killing the horses and disabling a large number of the artillery-men. The guns were abandoned by the Rebels. Company B rushed forward and dragged in two of these Napoleon guns. They are now in the State-house grounds at Springfield, Ill., as trophies of this gallant action.

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At about eight o'clock in the morning the Rebels were found to be rapidly moving through the open timber north of our skirmish line. The ground was undulating and concealed their strength, enabling them to obtain position within striking distance of Hamilton's Division. About this time the Rebels were seen emerging from the dense underbrush, west of the Mobile road, quickly forming on the line of that road and in front of Davies' Division. Three lines, one after another, were formed in an incredibly short time. The Rebel left now charged on Hamilton in lines massed by brigades, utterly routing Sullivan's Brigade and demoralizing Hamilton's reserves. The entire line from the right, and covering Davies' and Stanley's Divisions was now involved in a terrible onslaught. The right of our lines being turned, two regiments on the right of Davies' Division were compelled to fall back, which resulted in the capture of Battery Richardson. Robinette opened, raking the lines of the Rebels charging in front of Davies. On and on these Rebels with bowed heads as if facing a storm came with a steady heroism never excelled. The crash of shot and shell, the falling limbs from trees and the fire of batteries in front seemed to mow their lines as if by a cyclone. The gaps in their front lines were promptly filled from the rear lines. The skirmish line of the sharpshooters was being forced back and, without orders, they were retiring to take position in the line of battle of Davies' Division. After advancing to within two hundred yards of the line of Davies' Division, the Rebels halted and delivered a volley from each of their lines at and through the line of skirmishers, reaching our regular line of battle. Davies' Division responded quickly to this fire, not awaiting the retirment of the sharpshooters, many of whom were without doubt killed and wounded by the fire from our own troops. The fire from our lines was now terrific, but the Rebels, with fixed bayo-

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nets, pushed on, still determined to overwhelm Davies, and in a few minutes Davies' Division was forced back about two hundred yards where, with our reserves, they were met by a counter-charge. They had captured Fort Richardson and turned its guns on our lines. The Rebel slaughter had been great up to this time and, after a short contest with bayonets and clubbed muskets, they were completely routed in front of Davies' Division. Hamilton had by this time gallantly rallied his forces and repulsed the enemy on our right. This movement of the Rebels can be appropriately expressed in a quotation from B. S. Taylor, a newspaper correspondent who, in describing the movements of Hooker and Sheridan at Missionary Ridge says, "By the gods, it was a splendid sight to see to one who had not a friend or brother there."

The enemy was swept before our lines like chaff and beat a hasty retreat, suffering terribly from our fire on their now disorganized forces. The flood of battle was now stayed in front of Davies' and Hamilton's Divisions. Battery Mattison from its heavy guns now opened on this retreating mob with shell and shot, forcing them to seek protection from fallen timber and especially the railroad embankment, from which position more than 1500 of them were captured. In the rally and counter-charge every regiment in Davies' Division and Sullivan's Brigade took part, and they were joined by the remainder of Hamilton's Division in gallantly driving the enemy from this portion of the field.

Here it is fitting to note the fact that the Eighty-first Ohio Infantry of the Second Brigade of Davies' Division was commanded by a young lieutenant-colonel but a few months from college. This regiment, with others, was in reserve, and when the counter-charge before mentioned was made it may be said that the foot-ball tactics, no doubt then embraced in college curriculum, availed this young commander

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much; at least the Eighty-first Ohio under his command made a grand center rush on the lines of the enemy, making a touch-down that was most creditable to its commander. This lieutenant-colonel, afterwards colonel and brevet-brigadier-general, succeeded to the command of this gallant brigade, and is our General R. N. Adams, D. D., Commander of the Minnesota Commandery of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.

It was no doubt intended that our whole front should have been attacked simultaneously, but the heavy abattis in front of Robinette and Stanley's Division was of such a nature as to impede the progress of the Rebel forces. Notwithstanding all this and their defeat on the left, they, with the same spirit and persistency, pushed forward under storms of canister and musketry, led by General Ross and Colonel Rogers, the latter bearing the colors of the Second Texas to the parapet of Robinette, where he and Ross both fell, together with a large number of their men. The gunners of Robinette, unable now to work their guns, with muskets and swab sticks fought hand to hand with the few of the enemy that had mounted the works.

Stanley's Division, from the first appearance of the Rebels in and in front of the abattis, had met them with a murderous fire. The failure to capture Robinette, and the determined resistance of Stanley's Division, together with the splendid charge of the Twenty-seventh and Sixty-third Ohio of this division caused the enemy to make a precipitate retreat, fully as badly demoralized as that of about thirty minutes earlier on their left, and this ends the fighting at Corinth on the morning of the 4th at about twelve o'clock.

Notwithstanding the fact that the enemy were totally routed, and were now in retreat, a demoralized mob, and the fact that McKeane's splendid division, which had not been attacked by the Rebels, together with most of our re-

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serves and the cavalry brigade, had not participated in the fight of this day, and the further fact that the losses of our troops which had done the fighting were small, all eager and able to pursue the enemy, not even a skirmish line was during the afternoon of this day advanced in pursuit of the enemy. Squads of soldiers from our lines (without orders) however, did rush forward and made prisoners of large numbers of the enemy, in some instances one man capturing from five to twenty and in another instance twenty men capturing three hundred. The next morning pursuit was ordered and was made in a most cautious and deliberate manner. It was found in this pursuit, that the Rebels had strewn the route of their retreat with abandoned arms by the thousands, besides many guns; and that the woods for miles were strewn with their dead and wounded. Many Rebels were captured entirely exhausted from want of rations. The Rebels fell back west and were met at the Hatchie bridge by the forces of Generals Ord and Hurlbut who had been dispatched from Bolivar to intercept this retreat. Considerable fighting occurred here. The Rebels were driven back over the bridge with heavy loss and turning south continued their retreat, General Hurlbut pursuing to Ripley, about forty miles. General Ord was severely wounded at Hatchie; our losses otherwise at this point were insignificant.

The delay in pursuing the enemy by General Rosecrans was unaccountable. The losses of the enemy in killed and wounded of the first days fighting will never be known. The field, however, was dotted with many fresh made trenches, indicating the burial of not less than 200 dead, the wounded, no doubt, having been promptly taken to the rear. Their losses on the second day by actual count of burial parties were 1423, three-fourths of these in front of Davies' Division. Prisoners captured in the two days fighting were 2268.

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Fourteen stands of colors were taken from the enemy on the 4th, eleven of these by Davies' Division. The reports made by the Rebel generals do not admit their loss to have been more than one-half of the dead and missing herein mentioned, but this was at that time characteristic of the Rebel reports. Our losses were in the two days fight 315 killed, 1812 wounded and 232 missing, total 2359. We lost but two guns.

The lowest estimate of the forces of the Rebels joining in this attack was about 42,000, double the number of our troops. This was the first battle of the war wherein the Rebel authorities admitted a total defeat, by equal numbers, as they claimed.

An officer of General Maury's staff reporting this battle to General Beauregard says, "We scarcely got in when we were met and overwhelmed by the enemy's massive reserves. Our lines melted under their fire like snow in a thaw. The fragments that escaped, formed again, before we got beyond the fire of their batteries, and Lovell now came over and became rear-guard, and we fell back nine miles that night. Maury's Division went into action 3900 strong. This division did not now number 800 men." This proves in itself the falsity of the Rebel reports as to losses. The same officer further says, "The enemy's force I do not know, but he swallowed up seven brigades of as good troops as I ever saw in twenty minutes." The heavy fighting began at about ten o'clock and had ended at about twelve, noon. The fatal results mentioned by this staff officer as to time, is therefore much underestimated.

This battle effectually destroyed the Rebel forces under the command of Generals Price, Van Dorn and Villipuge and relieved North Mississippi forever of their presence, clearing the way for the movements of General Grant on Vicksburg which were soon under way.

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General Grant says, "This battle was recognized by me as being a decided victory, though not so complete as I now think was within the easy grasp of the commander at Corinth. Since the war it is known that the result, as it was, was a crushing blow to the enemy and felt by him more than was appreciated at the North. The battle relieved me of further anxiety for the safety of the territory within my jurisdiction."

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PERSONAL EXPERIENCE—A SIDE LIGHT ON THE WILSON RAID, JUNE, 1864.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL EDMUND M. POPE,

COLONEL EIGHTH NEW YORK CAVALRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read December 14, 1897.)

At the period of my story, in the latter days of June, 1864, the Army of the Potomac had closed the Wilderness campaign, and was south of the James River, investing Petersburg.

Sheridan, with the First and Second Cavalry Divisions under Generals Torbert and McGregg, was en route from the White House to his crossing of the James, and was receiving close attention from the Confederate cavalry under Hampton, Fitz Lee and Butler, while the Third Cavalry Division under General J. H. Wilson, was south of the James, under the watchful care of W. H. F. Lee and his division of Confederate cavalry.

General Wilson was under orders, for a movement to destroy the Confederate lines of supply from the south and southwest, the Weldon, Southside, and Richmond and Danville Railroads, and at two A. M. on the 22nd of June, with his division of two brigades under McIntosh and Chapman, and four regiments from the Army of the James under General Kautz, (in all 5500 sabers and 12 guns) he moved from his camp at Sinai Church near Prince George Court House.

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Crossing the Jersualem Plank Road, and the Blackwater and Nottaway Rivers, he reached the Weldon R. R. at Ream's Station, which he destroyed, then marched via Dinwiddie Court House, and turning north struck the South Side Road near Sutherlands, thence moved west to Burksville, and south on the Richmond and Danville Road, until, on the afternoon of the 25th, he was checked at the crossing of the Roanoke River, and found himself unable to carry or destroy the bridge at that point. In the early morning of the 26th he withdrew and started over the most direct route for a shelter within the Union lines.

It is no part of my present purpose to make a detailed report of this eventful and disastrous campaign, but I will indicate some of the events which formed a connecting link, between the compact, well organized, and powerful cavalry force, which moved out on the 22nd of June, and the shattered, disorganized, wearied, and worried crowd of horse and footmen, which regained our lines in the early days of July.

There had been no rain in that section since the 5th of June; the dust was—well, you know what that was; the heat was intense, and the work of disabling and destroying the railroads had been arduous and continuous.

Chapman's Brigade was attacked at Ream's Station on the first day out, and we had been in daily, almost constant, contact with an ever enlarging force under that enterprising officer, W. H. F. Lee.

The five-days' rations with which we started were exhausted, and as Mr. Lee's men objected to our foraging widely, Mr. Wilson's men kept their ranks well closed, and tightened their belts.

A large part of the command had been engaged at Blacks and Whites on the 23rd, at Nottaway Court House in the

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afternoon and night of the same day, and at Staunton River on the 25th, with a constant skirmish at some part of the column.

Almost constantly marching when not destroying roads or fighting, sleeping, except in the saddle, was impossible, and when dismounted to fight, in the last days of the raid, the men would fall asleep under fire.

Although we had easily repulsed every attack of the Confederate cavalry, the skirmishing had been continuous, and the fighting, sometimes, severe; our ambulance train was filled with wounded and disabled soldiers, while a vast number of vehicles of every description, and contrabands to the number of several thousands, crowded the roads and hindered the column.

This exodus of negroes was not desired or encouraged, but it could not be prevented by us without the use of more severe measures than the commander would authorize. (I may here mention that these unfortunates, with their varied assortment of vehicles laden with their varied assortments of plunder, failed to reach the "promised land," but were all recaptured, and set at work restoring the Danville Road, which we had destroyed.)

Under these conditions, after a rapid march from Roanoke Station we reached the crossing of the Nottaway River at Double Bridges, in the afternoon of the 28th. At this point a road led south and east, crossing the Weldon Road at Jarratt's Station, perhaps ten miles distant. Another road ran northerly and northeasterly, passing two miles west of Stony Creek Station and continuing northeasterly to Prince George Court House which had been our starting point within the Union lines.

Still another road ran northerly, passing about ten miles west of Stony Creek Station and crossing the Sappony, Stony, and Rowanty Creeks on its way to Ream's Station and Petersburg.

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A road ran west from Stony Creek Station, intersecting the roads I have named and forming a direct route to Dinwiddie.

There were other cross-roads from the Weldon R. R. to the Ream's Station road. Stony Creek Station was perhaps ten miles north of Jarratt's, ten miles south of Ream's Station and twenty miles south of Petersburg.

At Double Bridges McIntosh's Brigade had the advance, and was moved out on the Prince George's Court House road, and near the crossing of the Stony Creek Station road it became engaged with the enemy under Wade Hampton. McIntosh was reinforced from Chapman's Brigade, but could not force the passage.

[Hampton had been hurriedly withdrawn from Sheridan's front, and confronted Wilson with the brigades of Butler, Chambliss, and Rosser, and an infantry support; while Fitz Lee, with his division, stiffened by Mahone's infantry, was at Ream's Station, and W. H. F. Lee's Division was on our left flank, promiscuous like.]

The fighting with McIntosh was intermittent, and some hours after dark Chapman's Brigade was put in the line, and about midnight McIntosh was withdrawn and followed the division of Kautz, which had been moved on the direct road to Ream's Station.

The attempt to withdraw Chapman's Brigade was only partially successful. The artillery and a suporting regiment, got off early and in reasonable order, and later General Chapman with about three hundred of his command, taking a circuitous route, rejoined McIntosh in front of Ream's Station at noon on the 29th; while my regiment, the Eighth New York Cavalry, was left in position, dismounted, behind a rail breastwork, forming part of the original line of Chapman's Brigade.

The enemy, knowing of our attempted withdrawal, was

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closely pressing the line. About 4 A. M. their artillery fired the woods in our rear, and drove our led horses from their position, thus preventing their capture a little later.

In the early dawn of the 29th, two brigades of the enemy passed by our left, and, forming a line in our rear, moved down upon us. We made a hurried and disorderly movement by the right flank, by which most of the line escaped capture, and some, fortunately finding their led horses which had been driven from our rear, mounted and wended their way to rejoin the division, while others were scattered in squads and singly, through the woods and fields. At this point, the writer parted company with the command, but the record runs—

That Kautz, reaching the vicinity of Ream's Station about seven A. M. of the 29th, found Fitz Lee and Mahone's infantry in overpowering force, and at once became actively engaged. At 9 A. M. General Wilson had joined McIntosh and as the enemy developed their strength and partially surrounded his command, he abandoned his ambulances, fired his trains and caissons, and attempted to save his cavalry and guns.

Kautz, with a large part of his command and a part of Wilson's, took to the woods, and succeeded in crossing the railroad at an unguarded point south of Ream's Station. He reached safety within the Union lines on the 30th, but left his artillery, and everything on wheels, with many prisoners, in the hands of the enemy.

Wilson, with McIntosh's Brigade, a remnant of Chapman's, and about five hundred men of Kautz's comand, forced his way to the rear and retraced his route to Double Bridges; his artillery under Fitz Hugh, and Maynadier, was all captured or abandoned, but McIntosh managed to gather and maintain a strong rear-guard, warding off too close a contact with the pursuing foe. Marching as rapidly as was

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possible, he passed the intersection of the road to Stony Creek Station where Hampton was lying, unmolested, crossed the Nottaway at Double Bridges, moved across the Weldon Road at Jarratt's Station, recrossed the Nottaway, by a ford, at Peter's Bridge [only two hours in advance of Hampton], and crossed the Blackwater at Blunt's Bridge, and burned the Bridge behind him in the early morning of the 1st of July. Then proceeding more leisurely he reached his camp within the Union lines at 2 P. M. on the 2nd of July.

Now to matters more personal, and I wish it were possible to treat of personal matters, without the use of personal pronouns.

Recurring to the situation of my regiment, on the left of our line at Stony Creek, in the early morning of the 29th. I had been advised by the pickets that a Confederate column was passing our left flank and forming in the rear. It was fairly light when I went to the rear to verify the report. After going but a short distance I saw the gray line advancing, and was challenged and fired upon from it. I ran back, and ordered the regiment to leave the line by the right flank. This movement was made without formation, and on a run, and most of the command escaped, for the time. I was in the rear with a few men and we were moving through woods; the Confederate line had not seen our retreat, and they were advancing with caution, so we passed in front of their right, unseen by them.

After going a short distance, seeing a large tree, forming a bridge across a deep but narrow ravine, along the west bank of which we were retreating, and desirous of finding if the railroad lay beyond that ravine, I ran out upon the tree and found that some Confederate infantry were rushing up the ravine; they saw and challenged, and fired at me. Hastily crossing to the east side, and finding there a well worn

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path parallel to our march, I turned south and could see men in front, and hear those who had seen and were following me. I ran but a short distance to where at my right, lying along side of, and between the path and the ravine, was a long log perhaps thirty inches in diameter, on the ravine side of which was a dense growth of vines.

A hasty survey convinced me that this was the place of hiding, and crawling, or rather, backing in, I found plenty of room on the under side of the log, and was covered from sight by the dense growth which came up to, and, in some places, over the log. Hardly was my position secured, before my pursuers came running along the path; they passed out of hearing, to be succeeded by others, who, in squads and singly, passed and repassed throughout that long day. Many of these parties seated themselves upon the log to talk it over, and twice during the day they brought back with them some captives. That there was an interested listener to their talk, you may be assured. I slept some, but had nothing to eat or drink during the day.

I had with me a Colt's revolver, which fortunately was loaded, and turning my dark blue jacket showed a grayish stone colored lining which would attract no attention at a little distance, and made me look somewhat like unto one of my enemies, whose uniform was not uniform. Late in the afternoon I learned that we had been repulsed at Ream's Station, that they were gathering in many Yankee prisoners, who were scattered through the country; and that the line of railroad was to be closely guarded during the night, so as they said no Yank might travel on that road unless he had a pass.

The tramping past my hiding place continued long after dark, and it was midnight before I ventured to crawl out. The moon was large and the night was light. Suffering for water and being entirely ignorant of the country, my first

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effort was to get within sight of the railroad and its line of pickets, after which I moved south, parallel with the road.

Many attempts were made to cross, but they challenged and fired upon me so often, that I gave up the effort for the night, and sought for shelter. After a little I found and entered a wooded swamp,—one of those swamps so peculiar to the headwaters of the Blackwater. The trees were very large and tall, with roots growing out of the water and so closely woven together that, by using care, I could travel upon them.

Penetrating so far as to be out of sight from the edges of the swamp, I found a place in which to curl up, and lying down, fell asleep, and wakened with the bright sun shining full in my face about 10 A. M. of the 30th, on the ground, or rather on the water level. No moving thing but snakes, could be seen. These were numerous, some of them enormous in size, but they feared me as much as I did them and did not come near me when I was awake. I had no difficulty in quenching thirst, but something to eat seemed desirable, and working my way eastward I could, after a time, see the edge of the swamp and, beyond, a field of ripening wheat.

Cautiously advancing and reaching the field, I crawled out into it and, gathering and shelling the heads, had a hearty meal, of one course

Then filling my jacket above the belt with heads of wheat, I crept back into the swamp.

From my position while in the wheat-field I had heard many scouting parties, and throughout the day I could hear the movements of the Confederates, who seem to have been generally dispersed for a search through the day time; but although I could sometimes see them, none of them could see me, in my hiding place.

After it was quite dark, leaving the swamp, and crossing

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the wheat-field which had been my dining room, I came upon a Confederate brigade, which had been down to Jarratt's and on its way back bivouacked along the road in my immediate front. I wanted nothing better than this, and went boldly toward and to the road, which I have since concluded was the Halifax road. Passing leisurely through their camp and avoiding too close contact with their camp fires, I was soon outside their line, and next came to the railroad. It was closely picketed, but the proximity of the brigade had taken the attention of the guards and they were easily passed.

A short journey eastward brought me to the edge of another of those Blackwater swamps. My repeated attempts to flank this swamp brought challenges, and failures, and as daylight was approaching I sought its recesses and was soon asleep.

When I awoke it was nearly noon of the 1st of July. Again water and snakes in abundance. The first I could drink, but the last would not satisfy my hunger, and I determined to pass through the swamp. After several hours slow progress I could see an opening in front, and, in the distance, saw another wheat-field.

When I reached the eastern edge of the swamp and the forest, I found a farm path running along the woodside, and could see soldiers scattered about, some mounted and others dismounted, but they were so far away I ventured to show myself, and so crossed an open field and went into the wheat-field.

I had been there but a short time when I was hailed with "Come out of that," and looking up I saw two "butternuts" coming toward me through the wheat, following a path which I had not noticed before.

As they were still some distance from me I turned and leisurely moved toward the field and the woods, and in-

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creased my pace to a rapid walk. On reaching the edge of the swamp, I turned north, and finding a place where for the instant I was hidden from their sight I dashed into the swamp and, running as fast as I dared lest they should see me, threw myself down among the roots. My disappearance was commented on, and one said, "What will you bet he ain't a Yank"; but no search was made for me and, watching my oportunity, I withdrew farther into the swamp, remaining until night.

Unfortunately the moon was near its full, and when I again ventured out it was difficult to discover and avoid the pickets before they had discovered me. I think they fired upon me as many as six times that night, and so much time was lost after each challenge that the coming of day at last drove me to find shelter. This time there was no friendly swamp at hand but I entered a large forest which in places had a dense undergrowth, where I remained through the day of the second of July.

By this time I had decided that it was not probable that I could pass the Confederate lines, unaided, and that I would attempt to capture a man who might be made to serve me as a guide.

Working my way toward the north side of the wood I found that it was skirted by a river, and discovered a strong picket reserve camped on the opposite side, and during the afternoon I made out to get a fairly correct idea of its situation.

A small regiment in number, it was stationed on the north bank of the river, which there ran easterly, with two wagons and a few "A" tents. The horses were tethered to pins and bushes and the men were lying around promiscuously. On the west side of the camp was a ditch, perhaps five feet wide at the top, running to the river.

On the banks of this ditch was a genuine Virginia ever-

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green hedge, while west of the ditch the ground fell off, and in a short distance was nearly on a level with the river, which in fact had overflowed it, in times of high water.

This ground was covered with a dense growth of blackberry bushes, three to five feet high and very close. The tops were green, but the stalks were bare, and red and thorny, and the ground was covered with a black sediment which was baked and cracked from the heat of the sun.

I observed during the day a passing of the men from the camp through the hedge on its west side, to the river, for water, the banks in the immediate front of the camp being steep.

So I decided I would cross the river directly opposite the low ground west of the camp, and about 3 A. M. on the 3rd of July I crept to the bank of the river and, undressing and carrying my clothing and pistol above my head, waded across.

I came out opposite the entrance to the berry bushes, redressed myself and at once took my post on the bank of the ditch, at the place where the path from the camp to the river led through the hedge. And there I waited. How long I waited I do not know, the camp was frequently disturbed by the coming and going of pickets and by firing on their picket lines in various directions, and with the coming of daylight there was a general awakening and preparation for breakfast.

For several hours I had stood immovable with pistol in hand and waited, listening to scraps of conversation in camp. Finally I heard one say, "I'm going fishing." Another said "Bring up some water first." "All right" was the reply, and I was conscious that the hour and the man had arrived.

I heard his approach, and parting the hedge close by me he leaped across the ditch, and as he jumped the ditch I also

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jumped, and was close to him with my pistol at his head when he landed on the west side. I said "Don't you speak," then reached and took his revolver from the holster on the side toward me, and threw it behind me in the ditch.

He tendered me his pail but I said, "Move forward"! I was thoroughly chilled, having taken no exercise since wading the river and I was conscious that the hand holding my pistol was shaking. My friend in gray was quick to notice it. Said he, "You're in a damned tight place." The thought that he thought that I trembled from fear warmed me and nerved me instantly, and with a now steady aim I said, "You're in a damned sight tighter place. Move forward!"

And he moved, while I fell in behind him. A few paces brought him to the berry bushes. He looked at me, and I said, "Go on" and he entered the tangle.

After perhaps twenty paces, fearing that we might be seen from the camp, over the top of the hedge, I ordered him to creep.

Very naturally he objected, and said that the bushes would scratch him to death. I told him that if he did not creep his death would come without a scratch.

Evidently believing me, he got down on his knees and made his way forward, while I followed in his track.

After a short distance finding that we were invisible from the camp I called a halt, and crept up on his right side to look him over. Then, as now, I was slight in physique, while my friend in gray, perhaps thirty years of age, was about six feet tall, and weighed from 180 to 200 pounds.

I felt that he must not get close enough to reach me, and made him lie down facing me with a six foot interval between us, and my revolver pointed at him.

The sun had not yet risen, and I was well aware that unless we were discovered, we should not change our location until night, so I smoothed my bed and rested.

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After a time, we heard the comments of his comrades on his absence. They called him, and getting no response concluded that he had gone fishing, and another man went grumbling after the water.

After the sun was well up, the man was again in demand; they called and called, and then they cursed and cursed, as Confederate soldiers would sometimes do. Then a man was ordered to take care of his neglected horse.

A little later came the time for him to go on picket duty with his relief, and the officers seemed to have been for the first time made acquainted with his prolonged absence. They also swore, and promised that he would catch it. I tried to get him to admit that he was glad to be safe with me, but we could not agree on that point.

About eleven his relief returned to camp and he was again in demand, but after that the camp seemed to forget him for the day. During the absence of his relief I obtained the name of the man, ascertained his regiment and company and heard a good deal of his military and personal history.

He had been in active service about two years, was well posted as to the picket lines and forces, and knew where our lines had been on the previous midnight. He was quite willing to tell me what he knew of these matters, and, as it seemed to me, was rather exultant in reciting how many straggling Yankees they had gathered in, and the incidents attending their capture.

He was quite positive in his statement that it was not possible for any one to get through their lines, unless well acquainted with the locality.

A Georgian by birth, a machinist by trade, with a wife and two children, he had for a time worked in an arsenal, and was then drafted into the field service.

As may be supposed, he had no sympathy with the Slave Power, and was not a Secessionist, but frankly admitted that the Yankees would win out in the end.

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He seemed to be a clean, manly man, who loved his home and his family. He carried the pictures of his wife and children which he showed me.

To my sincere regret his name has passed from my recollection, seemingly beyond recall.

After a time, as the sun rose to the zenith, its rays penetrated the thin foliage at the tops of the bushes, and were reflected from the black, baked surface at the bottom. But for us there was no escape; we must lie there without food or drink sweltering through the entire day. Not even a berry could be seen on the bushes around us.

I was sorely puzzled to decide how to deal with my prisoner, but concluding that he was equally puzzled over his fate, I waited for some manifestation of his curiosity. At last it came, as "all things come to him who waits." Said he "What are you going to do with me"? I replied, I shall release you and you can go to your command, after you have guided me through your picket line.

He promptly replied, "I'll never do that." I said, "Oh, yes you will," and then followed absolute silence for at least two hours. I was greatly troubled to keep awake, I dozed at times, but woke at the slightest movement, and was considering how best to secure his consent to my plans. Having finally determined on my course with him I commenced by stimulating and gratifying his curiosity about me.

I gave him a glimpse of *my* home life, and opened out my army experience, especially my eight month's experience in Libby Prison, which had terminated by exchange a few months previous, and assured him that I had registered a solemn vow that I would not again be taken alive.

Emphasizing the desperation which had led me into his camp that morning, I endeavored to impress upon him that it was no part of my plan to make him a prisoner, and prom-

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ised that if he were captured with me by the Union Troops, I would secure his release from Generals Wilson and Sheridan.

I touched and retouched upon his love for his wife and little ones, and, as if quite casually, told him that if he did not consent to my demand, I should shoot him where he was lying and dressing myself in his clothing would try for another captive who would guide me through.

At last he wavered, and began to suggest the difficulties of the enterprise, and the chances of our being captured by the Confederates. Many times he asked "How could I account for my absence?"

He had not been paid for a long time, and I had but a dollar or two with me, but had a gold watch, and told him I would give him that when we parted, and that his account of his absence would not be disputed by me. He said he didn't want the watch. If he consented it would be because he was compelled to, not because he was hired.

Again and again we went over the ground on which my arguments were based. We talked quietly but earnestly as you may believe, and at last, about 6 P. M., he said he would do as I demanded. Said I, "Will you promise me that, on your honor as a soldier"? He said, "I will promise it on the honor of a soldier."

Then for the first time in twelve hours, I turned my pistol from him, uncocked it and put it in my belt, after which I reached my hand to him.

I was physically almost exhausted, and thought best to manifest the confidence in him which I really felt, and am sure he felt more at ease when that pistol was dropped. We at once engaged in planning the route by which we could most surely evade their lines of pickets, and finally decided to follow down the river, and pass around their right, then go northerly to our lines, which were on the Jerusalem Plank

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Road. Although the country was strange to me, I made sure that *he* understood the route, and that there was a reasonable chance for success.

After waiting until perhaps nine o'clock we crept to the river, and drank, and drank, and drank, then moved down on the north side passing close to the camp, under the river bank, and following down until we approached a ford of the river, which was picketed on both sides, here we undressed and waded across to the south side of the stream and, passing out into an open, we went around this picket and, regaining the river, moved along under the banks close to its edge, sometimes wading and sometimes walking on the sand.

Five times after that we undressed and waded the river, in order to keep under the banks on which their picket was placed. Our last crossing was made about eighty rods east of a north and south road which was the extreme right of their line of pickets. We crossed opposite a wooded ravine which ran to the river and, moving away from the river up this ravine, we soon reached a spring which my guide said was frequented by his comrades for its excellent water.

The moon had by this time risen, flooding with light the fields and forest. Kneeling at the spring I rested on my hands and knees to drink, my friend standing near me, a little back and at my right side. At this juncture my pistol fell from the belt to the ground, so near me that by springing toward it I could have reached it, and so near him that by putting his foot out he could have stepped on it. Words cannot describe my feelings, but I was able to control my movements, and continued drinking, watching closely for a motion from him. He did not move, and leisurely rising I picked up the pistol and he took his turn.

Had I doubted him before, I did not thereafter distrust his loyalty, to the promise he had made me in the berry bushes.

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After this he led through the wood to the left, into a clearing where we could see a cabin and an outdoor fire. This he said was the negro quarters connected with a house which was situated across the road picketed by the Confederates, and he proposed to go to this cabin and try to get something to eat.

He claimed to be hungry, and I had eaten nothing but wheat and water for five days. He promised to avoid the Confederate pickets who frequently visited these quarters, and might even then be there. I gave him what money I had, and appointed a place for meeting him on his return, but fearing that he might return under Confederate escort, I at once moved and took up a position much nearer the house. From my new position, I observed his cautious, creeping approach through the grass, and heard his whistle calling Auntie out, and after prolonged negotiations she departed to her cabin.

My guide had been met with the assurance that "Fore god, Massa, dar 'ain't a crumb, or a scrap of meat. You alls have done et em up." Then he tried the effect of his Yankee money but could not move her. "Ho kin er when dar ain't none" seemed to be unanswerable. But he then played his last card and told her the food was wanted for a starving Yankee who was going through their lines, and that he was acting as a guide.

Then Auntie said "Ise sure dar ain't none but I'll sarch again, if I kin find somethin', 'twill be mighty little, shuah."

He was not to approach the shanty as the Confederates were liable to come any moment, but if she could find anything she was to signal him. He soon saw and understood her signal; while, as he remained lying in the grass, I was encouraged to think he had succeeded. After what seemed a long wait for a lunch, Auntie came out to him, and he started to find me.

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I intercepted him and found that he had secured some freshly baked corn pone and a mere scrap of bacon. She had not dared cook the bacon lest it should be required of her, and I gladly gave my share of it to the guide.

We returned to our spring in the wood, and feasted. I then acquired a fondness for corn pone which abideth to this day. After the last crumb had been eaten we moved along, going north about a mile, when we reached a swamp, which proving impassable, we turned west and crossed a field and road on which were mounted pickets, and entered a pine forest. The trees were old and large and endlessly tall, and the ground was covered and carpeted with the fallen needles, and the full moon overhead gave the scene its lights and shadows.

We went into the forest until we could faintly see the outlines of the fence which indicated the road, and then travelled north parallel with it, After several miles were passed over, my guide thought we had gone beyond their outpost and might safely go into the road. So we turned and went east. I was a few paces in advance, and had nearly reached the fence, when there was a start and jump, by a horse, which stood with his back toward us, and had doubtless been asleep. His rider certainly had been so, and when the horse started, he fired his carbine and galloped down the road, without turning about or knowing the cause of the alarm. We ran into the forest and flung ourselves on the ground. Soon there was a dash of cavalrymen up the road and on beyond us, and after an interval, a return and replacing of the picket.

We then carefully withdrew into the forest and resumed our northern march, until my guide insisted that he had passed the Confederate outpost, and would next strike the Union pickets. He begged me to release him but I steadily refused and we went into the road, and plodded along. We

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finally approached a hill from the top of which, he assured me we could see the Union Lines by daylight and their fires at night. I said, that after we reached the top I would release him if the Union lines were in sight, and we proceeded.

He was on the left, the west side of the road, while I was on the right side, with pistol in hand. The night was so bright and light that we had been screening ourselves wherever we could, by seeking the shade of the trees, which skirted and sometimes overhung the road.

At this point there were no trees on the left side, but there was a second growth forest on the right, with a dense undergrowth of pines.

As we approached the top of the hill, from behind a low rail fence on the left and not more than twenty feet from my friend in gray, an outlying picket of four infantrymen rose to their knees, and, without challenging, they fired at Johnny.

I at once opened on them with my pistol, and as their pieces were empty they disappeared, and we ran into the bushes on my right. My friend assured me that the picket was Union, and begged me to let him go. I was ashamed to admit that Union soldiers were so inhospitable, but thought he was right and said to him, "Go, God bless you." For the instant I forgot the watch, and when I called he was beyond hearing, and I retained it, feeling, whenever I saw it after, as if it were a piece of ill-gotten gain.

I then went farther to the east into the woods and laid down to wait for the dawn of July 4th. When morning came and I could hear the welcome reveille from drum corps and bugle, I made my way very carefully to the front, and after reaching the edge of the woods, could see our lines on the plank road, but when I exposed myself the pickets would fire upon me.

They were from the same green regiment whose picket

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had fired at us without challenging, a few hours previously. And it was only after I had drawn quite a fusilade, that an officer of a New Jersey regiment, rode out to the line and stopped the firing, and then rode down to meet me. Need I say that I was welcomed and cared for, and I have ever since maintained that Jersey is part of the United States and fully entitled to celebrate the Fourth of July.

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SOME LETTERS BY GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN, U. S. A., CHIEFLY RELATING TO SHILOH.

BY BREVET-BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM R. MARSHALL,

COLONEL SEVENTH MINNESOTA INFANTRY, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

(Read November 8, 1892.)

February 14, 1891, General Sherman died, the last of the great generals on the Union side in the Civil War.

General Wolseley, the most distinguished British soldier of our time, (a critic not generous in praise of leaders on the Union side), in a review of Sherman's last campaign, has said, "In the next century, the history of this war will be to the people of the United States what some of our great wars with France are to us. In its pages * * the name of General Sherman, the patriot, the able leader of an army that helped so materially to bring the Rebellion to an end, will be recorded in every volume of that history in golden letters of honor. FAME WILL BE HIS PORTION FOREVER."

We, who were participants in the events so to be recorded in future history, and many or most of us enjoying personal acquaintance with this great captain, will hardly think it necessary to wait a hundred years for this verdict. Still, it is true that we are too near to the events and the presence of the leaders of the great war to judge without prejudice, and to impartially weigh in the balance, the qualities and the merits of the men who rose to distinction.

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No other of our great generals has suffered so much unfriendly criticism; no one has been pursued with such persistent attacks as General Sherman. Not only the book of General Boynton, and the writings of General Fry, but many others, both from the Union and Confederate sides, have sought to belittle his fame and degrade his character. He was the first of our great leaders to write his memoirs. It verified the exclamation of Job, "O, that mine enemy would write a book." General Boynton's savage review, in a volume almost as large as one of Sherman's, promptly followed with an attack along the whole time of Sherman's military career.

Indeed, the war on Sherman began long before the close of his active military career. It began at its very beginning, and from that terrible 6th day of April 1862, to this, the soldierly part he bore in the battle of Shiloh has been the subject of controversy.

I received from General Sherman some letters written not many years before his death, which, in connection with an earlier letter written during the war, published in some of the newspapers at the time but lost sight of by General Sherman himself, I am sure will be regarded as throwing light on his and General Grant's parts at Shiloh. These and one or two other strikingly characteristic letters will constitute the substance of this paper.

In January, 1886, I sent General Sherman a copy of "Reminiscences of General Grant," a paper read before this Commandery, in which I sought to vindicate Grant and Sherman from unfriendly criticism in regard to Shiloh.[1] I received the following in acknowledgement:

1. General Grant said in October, 1863, in a conversation with General John B. Sanborn (fellow-passenger on a steamer up the Mississippi when General Grant was on his way to take command at Chattanooga), that he never had taken part in a battle and never expected to, in which he had or should render greater service to his country than at Shiloh.

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"912 Garrison Avenue St. Louis, Mo., January 16, 1886.
"Wm. R. Marshall, St. Paul, Minn.

"Dear Sir: Your letter of the 13th with newspaper slip is received, and I hasten to thank you for the privilege of reading your address to the Loyal Legion on General Grant. It is very just and most interesting, especially where you bear personal testimony.

"I remember well, in some public address or letter, to have used the language you recall, that the battle of Shiloh was most critical: that it demonstrated the individual manhood of our western soldiers; that the hard and stubborn fighting of the first day gave us the prestige, the 'bulge,' which we followed up and maintained to the end of the war. I cannot lay my hand on it now, but if I come across it soon, will send it to you. Something to that effect occurs in my Memoirs, also in the papers I submitted to the Army of the Tennessee at our Cincinnati meeting of 1881, a printed copy of which you must possess.

"The Grant-Hancock difference was occasioned by the repeal of one of General Hancock's political orders when he was commanding in New Orleans; one of the districts in reconstruction times. This was intensified by the circumstances you describe near Jay Cooke's bank on 15th St., Washington. You were perfectly justified in using my letter of December 12, 1872, because it was an official letter. General Grant always spoke to me of General Hancock's transcendent qualities as a soldier. This difference was purely political. I was partially the cause of their reconciliation.

"I believe that Henry Wilson was one of the most kindly men of his day, most partial to the good soldiers who fought the war. He believed Mr. Johnson was a traitor to the Republican party, but not to the country. General Grant's quarrel did not originate with the order for him to go to Mexico, but with his surrendering to Stanton the office of Secretary of War. The former event was in November, 1866, when I succeeded in substituting myself for Grant in the silly mission to Mexico. After that event Grant was a member of Johnson's Cabinet from August, 1867, to January, 1868, when he surrendered the office to Stanton without the resistance which Johnson expected and believed he had promised.

"General Grant was accused of prevaricating, which he resented with all his might.

"All these things are duly recorded, and will in due time be printed. Ever your friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

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In this connection and to render more intelligible the references of General Sherman's letter, I will read a letter of December 12, 1872, occasioned by my writing him respectfully urging the assignment of General Hancock to the Department of the East, just then made vacant by the death of General Meade; it is as follows:

"Headquarters Army of the United States,
Washington, D. C., December 12, 1872.

"Governor Wm. R. Marshall, St. Paul, Minn.

"Dear Sir: I have just read your letter to the President, and believe he was impressed with it just as you wanted. I surely have always been anxious to recognize General Hancock's claim, both on account of rank and eminent services, and told the President that this was a good chance to do so by letting Hancock take Meade's place in Philadelphia. Really, and in truth, there is no military reason for keeping up the Division of the Atlantic; it was done out of respect for Meade, and the same reason, (which is a good one) will sanction the assignment of General Hancock to it, and I will be glad if the President will do it.

"I have never had the least difference with General Hancock, but the President did refuse to let him have a command (Halleck's) at the South because of his belief that General Hancock's opinions on vital questions differed from his own. There were also special reasons for General Schofield going to the Division of the Pacific, and to this General Hancock did take exception, but the matter was clearly within the province of the President, and once resolved on, had to be submitted to gracefully.

"Now if the President will assign Hancock to Philadelphia, I will be perfectly satisfied, and have so notified him. Probably the matter will be concluded and announced by telegraph before you get this.

"For your kind expression of friendship and regard I am sure General Grant felt pleased, and I know that I bear in honor all the sentiments you express of Meade and Thomas and Mower, and all the really good and great men who have preceded us a little to our common destiny.

"With great respect,
"W. T. SHERMAN."

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Now to return to the Shiloh letters. I had asked General Sherman if he could give me a copy of a letter of his which I had read in a newspaper during the war and from which, from memory, I quoted in my "Reminiscences of General Grant."

The following letters came in reply:

"912 Garrison Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., January 28, 1886.
"Governor Wm. R. Marshall, St. Paul, Minn.

"Dear Sir: Your letter of January 26 is received. I have again referred to the copy of my letter of January 5, 1865, in the scrap book, and find that your extract is a literal copy, though, as you say, something is left out. Manifestly that letter was written hastily in camp somewhere without date, and mailed when a chance offered. I find another more authentic copy in the United States service Magazine, Vol. 3, January, 1865, published by Charles R. Richardson, 540 Broadway, N. Y., page 3: 'At the same time our Army of the Tennessee have indulged in severe criticism at the slow approach of that army, which knew the danger that threatened us from the concentrated armies of Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg that lay at Corinth.'

"The words above, 'which knew the danger,' complete that sentence, and I thank you for having called my attention to this serious omission, as otherwise I might not have discovered it. Please interline your copy accordingly.

"Truly your friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

"912 Garrison Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., January 22, 1886.
"Governor Wm. R. Marshall, St. Paul, Minn.

"Dear Governor: Some days ago I wrote you a letter in answer to one of yours, and promised if I could find it, to send you the copy of a letter which you wanted. It does not seem to have been copied in my letter book, being considered, I suppose, personal, not official.

"But I find a printed copy in a scrap book prepared by my A. D. C. Col. Tourtelotte, but am uncertain as to the place and date; but the text is mine and that is all you want.

"On page 5, about the middle, you will find the word you indicate. I have gone over this letter carefully, and will stand by every word, so that you may use it publicly or privately as you please. Your friend, W. T. SHERMAN."

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The letter referred to proved to have been written from Savannah, Ga., January 5, 1865, to Professor Henry Coppee. Its object was to vindicate General Grant from disparaging statements in connection with Shiloh, "which," Sherman wrote, "General Grant will not deem of sufficient importance to correct." As the letter has no permanent place, and General Sherman said twenty years later he would stand by every word of it, the following extracts are worth reproducing:

"As General Taylor is said to have doubted whether he was at the battle of Buena Vista, on account of the many things having transpired there, according to the historians, which he did not see; so I begin to doubt whether I was at the battle of Pittsburg Landing of modern description. But I was at the battles of April 6 and 7, 1862. * * *

"About 5 P. M. before the sun set, General Grant came again to me, and after hearing my report of matters, explained to me the situation of affairs on the left which were not as favorable; still the enemy had failed to reach the landing of the boats. We agreed that the enemy had expended the furore of his attack, and we estimated our loss and approximated our then strength, including Lew Wallace's fresh division expected each minute. He then ordered me to get all things ready at daylight the next day to assume the offensive. * * *

"General Buell's troops took no essential part in the first day's fight. Grant's army, though collected hastily, green as militia, some regiments arriving without arms or cartridges, nearly all hearing for the first time the dread sound of battle, had successfully stood and repelled the first day's onset of a superior enemy, well commanded and well handled.

"I never was disposed, nor am I now, to question anything done by General Buell and his army, and know that, approaching our field of battle from the rear, he encountered that sickening crowd of laggards and fugitives which excited his contempt and that of his army, who never gave full credit to those in the front line, who did fight hard and who had at 4 P. M. checked the enemy and were preparing to assume the offensive the next day. I remember the fact the better from General Grant's anecdote of his Donelson battle, which he

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told me then for the first time; that, at a certain period of the battle, he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing; to advance on the enemy; when, as he prognosticated, the enemy surrendered. At 4 P. M. of April 6, he thought the appearance the same, and judged with Lew Wallace's fresh division and such of our startled troops as had recovered their equilibrium, he would be justified in dropping the defensive, and assuming the offensive, in the morning. And, I repeat, I received such orders before I knew General Buell's troops were across the river. I admit that I was glad that Buell was there, because I knew his troops were older than ours, and better systematized and drilled, and his arrival made that certain which before was uncertain. I have heard this question much discussed, and must say that the officers of Buell's army dwelt too much on the stampede of our raw troops, and gave us too little credit for the fact that for one whole day, weakened as we were by the absence of Buell's Army long expected, of Lew Wallace's Division only four miles off, and of the fugitives from our ranks, we had beaten off our assailants for the time. At the same time our Army of the Tennessee has indulged in severe criticism at the slow approach of that army, which knew the danger that threatened us, from the concentrated armies of Johnston, Beauregard and Bragg that lay at Corinth. In a war like this where the opportunities for personal prowess are as plenty as black-berries, to those who seek them at the front, all such criminations should be frowned down; and were it not for the military character of your journal, I would not venture to offer a correction to a very popular error.

"I will also avail myself of this occasion, to correct another very common mistake, in attributing to General Grant the selection of that battle-field. It was chosen by that veteran soldier, Major-General Charles F. Smith, who ordered my division to disembark there, and strike for the the Charleston Railroad. This order was subsequently modified, by his ordering Hurlbut's Division to disembark there, and mine higher up the Tennessee, at the mouth of Yellow Creek, to strike the railroad at Burnsville. But flood prevented our reaching the railroad; when General Smith ordered me in person also to disembark at Pittsburg Landing, and take post well out, so as to make plenty of room (with Snake and Lick Creeks the flanks) for a camp for the Grand Army of invasion.

"It was General Smith who selected that field of battle, and it

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was well chosen. On any other we surely would have been overwhelmed, as both Lick and Snake Creeks forced the enemy to confine his movements to a direct front attack, which new troops are better qualified to resist than where flanks are exposed to a real or chimerical danger. Even the divisions of that army were arranged in that camp by General Smith's order; my division forming, as it were, the out-lying picket, while McClernand's and Prentiss' were the real line of battle, with W. H. L. Wallace in support of the right wing, and Hurlbut of the left; Lew Wallace's being detached. All these subordinate dispositions were made by the order of General Smith, before General Grant succeeded him to the command of all the forces at the Tennessee headquarters, Savannah. If there were any errors in putting that army on the west side of the Tennessee, exposed to the superior force of the enemy, also assembling at Corinth, the mistake was not General Grant's. But there was no mistake. It was necessary that a combat, fierce and bitter, to test the manhood of the two armies, should come off, and that was as good a place as any. It was not then a question of military skill and strategy, but of courage and pluck, and I am convinced that every life lost to us that day was necessary; for otherwise at Corinth, at Memphis, at Vicksburg, we would have found harder resistance, had we not shown our enemies that, rude and untutored as we then were, we could fight as well as they.

"Excuse so long a letter, but of course my life is liable to cease at any moment, and I happen to be a witness to certain truths which are now beginning to pass out of memory, and from what is called history."

I will add to the foregoing letters of General Sherman one that never has been published, yet is so vigorous and characteristic that it should not be lost. I found the letter in the files of the executive office when I succeeded Governor Miller in January, 1866.

"Headquarters, Military Division of the Mississippi,
In the Field, near Atlanta, Ga., August 1st, 1864.

"To His Excellency, Stephen Miller, Governor of Minnesota, St. Paul:

"Sir: I am obliged for a copy of your letter to the Hon. E. M. Stanton, of date July 22, as it enables me to reply at once. It seems Dr. Luke Miller, a Commissioner of your State has been denied a pass on the Military Railroad below Nashville for the purpose

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of ministering to the wants of the sick and wounded soldiers of your State here at the front, and your letter is doubtless intended as an appeal to the Secretary of War to compel me to grant such a pass.

"You will be amazed when, on this simple statement, I must accuse you of heartless cruelty to your constituents, but such is the fact. You would take the very bread and meat out of your soldiers' mouths that a State Inspector might come and supervise the acts of other medical officers here on the spot commissioned by yourself. You would load down our cars with travelers and limit our ability to feed our horses, and transport the powder and balls necessary to carry on this war. I tell you that with the aid of the best talents our country affords, and by laboring night and day, our single track of railroad cannot supply us, and I have been compelled to lay by for days to accumulate supplies for another step in our progress. To be sure, a single passenger would be a small matter, but he is 200 pounds avoirdupois—and his bulk and weight in bread and meat would feed 100 men a day, or one man 100 days, and you can make the same calculation for forage and cartridges. Now how many states are there with Commissioners? And are Medical Commissioners the only ones who claim to come below Nashville? Why, sir, go to Nashville and see. Every state has one—every congressional district and every county—then the sanitary agents and societies and Christian Commission, with all their ramifications. And a still more numerous and heart-appealing class, the parents, and mothers and sisters of soldiers dead, or wounded, or sick; or refugees seeking lost parents, families and children. Will you say which of these shall have preference over the very food our men eat? Now every regiment has its colonel and field officers—its surgeon and chaplain, and all may and do write daily. We strain our every nerve the moment a soldier is sick or wounded to send him to the rear to the best hospitals, and you know that agents and commissioners are not essential at all, but on the contrary embarrass us in all the details. Then I repeat that, by trying to force me to transport your Commissioner, you unknowingly and unconsciously are guilty of the cruel act of taking the bread out of some poor soldier's mouth, or the commissary to feed our horses that they may work. Why not accord to us on the spot a credit for some good sense and feeling? Why, when we beg you for mercy's sake to allow us for the

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period of one brief campaign to have the exclusive use of one single track of rails, every foot of which we must guard, and every inch of which has cost a precious life—why do you mistrust our purpose and appeal for compulsory process?

"I beg you will see how differently men may regard the same state of facts from a different standpoint. I see you regarded the refusal by General Webster for a railroad pass for your Commissioner as a want of respect for your State and office. Be assured that for you personally and officially, and for the State of Minnesota, I feel the most profound respect, but if I am to be charged with this campaign, instead of relaxing my already stringent rules at Nashville, I will make them more and more severe that I may better feed, clothe and equip the army whose life and success hangs by that slender thread.

I am, &c.,

"W. T. SHERMAN, Major-General."

I am sure you will agree with me that no one but General Sherman could have written such a letter, amid the great responsibilities and cares of that momentous Atlanta campaign.

His was the pen of a ready writer. As Lord Wolseley has said, Sherman's fame is secure.

That Atlanta campaign—one hundred days of continuous battle—his forcing General Johnston, second only to General Lee on the Confederate side, back through mountain fastnesses, Sherman maintaining and supplying his army by a line of communication five hundred miles from his base, the Ohio River, through practically the enemies' country, the capture of Atlanta, the great March to the Sea, the capture of Savannah, the more difficult march through the Carolinas, the certain approach towards Richmond bringing Lee between the upper and nether millstones, thus sealing the fate of the Confederacy, all these great achievements render Sherman's fame secure.

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REMARKS ON A MOTION TO EXTEND A VOTE OF THANKS TO GENERAL MARSHALL FOR ABOVE PAPER.

BY BREVET-MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN B. SANBORN, U. S. VOLUNTEERS.

In moving the thanks of the Commandery to General Marshall General Sanborn spoke as follows:

Mr. Commander: I move that the thanks of the Commandery be tendered to Governor Marshall for his valuable contribution to history and for his interesting address.

Perhaps some personal reminiscences of my own pertaining to the life and character of General Sherman may not be wholly without interest, and may be profitable to some of the younger members of the Commandery and to officers of the regular army. No other member of this Commandery had a more intimate personal acquaintance with the General than myself, although others may have been engaged more with him in campaigns and battles, although I was in action with him at Corinth, Jackson and Vicksburg. It was my intention at the time of his death to have made some remarks concerning his life, but absence from the meeting of the Commandery and from the State prevented this, and hence, very briefly, I will improve the present opportunity. His life and services have demonstrated to all the fact that he was a man of most extraordinary character and power. His attainments as a student of history and of the art of war have rarely been equalled. Those conclusions of his in 1861 concerning the force required to operate successfully upon the line having its base at Louisville, Ky., which were thought to indicate mental aberration, were the result of the careful deductions of his own mind, based upon a most intimate knowledge of all the important military operations of history, and the sequel showed how correct they were.

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This he frequently stated in my presence, and used to express the keen chagrin that he felt when these deductions were published to the country in the daily press of that day as the indication of an unbalanced mind.

It is a delight to listen to his communication to Governor Marshall concerning the Battle of Shiloh. It is a repetition almost word for word of what has been stated by him in my presence on many occasions, and in as many as two instances in the presence of General Grant, who agreed with him as to the state of facts, and hence it is a most valuable contribution to history. General Grant, General Sherman and General McPherson, who was at that time an engineer officer on General Grant's staff, all concurred in the statement that the field and camp had been selected by General C. F. Smith and that each and all of these officers were in constant communication with General Smith, who was confined to his bed on a boat at the landing from sickness resulting from his exposure in the campaign against Fort Donelson, and who was of the opinion that the demonstration of the enemy towards Pittsburg Landing was a feint to cover a general attack upon Wallace's Division at Crump's Landing. This accounts for the presence of General Grant and his staff at Crump's Landing in the early morning of that Sunday, and of the strong division of Wallace being camped at that point.

We can never consider the life and character of such a man without the question arising in our minds what made him great; what were the great salient features of his character and mind; and wherein did he differ so much from other men. It is possible and probable that a thousand minds asking these questions would answer them in almost as many different ways. No doubt, however, there would be points of agreement in the answers of every one. Every one would agree that General Sherman was a man

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of the highest possible integrity; of the most complete self-abnegation; of the purest patriotism; of the greatest mental capacity and of the greatest determination and energy. He had also many other traits of character that contributed vastly to his greatness and his success. No man, certainly no soldier, was so low as not to receive from him consideration, and all and more respect than he deserved, and no person whatever his station might be, president or king, was so high as to draw from him any more or any less consideration and respect than was his due. The knowledge at his command he communicated freely, and on all occasions, to those about him. I well recollect an incident that occurred at the opening of the siege of Vicksburg that illustrates his character in this respect. A detail of one hundred men had been ordered from my brigade to go to a body of timber near by and prepare fifty gabions and fifty fascines. While the detail was being formed General Sherman came along with his orderly and inquired for the headquarters of General A. J. Smith, and addressing himself to the officer of the detail said: "For what are you ordered out, what are you going to do?" The officer handed him his order and the General asked, "Do you know how to make gabions and fascines? Do you know what they are?" I answered this question myself in an evasive way to this effect: "We have been in the service less than a year, and have not been engaged in any sieges, and do not feel very well posted in regard to these matters." The General dismounted at once, and said, "Have you got an axe? Give me an axe." An axe was handed to him and he cut down small trees in the canebrake with his own hands, and cut them into stakes, and drove them into the ground himself; then cut a grapevine, and showed the enlisted men how a gabion was made, and how fascines were made, not even ordering an enlisted man to do it for him, but doing the work with his own hands,

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and in five or ten minutes, had at least a hundred men as well informed upon these matters as if they had been in the regular army for five years in time of war. In this way he contributed immensely to the public service, and at the same time got a hold upon the enlisted men that made them all ready to die for him. His connection with the trouble between General Grant and President Johnson devolved upon him the most delicate of duties, and called into exercise his rarest powers and greatest gifts. No greater responsibilities were ever imposed upon any man, and no man ever discharged his duties under such responsibilities with more complete self-abnegation and absolute devotion to the welfare of his country and of mankind. At this time he was chairman of the Indian Commission, of which I was a member, and the Commission had returned to St. Louis from its visit to the plains in the autumn of 1867. One morning, at his headquarters, he read a confidential letter from General Grant, then Secretary of War ad interim, which I have never seen in print, the substance of which was, that a most serious misunderstanding and difficulty existed between him and the President and he wished he could have a conference with General Sherman, but that he dare not commit his thoughts to writing and transmit them by mail. When the letter had been read, General Sherman remarked, "There is serious trouble between Grant and the President." While in his box at the theatre the next evening, a telegram was received by General Sherman of the following import, dated at Washington: "Report to me in person at the earliest time practicable." Signed, The President. When the scene was played through, General Sherman signified his purpose to go out, and asked me to accompany him. He walked around the square upon which the theatre is situated two or three times, discussing the critical condition of affairs in Washington, his mind working with the velocity and force of light-

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ning. Among other things he said, half soliloquizing, are these, "The President wants to make me Secretary of War ad interim and remove Grant. General Grant has higher military rank than I have. If I take the position of Secretary of War there are many matters in which I could overrule him. Constant conflicts would arise. If the President and I should unite our influence and act together, we probably could secure a larger following in the country than General Grant, but General Grant would have an immense following. This would lead to a most serious conflict in the country, and probably renew the Civil War; this the country cannot stand; its resources are too much exhausted. I will start for Washington by the first train tomorrow morning. When I get there I will side with Grant, whether I approve of his position and views or not. We must stand together until this crisis is passed." General Sherman left for Washington in the morning. He refused the position of Secretary of War, secured a conference between the President and General Grant, whereby the status quo was to be maintained until the meeting of Congress and the action of the Senate had upon the removal by the President of Secretary Stanton from the position of Secretary of War. The offer of the crown was no temptation to General Sherman. He saw nothing and considered nothing but the welfare of his country and of the whole people. However mysterious it may be, it did seem at that time that the question of whether a nation of more than thirty millions of people should remain at peace or be again plunged into civil war was brought to the decision of this single man. He found his highest happiness in the prosperity of his country, and the happiness of the whole people; and not in personal achievements or of the gratification of a vaulting ambition.

He oftentimes spoke of the first glimpses of the idea in his mind of making the march to the sea from Atlanta, and

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at the same time trying to hold the line that the Army of the Cumberland had operated upon as far south as Nashville or the Tennessee River. There is no doubt in my own mind that the march from Atlanta to the sea was an offshoot, or grew out of the campaign that General Grant made against Vicksburg;—one moving away from his base of supplies at Milliken's Bend with his army and trusting to results of battle to open a new base. At that time this movement was repulsive to General Sherman and he so expressed himself freely and fully to General Grant. Even after the campaign was over, at an evening's conversation at General Grant's headquarters in July or August 1863, Sherman in his quick, impulsive manner of speaking said: "Grant, I wish you would point out to me some military authority, a rule from some author or some work upon the art of war that justifies your movement against Vicksburg. You took one of the main armies of your government, upon which it relied for its existence in time of war and moved it away from all base of supplies and trusted to the results of battle to open a new base. I claimed before you made it and claim now that it is contrary to the well-established rules pertaining to the art of war."

The characteristic answer of General Grant was: "Well, Sherman, if my movements here had been made in strict accordance with the rules of the art of war, Pemberton would have understood every movement thoroughly and would have defeated them. Made as they were he did not understand them, and the result has been perfect success." The movement from Atlanta to the sea was upon the same principle and upon a larger scale. Military operations like those conducted by General Grant and General Sherman in 1864 and 1865, by large armies on lines remote from each other, are absolutely impossible without the most perfect confidence of the respective generals in the competency,

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skill and energy of each other. Generals Grant and Sherman had this in each other respectively, to a degree unknown since the days of Hannibal and Hasdrubal, and this made their campaigns of those years possible, and secured the success of the Federal cause.

General Sherman grasped and decided questions of the greatest importance with the same ease and vigor as matters of smaller concern. At Fort Laramie in the spring of 1868 as chairman of a commission, composed of himself, General Harney, General Auger, General Gerry, and three or four civilians, he submitted the question to the commission as to whether the best policy of treating the western bands of Sioux Indians would be to maintain peace upon the terms then existing, or go to war with them, and secure such terms as the interest of the United States required. At that time war parties of Indians were conducting themselves in the most insulting, disgraceful and annoying manner, and the commission decided by a unanimous vote that sound policy required that they should be punished by war, and brought to terms. Within half an hour General Sherman had formed an estimate of the increased cost of the military establishment to the Government as the result of the war, and communicated the action of the commission and his estimate by telegraph to Washington, and upon receiving the answer, that, on account of the condition of the Treasury, war should be avoided if it could be without absolute national disgrace for the time being, decided upon the other policy at once, and said to General Harney and all others, "Now you commissioners who are best acquainted with the Indians, go to work and get the best terms you can, and close up this difficulty by treaty" and the treaty of 1868 was the result and is still in force.

By a most careless survey of the life and character of General Sherman, the mind of every reasonable man is

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forced to the conclusion that in self-abnegation, devoted patriotism, and most distinguished and valuable public services he has few equals and no superiors in history; and we know when we pronounce his name that we pronounce a name that will be spoken by every succeeding generation of men till time shall be no more.

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